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**DANTE.**

**And snatch'd me upward even to the fire**

*Canto 9*

THE

# WORKS

OF THE

# BRITISH POETS,

WITH

## LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

ROBERT WALSH, Jr.

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THE

# VISION;

OR

HELL, PURGATORY, AND PARADISE.

OF

# DANTE ALIGHIERI.

TRANSLATED BY

THE REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY, A. M.

VOL. I.

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Chronological View of the Age of Dante,
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Paradise,

THE

# LIFE OF DANTE.

BORN 1265.—DIED 1321.

---

DANTE, a name abbreviated, as was the custom in those days, from Durante or Durando, was of a very ancient Florentine family. The first of his ancestors, concerning whom any thing certain is known, was Cacciaguida, a Florentine knight, who died fighting in the holy war, under the Emperor Conrad III. Cacciaguida had two brothers, Moronto and Eliseo, the former of whom is not recorded to have left any posterity; the latter is the head of the family of the Elisoi, or perhaps (for it is doubtful which is the case) only transmitted to his descendants a name which he had himself inherited. From Cacciaguida himself were sprung the Alighieri, so called from one of his sons, who bore the appellation from his mother's family, as is affirmed by the Poet himself, under the person of Cacciaguida, in the fifteenth canto of the Paradise. This name, Alighieri, is derived from the coat of arms, a wing or, on a field azure, still borne by the descendants of our Poet at Verona, in the days of Leonardo Aretino.

Dante was born at Florence in May, 1265. His mother's name was Bella, but of what family is no longer known. His father he had the misfortune to lose in his childhood; but by the advice of his sur-

viving relations, and with the assistance of an able preceptor, Brunetto Latini, he applied himself closely to polite literature and other liberal studies, at the same time that he omitted no pursuit necessary for the accomplishment of a manly character, and mixed with the youth of his age in all honourable and noble exercises.

In the twenty-fourth year of his age, he was present at the memorable battle of Campaldino, where he served in the foremost troop of cavalry, and was exposed to imminent danger. Leonardo Aretino refers to a letter of Dante, in which he described the order of that battle, and mentioned his having been engaged in it. The cavalry of the Aretini at the first onset gained so great an advantage over the Florentine horse, as to compel them to retreat to their body of infantry. This circumstance in the event proved highly fortunate to the Florentines, for their own cavalry being thus joined to their foot, while that of their enemies was led by the pursuit to a considerable distance from theirs, they were by these means enabled to defeat with ease their separate forces. In this battle, the Uberti, Lamberti, and Abati, with all the other ex-citizens of Florence who adhered to the Ghibelline interest, were with the Aretini; while those inhabitants of Arezzo, who, owing to their attachment to the Guelph party, had been banished from their own city, were ranged on the side of the Florentines. In the following year, Dante took part in another engagement between his countrymen and the citizens of Pisa, from whom they took the castle of Caprona, situated not far from that city.

If credit may be given to Boccaccio, whose life of our Poet although in some other instances evidently

fabulous, yet in this is not unsupported by better authority, he was a lover long before he was a soldier, and his passion for the Beatrice whom he has immortalized, commenced while he was in his ninth, and she in her eighth year. It is said that their first meeting was at a banquet in the house of Folco Portinari her father; and certain it is that the impression, then made on the susceptible and constant heart of Dante, was not obliterated by her death, which happened after an interval of sixteen years.

But neither war, nor love, prevented Dante from gratifying the earnest desire which he had of knowledge and mental improvement. By Benvenuto da Imola, one of the earliest of his commentators, it is related, that he studied in his youth at the universities of Bologna and Padua, as well as in that of his native city, and devoted himself to the pursuit of natural and moral philosophy. There is reason to believe that his eagerness for the acquisition of learning led him as far as Paris, and even Oxford, in the former of which universities he is said to have taken the degree of a Bachelor, and distinguished himself in the theological disputations, but to have been hindered from commencing Master, by a failure in his pecuniary resources. Francesco da Buti, another of his commentators in the fourteenth century, asserts that he entered the order of the Frati Minori, but laid aside the habit before he was professed.

In his own city, domestic troubles, and yet more severe public calamities, awaited him. In 1291, he was induced, by the solicitation of his friends, to console himself for the loss of Beatrice by a matrimonial connexion with Gemma, a lady of the noble family of the Donati, by whom he had a numerous offspring. But the violence of her temper proved a source of

the bitterest suffering to him; and in that passage of the Inferno, where one of the characters says,

> La fiera moglie più ch' altro, mi nuoce.
>
> *Canto* xvi.
>
> —— me, my wife
> Of savage temper, more than aught beside,
> Hath to this evil brought—

his own conjugal unhappiness must have recurred forcibly and painfully to his mind. It is not improbable that political animosity might have had some share in these dissensions; for his wife was a kinswoman of Corso Donati, one of the most formidable, as he was one of the bitterest, of his opponents.

In 1300 he was chosen chief of the Priors, who at that time possessed the supreme authority in the state; his colleagues being Palmieri degli Altoviti and Neri di Jacopo degli Alberti. From this exaltation, our Poet dated the cause of all his subsequent misfortunes in life.

In order to show the occasion of Dante's exile, it may be necessary to enter more particularly into the state of parties at Florence. The city, which had been disturbed by many divisions between the Guelfi and Ghibellini, at length remained in the power of the former; but after some time these were again split into two factions. This perverse occurrence originated with the inhabitants of Pistoia, who, from an unhappy quarrel in the family of the Cancellieri, were all separated into parties known by those denominations. With the intention of composing their differences, the principals on each side were summoned to the city of Florence; but this measure, instead of remedying the evil, only contributed to increase its virulence, by communicating

it to the citizens of Florence themselves. For the contending parties were so far from being brought to a reconciliation, that each contrived to gain fresh partizans among the Florentines, with whom many of them were closely connected by the ties of blood and friendship, and who entered into the dispute with such acrimony and eagerness, that the whole city was soon engaged either on one part or the other, and even brothers of the same family were divided. It was not long before they passed, by the usual gradations, from contumely to violence. The Neri assembled secretly in the church of the Holy Trinity, and determined on interceding with Pope Boniface VIII. to send Charles of Valois to pacify and reform the city. No sooner did this resolution come to the knowledge of the Bianchi, than, struck with apprehension at the consequences of such a measure, they took arms, and repaired to the Priors; demanding of them the punishment of their adversaries, for having thus entered into private deliberations concerning the state, which they represented to have been done with the view of expelling them from the city. Those who had met, being alarmed in their turn, had also recourse to arms, and made their complaints to the Priors. Accusing their opponents of having armed themselves without any previous public discussion; and affirming, that, under various pretexts, they had sought to drive them out of their country, they demanded that they might be punished as disturbers of the public tranquillity. The dread and the danger became general, when, by the advice of Dante, the Priors called in the multitude to their protection and assistance; and then proceeded to banish the principals of the two factions, who were these: *Corso Donati*, Geri Spini, Giachonotto

de' Pazzi, Rosso della Tosa, and others of the Nera party, who were exiled to the castello della Pieve in Perugia; and of the Bianca party, who were banished to Serrazzana, Gentile and Torrigiano de' Cerchi, Guido Cavalcanti, Baschiera della Tosa, Baldinaccio Adimari, Naldo son of Lottino Gherardini, and others. On this occasion Dante was accused of favouring the Bianchi, though he appears to have conducted himself with impartiality; and the deliberation held by the Neri for introducing Charles of Valois might, perhaps, have justified him in treating that party with yet greater rigour. This suspicion was increased, when those, whom he was accused of favouring, were soon after allowed to return from their banishment, while the sentence passed against the other faction still remained in full force. To this Dante replied, that when those who had been sent to Serrazana were recalled, he was no longer in office, and that their return had been permitted on account of the death of Guido Cavalcanti, which was attributed to the unwholesome air of that place. The partiality which had been shown, however, afforded a pretext to the Pope for despatching Charles of Valois to Florence, by whose influence a great reverse was soon produced in the public affairs; the ex-citizens being restored to their place, and the whole of the Bianchi party driven into exile. At this juncture, Dante was not in Florence, but at Rome, whither he had a short time before been sent ambassador to the Pope, with the offer of a voluntary return to peace and amity among the citizens. His enemies had now an opportunity of revenge, and during his absence on this pacific mission, proceeded to pass an iniquitous decree of banishment against him and Palmieri Altoviti; and at the same time confiscated his pos-

sessions, which indeed had been previously given up to pillage.

On hearing the tidings of his ruin, Dante instantly quitted Rome, and passed with all possible expedition to Sienna. Here being more fully apprized of the extent of the calamity, for which he could see no remedy, he came to the desperate resolution of joining himself to the other exiles. His first meeting with them was at a consultation which they held at Gorgonza, a small castle subject to the jurisdiction of Arezzo, in which city it was finally, after a long deliberation, resolved that they should take up their station. Hither they accordingly repaired in a numerous body, made the Count Alessandro da Romena their leader, appointed a council of twelve, of which number Dante was one. In the year 1304, having been joined by a very strong force which was not only furnished them by Arezzo, but sent from Bologna and Pistoia, they made a sudden attack on the city of Florence, gained possession of one of the gates, and conquered part of the territory, but were finally compelled to retreat without retaining any of the advantages they had acquired.

Disappointed in this attempt to reinstate himself in his country, Dante quitted Arezzo; and his course is, for the most part, afterwards to be traced only by notices, casually dropped in his own writings, or discovered in documents, which either chance or the zeal of antiquaries may have brought to light. From an instrument in the possession of the Marchesi Papafavi, of Padua, it has been ascertained that, in 1306, he was at that city and with that family. Similar proof exists of his having been present in the following year at a congress of the Ghibellines and the *Bianchi, held in* the sacristy of the church be-

longing to the Abbey of S. Gaudenzio in Mugello; and from a passage in the Purgatory we collect, that before the expiration of 1307, he had found a refuge in Lunigiana with the Marchese Morello or Marcello Malaspina, who, though formerly a supporter of the opposite party, was now magnanimous enough to welcome a noble enemy in his misfortune.

The time at which he sought an asylum at Verona, under the hospitable roof of the Signori della Scala, is less distinctly marked. It would seem as if those verses in the Paradise, where the shade of his ancestor declares to him

> Lo primo tuo rifugio e'l primo ostello
> Sarà la cortsìa del gran Lombardo,

> First refuge thou must find, first place of rest
> In the great Lombard's courtesy,

should not be interpreted too strictly: but whether he experienced that courtesy at a very early period of his banishment, or, as others have imagined, not till 1308, when he had quitted the Marchese Morello, it is believed that he left Verona in disgust at the flippant levity of that court, or at some slight which he conceived to have been shown him by his munificent patron Can Grande, on whose liberality he has passed so high an encomium. Supposing the latter to have been the cause of his departure, it must necessarily be placed at a date posterior to 1308; for Can Grande, though associated with his amiable brother Alboino in the government of Verona, was then only seventeen years of age, and therefore incapable of giving the alleged offence to his guest.

The mortifications which he underwent during *these wanderings*, will be best described in his own

language. In his Convito he speaks of his banishment, and the poverty and distress which attended it, in very affecting terms. "Alas," said he, "had it pleased the Dispenser of the universe, that the occasion of this excuse had never existed; that neither others had committed wrong against me, nor I suffered unjustly; suffered, I say, the punishment of exile and of poverty; since it was the pleasure of the citizens of that fairest and most renowned daughter of Rome, Florence, to cast me forth out of her sweet bosom, in which I had my birth and nourishment even to the ripeness of my age; and in which, with her good will, I desire, with all my heart, to rest this wearied spirit of mine, and to terminate the time allotted to me on earth. Wandering over almost every part, to which this our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant; showing, against my will, the wound with which fortune has smitten me, and which is often imputed to his ill-deserving, on whom it is inflicted. I have, indeed, been a vessel without sail, and without steerage, carried about to divers ports, and roads, and shores, by the dry wind that springs out of sad poverty; and have appeared before the eyes of many, who, perhaps, from some report that had reached them, had imagined me of a different form; in whose sight not only my person was disparaged, but every action of mine became of less value, as well already performed, as those which yet remained for me to attempt." It is no wonder that, with feelings like these, he was now willing to obtain by humiliation and entreaty, what he had before been unable to effect by force.

He addressed several supplicatory epistles, not only to individuals who composed the government, but to the *people at large*; particularly one letter, of

considerable length, which Leonardo Aretino relates to have begun with this expostulation: "Populе mi, quid feci tibi?"

While he anxiously waited the result of these endeavours to obtain his pardon, a different complexion was given to the face of public affairs by the exaltation of Henry of Luxemburgh to the imperial throne; and it was generally expected that the most important political changes would follow, on the arrival of the new sovereign in Italy. Another prospect, more suitable to the temper of Dante, now disclosed itself to his hopes: he once more assumed a lofty tone of defiance; and, as it should seem, without much regard either to consistency or prudence, broke out into bitter invectives against the rulers of Florence, threatening them with merited vengeance from the power of the Emperor, which he declared that they had no adequate means of opposing. He now decidedly relinquished the party of the Guelfi, which had been espoused by his ancestors, and under whose banners he had served in the earlier part of his life on the plains of Campaldino; and attached himself to the cause of the Ghibellini, or adherents of the Emperor. Reverence for his country, says one of his biographers, prevailed on him to absent himself from the hostile army, when Henry of Luxemburgh encamped before the gates of Florence; but it is difficult to give him credit for being now much influenced by a principle which had not formerly been sufficient to restrain him from similar violence. It is probable that he was actuated by some desire, however weak, of preserving appearances; for of his personal courage no question can be made. Dante was fated to disappointment. The Emperor's campaign ended in no-

thing; the Emperor himself died the following summer (in 1313,) at Buonconvento; and, with him, all hopes of regaining his native city expired in the breast of the unhappy exile. Several of his biographers affirm that he now made a second journey to Paris, where Boccaccio adds that he held a public disputation on various questions of theology. To what other places he might have roamed during his banishment, is very uncertain. We are told that he was in Casentino, with the Conte Guido Salvatico, at one time; and, at another, in the mountains near Urbino, with the Signori della Faggiuola. At the monastery of Santa Croce di Fonte Avellana, a wild and solitary retreat in the territory of Gubbio, was shown a chamber, in which, as a Latin inscription declared, it was believed, that he had composed no small portion of his divine work. A tower, belonging to the Conti Falcucci, in Gubbio, claims for itself a similar honour. In the castle of Colmollaro near the river Saonda, and about six miles from the same city, he was courteously entertained by Busone da Gubbio, whom he had formerly met at Arezzo. There are some traces of his having made a temporary abode at Udine, and particularly of his having been in the Friuli with Pagano della Torre, the patriarch of Aquileia, at the castle of Tolmino, where he is also said to have employed himself on the Divina Commedia, and where a rock was pointed out that was called the seat of Dante. What is known with greater certainty is, that he at last found a refuge at Ravenna, with Guido Novello da Polenta; a splendid protector of learning; himself a poet; and the father of that unfortunate Francesca, whose story had been told by Dante with such unrivalled pathos.

If we may rely on the genuineness of an extract from his letters, lately printed (I know not whether for the first time) in one of our periodical publications, he had, about the year 1316, the option given him of returning to Florence, on the ignominious terms of paying a fine, and of making a public avowal of his offence. It may, perhaps, be in reference to this offer, which, for the same reason that Socrates refused to save his life on similar conditions, he indignantly rejected, that he promises himself he shall one day return "in other guise,"

> and standing up
> At his baptismal font shall claim the wreath
> Due to the poet's temples.
>
> *Pur.* XXV.

Such, indeed, was the glory which his compositions in his native tongue had now gained him, that he declares, in the treatise De Vulgari Eloquentia, it had in some measure reconciled him even to his banishment.

In the service of his last patron, in whom he seems to have met with a more congenial mind than in any of the former, his talents were gratefully exerted, and his affections interested but too deeply; for having been sent by Guido on an embassy to the Venetians, and not being able even to obtain an audience, on account of the rancorous animosity with which they regarded that prince, Dante returned to Ravenna, so overwhelmed with disappointment and grief, that he was seized by an illness which terminated fatally, either in July or September, 1321. Guido testified his sorrow and respect by the sumptuousness of his obsequies, and by his intention to erect a monument, which he did not live to complete.

His countrymen showed, too late, that they knew the value of what they had lost. At the beginning of the next century, their posterity marked their regret by entreating that the mortal remains of their illustrous citizen might be restored to them, and deposited among the tombs of their fathers. But the people of Ravenna were unwilling to part with the sad and honourable memorial of their own hospitality. No better success attended the subsequent negociations of the Florentines for the same purpose, though renewed under the auspices of Leo X. and conducted through the powerful mediation of Michael Angelo.

The sepulchre, designed and commenced by Guido da Polenta, was, in 1483, erected by Bernardo Bembo, the father of the Cardinal; and, by him, decorated, besides other ornaments, with an effigy of the Poet in bas-relief, the sculpture of Pietro Lombardo, and with the following epitaph:

Exiguâ tumuli, Danthes, hic sorte jacebas,
  Squalenti nulli cognite penè situ.
At nunc marmoreo subnixus conderis arcu,
  Omnibus et cultu splendidiore nites.
Nimirum Bembus Musis incensus Etruscis
  Hoc tibi, quem imprimis hæ coluere, dedit.

A yet more magnificent memorial was raised so lately as the year 1780, by the Cardinal Gonzaga.

His children consisted of one daughter and five sons, two of whom, Pietro and Jacopo, inherited some portion of their father's abilities, which they employed chiefly in the pious task of illustrating his Divina Commedia. The former of these possessed acquirements of a more profitable kind; and obtained considerable wealth at Verona, where he was set-

tled, by the exercise of the legal profession. He was honoured with the friendship of Petrarch, by whom some verses were addressed to him at Trevigi, in 1361.

Dante was a man of middle stature and grave deportment; of a visage rather long; large eyes; an aqueline nose; dark complexion; large and prominent cheek-bones; black curling hair and beard; the under lip projecting beyond the upper. He mentions, in the Convito, that his sight had been transiently impaired by intense application to books. In his dress, he studied as much plainness as was suitable with his rank and station in life; and observed a strict temperance in his diet. He was at times extremely absent and abstracted; and appears to have indulged too much a disposition to sarcasm. At the table of Can Grande, when the company was amused by the conversation and tricks of a buffoon, he was asked by his patron, why Can Grande himself, and the guests who were present, failed of receiving as much pleasure from the exertion of his talents, as this man had been able to give them. "Because all creatures delight in their own resemblance," was the reply of Dante. In other respects, his manners are said to have been dignified and polite. He was particularly careful not to make any approaches to flattery, a vice which he justly held in the utmost abhorrence. He spoke seldom, and in a slow voice; but what he said derived authority from the subtleness of his observations, somewhat like his own poetical heroes, who

Parlavan rado con voci soavi.

——— spake
Seldom, but all their words were tuneful sweet.
*Hell*, iv.

He was connected in habits of intimacy and friendship with the most ingenious men of his time; besides these, his acquaintance extended to some others, whose names illustrate the first dawn of Italian literature.

He is said to have attained some excellence in the art of designing; which may easily be believed, when we consider that no poet has afforded more lessons to the statuary and the painter in the variety of objects which he represents, and in the accuracy and spirit with which they are brought before the eye. Indeed, on one occasion, he mentions that he was employed in delineating the figure of an angel, on the first anniversary of Beatrice's death. It is not unlikely that the seed of the Paradiso was thus cast into his mind; and that he was now endeavouring to express by the pencil an idea of celestial beatitude, which could only be conveyed in it's full perfection through the medium of song.

As nothing that related to such a man was thought unworthy of notice, one of his biographers, who had seen his hand-writing, has recorded that it was of a long and delicate character, and remarkable for neatness and accuracy.

Dante wrote in Latin a Treatise de Monarchiâ and two books de Vulgari Eloquentiâ. In the former, he defends the Imperial rights against the pretensions of the Pope, with arguments that are sometimes chimerical, and sometimes sound and conclusive. The latter, which he left unfinished, contains not only much information concerning the progress which the vernacular poetry of Italy had then made but some reflections on the art itself, that prove him, to have entertained large and philosophical principles respecting it.

His Latin style, however, is generally rude and un classical. It is fortunate that he did not trust to i as he once intended, for the work by which his nam was to be perpetuated. In the use of his own lan guage he was, beyond measure, more successfu The prose of his Vita Nuova and his Convito, a though five centuries have intervened since its com position, is probably, to an Italian eye, still devoi neither of freshness nor elegance. In the Vita Nuov which he appears to have written about his twent eighth year, he gives an account of his youthful a tachment to Beatrice. It is according to the taste o those times, somewhat mystical: yet there are som particulars in it, which have not at all the air of fiction, such as the death of Beatrice's father, Folc Portinari; her relation to the friend whom he e teemed next after Guido Cavalcanti; his own attem to conceal his passion, by a pretended attachme to another lady; and the anguish he felt at the deat of his mistress. He tells us too, that at the time o her decease, he chanced to be composing a canzon in her praise, and that he was interrupted by th event at the conclusion of the first stanza; a circun stance which we can scarcely suppose to have bee a mere invention.

Of the poetry, with which the Vita Nuova is plent fully interspersed, the two sonnets that follow ma be taken as a specimen. Near the beginning he re lates a marvellous vision, which appeared to him i sleep, soon after his mistress had for the first tim addressed her speech to him; and of this dream h thus asks for an interpretation:—

To every heart that feels the gentle flame,
To whom this present saying comes in sight,
In that to me their thoughts they may indite,
*All* health! in Love, our lord and master's name

Now on it's way the second quarter came
Of those twelve hours, wherein the stars are bright,
When Love was seen before me, in such might,
As to remember shakes with awe my frame.
Suddenly came he, seeming glad, and keeping
My heart in hand; and in his arms he had
My Lady in a folded garment sleeping:
He wak'd her; and that heart all burning bade
Her feed upon, in lowly guise and sad;
Then from my view he turn'd; and parted, weeping.

The other sonnet is one that was written after the death of Beatrice:—

Ah pilgrims! ye, that, haply musing, go,
On aught save that which on your road ye meet
From land so distant, tell me, I intreat,
Come ye, as by your mien and looks ye show?
Why mourn ye not, as through these gates of woe
Ye wend along our city's midmost street,
Even like those who nothing seem to weet
What chance hath fall'n, why she is grieving so?
If ye to listen but awhile would stay,
Well knows this heart, which inly sigheth sore,
That ye would then pass, weeping on your way.
Oh hear; her Beatrice is no more;
And words there are a man of her might say,
Would make a stranger's eye that loss deplore.

In the Convito, or Banquet, which did not follow till sometime after his banishment, he explains very much at large the sense of three, out of fourteen, of his canzoni, the remainder of which he had intended to open in the same manner. "The viands at his Banquet," he tells his readers, quaintly enough, "will be set out in fourteen different manners; that is, will consist of fourteen canzoni, the materials of which are *love and virtue*. Without the present

bread, they would not be free from some
obscurity, so as to be prized by many, less
usefulness than for their beauty; but the bı
in the form of the present exposition, be t
which will bring forth all their colours, anc
their true meaning to the view. And if the
work, which is named a Banquet, and I
prove so, be handled after a more manly g
the Vita Nuova, I intend not, therefore,
former should in any part derogate from t
but that the one should be a help to the ot
ing that it is fitting in reason for this to be f
impassioned; that, temperate and manly.
comes us to act and speak otherwise at one
at another; since at one age, certain mar
suitable and praise-worthy, which, at ano
come disproportionate and blameable."
apologizes for speaking of himself. "I fea
grace," says he, "of having been subject tc
passion, as one, reading these canzoni, may
me to have been; a disgrace, that is remov
speaking thus unreservedly of myself, whi
not passion, but virtue, to have been the
cause. I intend, moreover, to set forth t
meaning, which some may not perceive, if
it not." He next proceeds to give many
why his commentary was not written rather
than in Italian; for which, if no excuse
thought necessary, it must be recollected
Italian language was then in its infancy, ar
supposed to possess dignity enough for the
of instruction. "The Latin," he allows,
have explained his canzoni better to forei
to the Germans, the English, and others;
*it must* have expounded their sense, wit
*power of*, at the same time, transferring t

ty:" and he soon after tells us that many noble persons of both sexes were ignorant of the learned language. The best cause, however, which he assigns for this preference, was his natural love of his native tongue, and the desire he felt to exalt it above the Provençal, which by many was said to be the more beautiful and perfect language; and against such of his countrymen as maintained so unpatriotic an opinion, he inveighs with much warmth.

In his exposition of the first canzoni of the three, he tells his reader, that "the Lady, of whom he was enamoured after his first love, was that most beauteous and honourable daughter of the Emperor of the universe, to whom Pythagoras gave the name of Philosophy:" and he applies the same title to the object of his affections, when he is commenting on the other two.

The purport of his third canzone, which is less mysterious, and, therefore, perhaps more likely to please than the others, is to show that "virtue only is true nobility." Towards the conclusion, after having spoken of virtue itself, much as Pindar would have spoken of it, as being "the gift of God only:"

Che solo Iddio all' anima la dona,

he thus describes it as acting throughout the several stages of life.

L' anima, cui adorna, &c.

The soul, that goodness like to this adorns,
Holdeth it not conceal'd;
But, from her first espousal to the frame,
Shows it, till death, reveal'd,
Obedient, sweet, and full of seemly shame,
She, in the primal age,
The person decks with beauty; moulding it
Fitly through every part.

In riper manhood, temperate, firm of heart,
With love replenish'd, and with courteous praise,
In loyal deeds alone she hath delight.
And, in her elder days,
For prudent and just largeness is she known;
Rejoicing with herself,
That wisdom in her staid discourse be shown.
Then, in life's fourth division, at the last
She weds with God again,
Contemplating the end she shall attain;
And looketh back; and blesseth the time past.

His lyric poems, indeed, generally stand much in need of a comment to explain them; but the difficulty arises rather from the thoughts themselves, than from any imperfection of the language in which those thoughts are conveyed. Yet they abound not only in deep moral reflections, but in touches of tenderness and passion.

Some, it has been already intimated, have supposed that Beatrice was only a creature of Dante's imagination; and there can be no question but that he has invested her, in the Divina Cammedia, with the attributes of an allegorical being. But who can doubt of her having had a real existence, when she is spoken of in such a stream of passion as in these lines?

Quel ch' ella par, quando un poco sorride,
Non si può dicer ne tenere a mente,
Siè nuovo miracolo e gentile.

*Vita Nuova.*

Mira che quando ride
Passa ben di dolcezza ogni altra cosa.

*Canz.* xv.

The canzone, from which the last couplet is taken,

presents a portrait which might well supply a painter with a far more exalted idea of female beauty, than he could form to himself from the celebrated Ode of Anacreon on a similar subject. After a minute description of those parts of her form, which the garments of a modest woman would suffer to be seen, he raises the whole by the superaddition of a moral grace and dignity, such as the Christian religion alone could supply, and such as the pencil of Raphael afterwards aimed to represent.

Umile vergognosa e temperata,
E sempre a vertù grata,
Intra suoi be' costumi un atto regna,
Che d' ogni riverenza la fa degna.*

One or two of the sonnets prove that he could at times condescend to sportiveness and pleasantry. The following to Brunetto, I should conjecture to have been sent with his Vita Nuova, which was written the year before Brunetto died.

Master Brunetto, this I send, entreating
Ye'll entertain this lass of mine at Easter;
She does not come among you as a feaster;
No: she has need of reading, not of eating.
Nor let her find you at some merry meeting,
Laughing amidst buffoons and drollers, lest her
Wise sentence should escape a noisy jester:
She must be wooed, and is well worth the weeting.
If in this sort you fail to make her out,
You have amongst you many sapient men,
All famous as was Albert of Cologne.
I have been pos'd amid that learned rout.
And if they cannot spell her right, why then
Call Master Giano, and the deed is done.

* I am aware that this canzone is not ascribed to Dante, in the collection of Sonetti e *Canzoni* printed by the Giunti in 1527.

Another, though on a more serious subject, is yet remarkable for a fancifulness, such as that with which Chaucer, by a few spirited touches, often conveys to us images more striking than others have done by repeated and elaborate efforts of skill.

Came Melancholy to my side one day,
And said; "I must a little bide with thee:"
And brought along with her in company
Sorrow and Wrath.—Quoth I to her; "Away;
I will have none of you: make no delay."
And, like a Greek, she gave me stout reply.
Then, as she talk'd I look'd, and did espy
Where Love was coming onward on the way.
A garment new of cloth of black he had,
And on his head a hat of mourning wore;
And he, of truth, unfeignedly was crying.
Forthwith I ask'd: "What ails thee, caitiff lad?"
And he rejoin'd: "Sad thought and anguish sore.
Sweet brother mine! our lady lies a-dying."

For purity of diction, the *Rime* of our author are, I think, on the whole, preferred by Muratori to his Divina Commedia, though that also is allowed to be a model of the pure Tuscan idiom. To this singular production, which has not only stood the test of ages, but given a tone and colour to the poetry of modern Europe, and even animated the genius of Milton and of Michael Angelo, it would be difficult to assign its place according to the received rules of criticism. Some have termed it an epic poem; and others, a satire: but it matters little by what name it is called. It suffices that the poem seizes on the heart by its two great holds, terror and pity; detains the fancy by an accurate and lively delineation of the objects it represents; and displays throughout such an originality of conception, as leaves to Homer and

Shakspeare alone the power of chalenging the pre-eminence or equality. The fiction, it has been remarked, is admirable and the work of an inventive talent truly great. It comprises a description of the heavens and heavenly bodies; a description of men, their deserts and punishments, of supreme happiness and utter misery, and of the middle state between the two extremes: nor, perhaps, was there ever any one who chose a more ample and fertile subject; so as to afford scope for the expression of all his ideas, from the vast multitude of spirits that are introduced speaking on such different topics; who are of so many different countries and ages, and under circumstances of fortune so striking and so diversified; and who succeed, one to another, with such a rapidity as never suffers the attention for an instant to pall.

His solicitude, it is true, to define all his images in such a manner as to bring them distinctly within the circle of our vision, and to subject them to the power of the pencil, sometimes renders him little better than grotesque, where Milton has since taught us to expect sublimity. But his faults, in general, were less those of the poet, than of the age in which he lived. For his having adopted the popular creed in all its extravagance, we have no more right to blame him, than we should have to blame Homer because he made use of the heathen deities, or Shakspeare on account of his witches and fairies. The supposed influence of the stars, on the disposition of men at their nativity, was hardly separable from the distribution which he had made of the glorified spirits through the heavenly bodies, as the abodes of bliss suited to their several endowments. And whatever philosophers may think of the matter,

it is certainly much better, for the ends of poetry at least, that too much should be believed, rather than less, or even no more than can be proved to be true. Of what he considered the cause of civil and religious liberty, he is on all occasions the zealous and fearless advocate; and of that higher freedom, which is seated in the will, he was an assertor equally strenuous and enlightened. The contemporary of Thomas Aquinas, it is not to be wondered if he has given his poem a tincture of the scholastic theology which the writings of that extraordinary man had rendered so prevalent, and without which it could not perhaps have been made acceptable to the generality of his readers. The phraseology has been accused of being at times hard and uncouth; but, if this is acknowledged, yet it must be remembered that he gave a permanent stamp and character to the language in which he wrote, and in which, before him, nothing great had been attempted; that the diction is strictly vernacular, without any debasement of foreign idiom; that his numbers have as much variety as the Italian tongue, at least in that kind of metre, could supply: and that, although succeeding writers may have surpassed him in the lighter graces and embellishments of style, not one of them has equaled him in succinctness, vivacity and strength.

Never did any poem rise so suddenly into notice after the death of its author, or engage the public attention more powerfully, than the Divina Commedia. This cannot be attributed solely to its intrinsic excellence. The freedom with which the writer had treated the most distinguished characters of his time, gave it a further, and stronger hold on the curiosity of the age: many saw in it their acquaint-

ances, kinsmen, and friends, or, what scarcely touched them less nearly, their enemies, either consigned to infamy or recorded with honour, and represented in another world as tasting

Of heav'n's sweet cup, or pois'nous drug of hell.

so that not a page could be opened without exciting the strongest personal feelings in the mind of the reader. These sources of interest must certainly be taken into our account, when we consider the rapid diffusion of the work, and the unexampled pains that were taken to render it universally intelligible. Not only the profound and subtle allegory which pervaded it, the mysterious style of prophecy which the writer occasionally assumed, the bold and unusual metaphors which he every where employed, and the great variety of knowledge he displayed; but his hasty allusions to passing events, and his description of persons by accidental circumstances, such as some peculiarity of form or feature, the place of their nativity or abode, some office they held, or the heraldic insignia they bore—all asked for the help of commentators and expounders, who were not long wanting to the task. Besides his two sons, to whom that labour most properly belonged, many others were found ready to engage in it. About the year 1350, Giovanni Visconti, archbishop of Milan, selected six of the most learned men in Italy, two divines, two philosophers, and two Florentines; and gave it them in charge to contribute their joint endeavours towards the compilation of an ample comment, a copy of which is preserved in the Laurentian library at Florence. Who these were is no longer known; but Jacopo della Lana, and Petrarch, are conjectured

to have been among the number. At Florence, a public lecture was founded for the purpose of explaining a poem, that was at the same time the boast and the disgrace of the city. The decree for this institution was passed in 1373; and in that year Boccaccio, the first of their writers in prose, was appointed, with an annual salary of a hundred florens, to deliver lectures in one of the churches, on the first of their poets. On this occasion he wrote his comment, which extends only to a part of the Inferno, and has been printed. In 1375 Boccaccio died; and among his successors in this honourable employment we find the names of Antonio Piovano in 1381, and of Filippo Villani in 1401.

The example of Florence was speedily followed by Bologna, by Pisa, by Piacenza, and by Venice. Benvenuto da Imola, on whom the office of lecturer devolved at Bologna, sustained it for the space of ten years. From the comment, which he composed for the purpose, and which he sent abroad in 1379, those passages, that tend to illustrate the history of Italy, have been published by Muratori. At Pisa, the same charge was committed to Francesco da Buti about 1386.

On the invention of printing in the succeeding century, Dante was one of those writers who were first and most frequently given to the press.

Of the four chief commentators on Dante, namely, Landino, Vellutello, Venturi, and Lombardi, the first appears to enter most thoroughly into the mind of the Poet. Within little more than a century of the time in which Dante had lived; himself a Florentine, while Florence was still free, and still retained something of her ancient simplicity; the associate of those great men who adorned the age of

Lorenzo de' Medici; Landino was the most capable of forming some estimate of the mighty stature of his compatriot, who was indeed greater than them all. His taste for the classics, which were then newly revived, and had become the principal objects of public curiosity, as it impaired his relish for what has not inaptly been termed the romantic literature, did not, it is true, improve him for a critic on the Divina Commedia. The adventures of King Arthur, by which Dante had been delighted, appeared to Landino no better than a fabulous and inelegant book. He is, besides, sometimes, unnecessarily prolix; at others, silent, where a real difficulty asks for solution; and, now and then, a little visionary in his interpretation. The commentary of his successor, Vellutello, is more evenly diffused over the text; and although without pretensions to the higher qualities, by which Landino is distinguished, he is generally under the influence of a sober good sense, which renders him a steady and useful guide. Venturi, who followed after a long interval of time, was too much swayed by his principles, or his prejudices, as a Jesuit, to suffer him to judge fairly of a Ghibelline poet; and either this bias, or a real want of tact for the higher excellence of his author, or, perhaps, both these imperfections together, betray him into such impertinent and injudicious sallies, as dispose us to quarrel with our companion, though, in the main, a very attentive one, generally acute and lively, and at times even not devoid of a better understanding for the merits of his master. To him, and in our own times, has succeeded the Padre Lombardi. This good Franciscan, no doubt, must have given himself much pains to pick out and separate those ears of grain, which had escaped the

flail of those who had gone before him in that labo
But his zeal to do something new often leads hin
do something that is not over wise; and if on cert
occasions we applaud his sagaciousness, on oth
we do not less wonder that his ingenuity sho
have been so strangely perverted. His manner
writing is awkward and tedious; his attention, m
than is necessary, directed to grammatical niceti
and his attachment to one of the old editions, so
cessive, as to render him disingenious or partial
his representation of the rest. But to compens
this he is a good Ghibelline; and his opposition
Venturi seldom fails to awaken him into a perc
tion of those beauties, which had only exercised t
spleen of the Jesuit.

He, who shall undertake another commentary
Dante* yet completer than any of those which h
hitherto appeared, must make use of these four, l
depend on none. To them he must add seve
others of minor note, whose diligence will nevertl
less be found of some advantage, and among who
can particularly distinguish Volpi. Besides th
many commentaries and marginal annotations, tl
are yet inedited, remain to be examined; many e
tions and manuscripts to be more carefully collate
and many separate dissertations and works of cr
cism to be considered. But this is not all. That li
of reading which the Poet himself appears to ha
pursued (and there are many vestiges in his wor
by which we shall be enabled to discover it,) m

* Francesco Cionacci, a noble Florentine, projected an edit
of the Divina Commedia in one hundred volumes, each contain
a single canto, followed by all the commentaries, according to
order of time in which they were written, and accompanied b
Latin translation for the use of foreigners. *Cancellieri, ibid. p.*

be diligently tracked; and the search, I have little doubt, would lead to sources of information, equally profitable and unexpected.

If there is any thing of novelty in the notes which accompany the following translation, it will be found to consist chiefly in a comparison of the Poet with himself, that is, of the Divina Commedia with his other writings;* a mode of illustration so obvious that it is only to be wondered how others should happen to have made so little use of it. As to the imitations of my author by later poets, Italian and English, which I have collected in addition to those few that had been already remarked, they contribute little or nothing to the purposes of illustration, but must be considered merely as matter of curiosity, and as instances of the manner in which the great practitioners in art do not scruple to profit by their predecessors.

* The edition which is referred to in the following notes, is that printed at Venice in 2 vols. 8vo. 1793.

THE

# VISION OF DANTE.

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## HELL.

# HELL.

## CANTO I.

### *ARGUMENT.*

The writer, having lost his way in a gloomy forest, and being hindered by certain wild beasts from ascending a mountain, is met by Virgil, who promises to show him the punishments of Hell and afterwards of Purgatory; and that he shall then be conducted by Beatrice into Paradise. He follows the Roman poet.

In the midway* of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray
Gone from the path direct: and e'en to tell,
It were no easy task, how savage wild
That forest, how robust and rough its growth,
Which to remember only, my dismay
Renews in bitterness not far from death.
Yet, to discourse of what there good befel,
All else will I relate discover'd there.
How first I enter'd it I scarce can say, 10
Such sleepy dulness in that instant weigh'd
My senses down, when the true path I left;

* *In the midway.*] That the æra of the Poem is intended by these words to be fixed to the thirty-fifth year of the poet's age, A. D. 1300, will appear more plainly in Canto xxi. where that date is explicitly marked.

In his Convito, human life is compared to an arch or bow, the highest point of which is, in those well framed by nature, at their thirty-fifth year. *Opere di Dante Ediz.* Ven. 8vo. 1793. t. i. p. 198

But when a mountain's foot I reach'd, where clos'd
The valley that had pierc'd my heart with dread,
I look'd aloft, and saw his shoulders broad
Already vested with that planet's beam,*
Who leads all wanderers safe through every way.
Then was a little respite to the fear,
That in my heart's recesses† deep had lain
All of that night so pitifully pass'd: 20
And as a man, with difficult short breath,
Forespent with toiling, 'scap'd from sea to shore,
Turns‡ to the perilous wide waste, and stands
At gaze; e'en so my spirit, that yet fail'd,
Struggling with terror, turn'd to view the straits
That none hath pass'd and liv'd. My weary frame
After short pause recomforted, again
I journey'd, on over that lonely steep,
The hinder foot still firmer.§ Scarce the ascent
Began, when, lo! a panther,‖ nimble light, 30
And covered with a speckled skin, appear'd;
Nor, when it saw me, vanish'd; rather strove
To check my onward going; that oft-times,
With purpose to retrace my steps, I turn'd.
The hour was morning's prime, and on his way

* *That planet's beam.*] The sun.

† *My heart's recesses.*] Nel lago del cuor.
Lomb. rdi cites an imitation of this by Redi in his Ditirambo:

I buon vini son quelli che acquetano
Le procelle si fosche e rubelle,
Che nel lago del cuor l'anime inquietano.

‡ *Turns.*] So in our Poet's second psalm:

Come colui, che andando per lo bosco,
Da spino punto, a quel si volge e guarda.

Even as one, in passing through a wood,
Pierced by a thorn, at which he turns and looks.

§ *The hinder foot.*] It is to be remembered, that in ascending a hill the weight of the body rests on the hinder foot.

‖ *A Panther.*] Pleasure or luxury.

Aloft the sun ascended with those stars,*
That with him rose when Love divine first mov'd
Those its fair works: so that with joyous hope
All things conspir'd to fill me, the gay skin†
Of that swift animal, the matin dawn, 40
And the sweet season. Soon that joy was chas'd
And by new dread succeeded, when in view
A lion‡ came, 'gainst me as it appear'd,
With his head held aloft and hunger-mad,
That e'en the air was fear-struck. A she-wolf§
Was at his heels, who in her leanness seem'd
Full of all wants, and many a land hath made
Disconsolate ere now. She with such fear
O'erwhelm'd me, at the sight of her appall'd,
That of the height all hope I lost. As one, 50
Who, with his gain elated, sees the time

* *With those stars.*] The sun was in Aries, in which sign he supposes it to have begun its course at the creation.

† *The gay skin.*] A late editor of the Divina Commedia, Signor Zotti, has spoken of the present translation as the only one that has rendered this passage rightly: but Mr. Hayley had shown me the way in his very skilful version of the first three Cantos of the Inferno, inserted in the notes to his Essay on Epic Poetry:

> I now was rais'd to hope sublime
> By these bright omens of my fate benign,
> The beauteous beast and the sweet hour of prime.

All the Commentators, whom I have seen, understand our Poet to say that the season of the year and the hour of the day induced him to hope for the gay skin of the panther, and there is something in the sixteenth Canto, verse 107, which countenances their interpretation, although that, which I have followed, still appears to me the more probable.

‡ *A lion.*] Pride or ambition.

§ *A she-wolf.*] Avarice.

It cannot be doubted that the image of these three beasts coming against him is taken by our author from the prophet Jeremiah, v, 6, "Wherefore a lion out of the forest shall slay them, and a wolf of the evening shall spoil them, a leopard shall watch over their cities."

When all unwares is gone, he inwardly
Mours with heart-griping anguish ; such was I,
Haunted by that fell beast, never at peace,
Who coming o'er against me, by degrees
Impell'd me where the sun in silence rests.*
While to the lower space with backward step
I fell, my ken discern'd the form of one,
Whose voice seem'd faint through long disuse of speech.
When him in that great desert I espied, 60
"Have mercy on me," cried I out aloud,
"Spirit! or living man! whate'er thou be."
Have answer'd: "Now not man, man once I was,
And born of Lombard parents, Mantuans both
By country, when the power of Julius† yet
Was scarcely firm. At Rome my life was past,
Beneath the mild Augustus, in the time
Of fabled deities and false. A bard
Was I, and made Anchises' upright son
The subject of my song, who came from Troy, 70
When the flames prey'd on Ilium's haughty towers.‡

* *Where the sun in silence rests.*]
The sun to me is dark,
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave. *Milton. Sa. Ago.*
The same metaphor will recur. Canto v. verse 29.
Into a place I came
Where light was silent all.

† *When the power of Julius.*]
Nacqui sub Julio, ancorche fosse tardi.
This is explained by the Commentators: "Although it were rather late with respect to my birth, beford Julius Cæsar assumed the supreme authority, and made himself perpetual dictator." Virgil indeed was born twenty-five years before that event.

‡ *Ilium's haughty towers.*] Cecidit que superbum
Ilium. *Virgil. Æn.* iii. 3

thou, say wherefore to such perils past
urn'st thou? wherefore not this pleasant mount
endest, cause and source of all delight?"
nd art thou then that Virgil, that well-spring,
m which such copious floods of eloquence
/e issued?" I with front abash'd replied.
lory and light of all the tuneful train!
/ it avail me, that I long with zeal
/e sought thy volume, and with love immense 80
/e conn'd it o'er. My master thou, and guide!*
ou he from whom alone I have deriv'd
ıt style, whi.h for its beauty into fame
dts me. See the beast, from whom I fled.
ave me from her thou illustrious sage!
every vein and pulse throughout my frame
hath made tremble." He, soon as he saw
ıt I was weeping, answer'd, "Thou must needs
other way pursue, if thou wouldst 'scape
m out that savage wilderness. This beast, 90
whom thou cries't, her way will suffer none
pass, and no less hindrance makes than death:
bad and so accursed in her kind,
ıt never sated is her ravenous will,
l after food† more craving than before.
many an animal in wedlock vile

*My master thou, and guide.*]

Tu se' lo mio maestro, e' l mio autore,
Tu se' solo colui.
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou.
*Milton, P. L.* ii. 864.

*Still after food.*] So Frezzi:

La voglia sempre ha fame, e mai non s'empie,
Ed al piu pasto piu riman digiuna.
*Il Quadriregio*, lib. ii. cap. xi.

enturi observes that the verse in the original is borrowed by
al.

She fastens, and shall yet to many more,
Until that greyhound* come, who shall destroy
Her with sharp pain. He will not life support
By earth nor its base metals, but by love, 100
Wisdom, and virtue, and his land shall be
The land 'twixt either Feltro.† In his might
Shall safty to Italia's plains‡ arise,
For whose fair realm, Camilla, virgin pure,
Nisus, Euryalus, and Turnus fell.
He, with incessant chase, through every town.
Shall worry, until he to hell at length
Restore her, thence by envy first let loose.
I, for thy profit pond'ring, now devise
That thou mayst follow me; and I, thy guide, 110
Will lead thee hence through an eternal space,
Where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks, and see
Spirits of old tormented, who invoke

* *That greyhound.*] This passage is intended as an eulogium on the liberal spirit of his Veronese patron, Can Grande della Scala. See Paradise, xvii. 75, and note.

† *'Twixt either Feltro.*] Verona, the country of Can della Scala, is situated between Feltro, a city in the Marca Trivigiana, and Monte Feltro, a city in the territory of Urbino.

But Dante perhaps does not merely point out the place of Can Grande's nativity, for he may allude further to a prophecy, ascribed to Michael Scot, which imported that the "Dog of Verona would be lord of Padua and of all the Marca Trivigiana." It was fulfilled in the year 1329, a little before Can Grande's death. See G. Villani Hist. l. x. cap. cv. and cxli. and some lively criticism by Gasparo Gozzi, entitled Giudizio degli Antichi Poeti, &c. printed at the end of the Zatta edition of Dante, t. iv. part ii. p. 15. The prophecy, it is likely, was a forgery; for Michael died before 1300, when Can Grande was only nine years old. See Hell, xx. 115. and Par. xvii. 75.

‡ *Italia's plains.*] "Umile Italia, from Virgil, Æn. lib. iii. 522.

Humilemque videmus
Italiam.

A second death ;* and those next view, who dwell
Content in fire,† for that they hope to come,
Whene'er the time may be, among the blest,
Into whose regions if thou then desire
To' ascend, a spirit worthier‡ than I
Must lead thee, in whose charge, when I depart,
Thou shalt be left: for that Almighty King, 120
Who reigns above, a rebel to his law
Adjudges me ; and therefore hath decreed
That, to his city, none through me should come.
He in all parts hath sway ; there rules, there holds
His citadel and throne. O happy those,
Whom there he chooses!" I to him in few:
"Bard! by that God, whom thou didst not adore,
I do beseech thee (that this ill and worse
I may escape) to lead me where thou saidst,
That I Saint Peter's gate§ may view, and those 130
Who, as thou tell'st, are in such dismal plight."
Onward he mov'd, I close his steps pursu'd.

* *A second death.*] "And in these days men shall seek death and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them." Rev. ix. 6.

† *Content in fire.*] The spirits in Purgatory.

‡ *A spirit worthier.*] Beatrice, who conducts the Poet through Paradise.

§ *Saint Peter's gate.*] The gate of Purgatory, which the Poet feigns to be guarded by an angel placed on that station by St Peter.

## CANTO II.

### *ARGUMENT.*

**After the invocation, which poets are used to prefix to their works; he shows them on a consideration of his own strength, he doubted whether it sufficed for the journey proposed to him, but that, being comforted by Virgil, he at last took courage, and followed him as his guide and master.**

Now was the day departing,* and the air,
Imbrown'd with shadows, from their toils releas'd
All animals on earth; and I alone
Prepar'd myself the conflict to sustain,
Both of sad pity, and that perilous road,
Which my unerring memory shall retrace.
O Muses! O high genius! now vouchsafe
Your aid. O mind!† that all I saw hast kept
Safe in a written record, here thy worth
And eminent endowments come to proof. 10

* *Now was the day.*] A compendium of Virgil's description, Æn. lib. iv. 522. Compare Apollonius Rhodius, lib. iii. 744. and lib. iv. 1058.

The day gan failin; and the darke night,
That revith bestis from their businesse,
Berafte me my booke, &c.

*Chaucer. The Assemble of Foules.*

† *O mind.*]

O thought! that write all that I met,
And in the tresorie it set
Of my braine, now shall men see
If any virtue in thee be.

*Chaucer. Temple of Fame*, b. ii. v. 18.

I thus began: "Bard! thou who art my guide,
Consider well, if virtue be in me
Sufficient, ere to this high enterprise
Thou trust me. Thou hast told that Silvius' sire,*
Yet cloth'd in corruptible flesh, among
Th' immortal tribes had entrance, and was there
Sensibly present. Yet if heaven's great Lord,
Almighty foe to ill, such favour show'd
In contemplation of the high effect,
Both what and who from him should issuè forth, 20
It seems in reason's judgment well deserv'd
Sith he of Rome and of Rome's empire wide,
In heaven's empyreal height was chosen sire:
Both which, if truth be spoken, were ordain'd
And stablish'd for the holy place, where sits
Who to great Peter's sacred chair succeeds.
He from this journey, in thy song renown'd,
Learn'd things, that to his victory gave rise
And to the papal robe. In after-times
The chosen vessel† also travel'd there, 30
To bring us back assurance in that faith
Which is the entrance to salvation's way.
But I, why should I there presume? or who
Permits it? not Æneas I, nor Paul.
Myself I deem not worthy, and none else
Will deem me. I, if on this voyage then
I venture, fear it will in folly end.
Thou, who art wise, better my meaning know'st,
Than I can speak." As one, who unresolves
What he hath late resolv'd, and with new thoughts 40
Changes his purpose, from his first intent
Remov'd; e'en such was I on that dun coast,

* *Silvius' sire.*] Æneas.

† *The chosen vessel.*] St. Paul. Acts, ix. 15. "But the Lord said unto him, Go thy way; for he is a chosen vessel unto me."

Wasting in thought my enterprise, at first
So eagerly embrac'd. "If right thy words
I scan," replied that shade magnanimous,
"Thy soul is by vile fear assail'd,* which oft
So overcasts a man, that he recoils
From noblest resolution, like a beast
At some false semblance in the twilight gloom.
That from this terror thou mayest free thyself, 50
I will instruct thee why I came, and what
I heard in that same instant, when for thee
Grief touch'd me first. I was among the tribe,
Who rest suspended,† when a dame, so blest
And lovely I besought her to command,
Call'd me; her eyes were brighter than the star
Of day; and she, with gentle voice and soft,
Angelically tun'd, her speech address'd:
'O courteous shade of Mantua! thou whose fame
'Yet lives, and shall live long as nature lasts!‡ 60
'A friend, not of my fortune but myself,§
'On the wide desert in his road has met
'Hindrance so great, that he through fear has turn'd.

* *Thy soul is by vile fear assail'd.*] L' anima tua e da viltate offesa. So in Berni, Orl. Inn. lib. iii. c. i. st. 53.

Se l'alma avete offesa da viltate.

† *Who rest suspended.*] The spirits in Limbo, neither admitted to a state of glory nor doomed to punishment.

‡ *As nature lasts.*] Quanto 'l moto lontana. "Mondo," instead of "moto," which Lombardi claims as a reading peculiar to the Nidobeatina edition and some MSS. is also in Landino's edition of 1484.

§ *A friend not of my fortune but myself.*] Se non fortunæ sed hominibus solere esse amicum. *Cornelii Nepotis Attici Vita*, c. ix.

Cætera fortunæ, non mea turba, fuit.

*Ovid. Trist.* lib. i. el. v. 34.

My Fortune and my seeming destiny
He made the bond, and broke it not with me.

*Coleridge's Death of Wallenstein*, act i. sc. 7.

'Now much I dread lest he past help have stray'd,
'And I be ris'n too late for his relief,
'From what in heaven of him I heard. Speed now,
'And by thy eloquent persuasive tongue,
'And by all means for his deliverance meet,
'Assist him. So to me will comfort spring.
'I who now bid thee on this errand forth 70
'Am Beatrice ;* from a place I come
'Revisited with joy. Love brought me thence,
'Who prompts my speech. When in my Master's sight
'I stand, thy praise to him I oft will tell.'
"She then was silent, and I thus began:
'O Lady! by whose influence alone,
'Mankind excels whatever is contain'd†
'Within that heaven which hath the smallest orb,
'So thy command delights me, that to' obey,
'If it were done already, would seem late. 80
'No need hast thou farther to speak thy will;
'Yet tell the reason, why thou art not loth
'To leave that ample space, where to return
'Thou burnest, for this centre here beneath.'
"She then: 'Since thou so deeply wouldst inquire,
'I will instruct thee briefly why no dread
'Hinders my entrance here. Those things alone
'Are to be fear'd whence evil may proceed,
'None else, for none are terrible beside.
'I am so fram'd by God, thanks to his grace! 90

* *Beatrice.*] The daughter of Folco Portinari, who is here invested with the character of celestial wisdom or theology. See the Life of Dante prefixed.

† *hatever is contain'd.*] Every other thing comprized within the lunar heaven, which, being the lowest of all, has the smallest circle.

'That any suff'rance of your misery
'Touches me not, nor flame of that fierce fire
'Assails me. In high heaven a blessed dame*
'Resides, who mourns with such effectual grief
'That hindrance, which I send thee to remove,
'That God's stern judgment to her will inclines.
'To Lucia† calling, her she thus bespake:
"Now doth thy faithful servant need thy aid,
"And I commend him to thee." At her word
'Sped Lucia, of all cruelty the foe, 100
'And coming to the place where I abode
'Seated with Rachel, her of ancient days,
'She thus address'd me: "Thou true praise of God!
"Beatrice! why is not thy succour lent
"To him, who so much lov'd thee, as to leave
"For thy sake all the multitude admires?
"Dost thou not hear how pitiful his wail,
"Nor mark the death, which in the torrent flood,
"Swoln mightier than a sea, him struggling holds?"
'Ne'er among men did any with such speed 110
'Haste to their profit, flee from their annoy,
'As when these words were spoken, I came here,
'Down from my blessed seat, trusting the force
'Of thy pure eloquence, which thee, and all
'Who well have mark'd it, into honour brings.'
"When she had ended, her bright beaming eyes
Tearful she turn'd aside; whereat I felt
Redoubled zeal to serve thee. As she will'd,
Thus am I come: I sav'd thee from the beast,

* *A blessed dame.*] The Divine Mercy.

† *Lucia.*] The enlightening grace of Heaven. But Lombardi has well observed, that as our poet places her in the Paradise, c. xxvii. amongst the souls of the blessed, so it is probable that she, like Beatrice, had a real existence; and he accordingly supposes her to have been Saint Lucia the martyr, although she is here representative of an abstract idea.

Who thy near way across the goodly mount 120
Prevented. What is this comes o'er thee then?
Why, why dost thou hang back? why in thy breast
Harbour vile fear? why hast not courage there,
And noble daring; since three maids,* so blest,
Thy safety plan, e'en in the court of heaven;
And so much certain good my words forebode?"
As florets,† by the frosty air of night
Bent down and clos'd, when day has blanch'd their leaves,
Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems;
So was my fainting vigour new restor'd, 130
And to my heart such kindly courage ran,
That I as one undaunted soon replied:
"O full of pity she, who undertook
My succour! and thou kind, who didst perform
So soon her true behest! With such desire

* *Three maids.*] The Divine Mercy, Lucia, and Beatrice.

† *As florets.*]

Come fioretto dal notturno gelo
Chinato e chiuso, poi che il sol l'imbianca,
S'apre e si leva dritto sopra il stelo.

*Boccaccio Il. Filostrato*, p. iii. st. xiii.

But right as floures through the cold of night
Iclosed, stoupen in her stalkes lowe,
Redressen hem agen the sunne bright,
And spreden in her kinde course by rowe, &c.

*Chaucer Troilus and Creseide*, b. ii.

It is from Boccaccio rather than Dante that Chaucer has taken this simile, which he applies to Troilus on the same occasion as Boccaccio has done He appears indeed to have imitated or rather paraphrased the Filostrato in his Troilus and Creseide; for it is not yet known who that Lollius is, from whom he professes to take the poem, and who is again mentioned in the House of Fame, b. iii.

The simile in the text has been imitated by many others, among whom see Berni, Orl. Inn. lib. 1. c. xii. st. 86. Marino, Adone, c. xvii. st. 65. and Son. "Donna vestita di nero." and Spenser's Faery Queen, b. iv. c. xii. st. 34. and b. vi. c. ii. st. 35.

Thou hast dispos'd me to renew my voyage,
That my first purpose fully is resum'd.
Lead on: one only will is in us both.
Thou art my guide, my master thou, and lord."
So spake I; and when he had onward mov'd, 140
I enter'd on the deep and woody way.

## CANTO III.

### *ARGUMENT.*

**Dante, following Virgil, comes to the gate of Hell, where after having read the dreadful words that are written thereon, they both enter. Here, as he understands from Virgil, those were punished, who had past their time (for living it could not be called,) in a state of apathy and indifference both to good and evil. Then pursuing their way, they arrive at the river Acheron, and there find the old ferryman Charon, who takes the spirits over to the opposite shore, which as soon as Dante reaches, he is seized with terror, and falls into a trance.**

"THROUGH me you pass into the city' of woe :
Through me you pass into eternal pain :
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric mov'd ;
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.*
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon,† ye who enter here."

* ——— *Power divine,*
*Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.*]
The Three persons of the Blessed Trinity.

† *All hope abandon.*]
Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.
So Berni, Orl. Inn. lib. 1. c. 8. st. 53.
Lascia pur della vita ogni speranza.

Such characters, in colour dim, I mark'd 10
Over a portal's lofty arch inscrib'd.
Whereat I thus: "Master, these words import
Hard meaning." He as one prepar'd replied:
"Here thou must all distrust behind thee leave;
Here be vile fear extinguish'd. We are come
Where I have told thee we shall see the souls
To misery doom'd, who intellectual good
Have lost." And when his hand* he had stretch'd forth
To mine, with pleasant looks, whence I was cheer'd,
Into that secret place he led me on. 20
Here sighs,† with lamentations and loud moans,
Resounded through the air pierc'd by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swell'd the sounds,
Made up a tumult, that forever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness stain'd,
Like to the sand‡ that in the whirlwind flies.

* *And when his hand.*]
With that my hand in his he caught anone,
On which I comfort caught and went in fast.
*Chaucer. The Assemble of Foules.*

† *Here sighs.*] "Post hæc omnia ad loca tartarea, et ad os infernalis baratri deductus sum, qui simile videbatur puteo; loca vero eadem horridis tenebris, fœtoribus exhalationibus, strideribus quoque et nimiis plena erant ejulatibus, juxta quem infernum vermis erat infinitæ magnitudinis, ligatus maxima catena." *Alberici Virio.* § 9.

‡ *Like to the sand.*]
Unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings.
*Milton P. L.* b. ii. 903

I then with error* yet encompass'd cried : 30
" O master ! what is this I hear ? what race
Are these, who seem so overcome with woe ?
He thus to me : " This miserable fate
Suffer the wretched souls of those, who liv'd
Without or praise or blame, with that ill band
Of angels mix'd, who nor rebellious prov'd,
Nor yet were true to God, but for themselves
Were only. From his bounds Heaven drove them forth,
Not to impair his lustre ; nor the depth
Of hell receives them, lest th' accursed tribe† 40
Should glory thence with exultation vain."
I then : " Master what doth aggrieve them thus,
That they lament so loud ?" He straight replied :
" That will I tell thee briefly. These of death
No hope may entertain : and their blind life
So meanly passes, that all other lots
They envy. Fame‡ of them the world hath none,
Nor suffers, mercy' and justice scorn them both.
Speak not of them, but look, and pass them by."
And I, who straightway look'd, beheld a flag,§ 50

* *With error.*] Instead of " error," Vellutello's edition of 1544 has " orror," a reading remarked also by Landino in his notes. So much mistaken is the collator of the Monte Casino MS in calling it " lezione da niuno notata;" " a reading which no one has observed."

† *Lest th' accursed tribe.*] Lest the rebellious angels should exult at seeing those who were neutral, and therefore less guilty, condemned to the same punishment with themselves.

‡ *Fame.*] Canced'd from heav'n and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
*Milton, P. L.*, b. vi. 380.
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.
*Ibid.* 385.

§ *A flag.*] ——All the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron.
*Milton*, Comus.

Which whirling ran around so rapidly,
That it no pause obtain'd: and following came
Such a long train of spirits, I should ne'er
Have thought that death so many had despoil'd.
When some of these I recogniz'd, I saw
And knew the shade of him, who to base fear*
Yielding, abjur'd his high estate. Forthwith
I understood, for certain, this the tribe
Of those ill spirits both to God displeasing
And to his foes. These wretches, who ne'er liv'd, 60
Went on in nakedness, and sorely stung
By wasps and hornets, which bedew'd their cheeks
With blood, that, mix'd with tears dropp'd to their feet,
And by disgustful worms was gather'd there.
Then looking farther onwards, I beheld
A throng upon the shore of a great stream:
Whereat I thus: "Sir! grant me now to know
Whom here we view, and whence impell'd they seem
So eager to pass o'er as I discern
Through the blear light?"† He thus to me in few: 70
"This shalt thou know, soon as our steps arrive

* ——— *Who to base fear*
*Yielding abjur'd his high estate.*]

This is commonly understood of Celestine the Fifth, who abdicated the papal power in 1294. Venturi mentions a work written by Innocenzio Barcellini, of the Celestine order, and printed at Milan in 1701, in which an attempt is made to put a different interpretation on this passage.

Lombardi would apply it to some one of Dante's fellow-citizens, who, refusing, through avarice or want of spirit, to support the party of the Bianchi at Florence, had been the main occasion of the miseries that befell them.

† *Through the blear light*]

Lo fioco lume.

So Filicaja, canz., vi. st. 12.

Qual fioco lume.

Beside the woeful tide of Acheron."
Then with eyes downward cast, and fill'd with shame,
Fearing my words offensive to his ear,
Till we had reach'd the river, I from speech
Abstain'd. And lo! toward us in a bark
Comes on an old man,* hoary white with eld,
Crying, "Woe to you, wicked spirits! hope not
Ever to see the sky again. I come
To take you to the other shore across, 80
Into eternal darkness, there to dwell
In fierce heat and in ice.† And thou, who there
Standest, live spirit! get thee hence, and leave
These who are dead." But soon as he beheld
I left them not, "By other way," said he,
"By other haven shalt thou come to shore,
Not by this passage; thee a nimbler boat‡
Must carry." Then to him thus spake my guide:
"Charon! thyself torment not: so 't is will'd,
Where will and power are one: ask thou no more." 90
Straightway in silence fell the shaggy cheeks

* *An old man.*]
Portitor has horrendus aquas et flumina servat
Terribili squalore Charon, cui plurima mento
Canities inculta jacet; stant lumina flamma.
*Virg. Æn.* lib. vi. 298.

† *In fierce heat and in ice.*]
The bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth.
*Milton. P. L.* b. ii. 601.
The delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.
*Shakesp. Measure for Measure*, a. iii. s. 1.
ee note to C. xxxii. 23.

*A nimbler boat.*] He perhaps alludes to the bark "swift and
, in which the angel conducts the spirits to Purgatory. See
e. ii. 40.

Of him, the boatman o'er the livid lake,*
Around whose eyes glar'd wheeling flames. Meanwhile
Those spirits, faint and naked, colour chang'd,
And gnash'd their teeth, soon as the cruel words
They heard. God and their parents they blasphem'd,
The human kind, the place, the time, and seed,
That did engender them and give them birth.
Then altogether sorely wailing drew
To the curs'd strand, that every man must pass 100
Who fears not God. Charon, demoniac form,
With eyes of burning coal,† collects them all,
Beck'ning, and each, that lingers, with his oar
Strikes. As fall off the light autumnal leaves,‡
One still another following, till the bough
Strews all its honours on the earth beneath;
E'en in like manner Adam's evil brood
Cast themselves, one by one, down from the shore,
Each at a beck, as falcon at his call.§

* *The livid lake.*] Vada livida.

*Virg. Æn.* lib. vi. 320.

Totius ut lacus putidæque paludis
Lividissima, maximeque est profunda vorago.

*Catullus*, xviii. 10.

† *With eyes of burning coal.*]

His looks were dreadful, and his fiery eyes
Like two great beacons glared bright and wide.

*Spenser. F. Q.* b. vi. c. vii. st. 42.

‡ *As fall off the light autumnal leaves.*]

Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo
Labsa cadunt folia. *Virg. Æn.* lib. vi. 309.

Thick as autumnal leaves, that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbow'r. *Milton. P. L.* b. i. 304.

Compare Apoll. Rhod. lib. iv. p. 214.

§ *As falcon at his call.*] This is Vellutello's explanation, and seems preferable to that commonly given: "as a bird that is enticed to the cage by the call of another."

Thus go they over through the umber'd wave; 110
And ever they on the opposing bank
Be landed, on this side another throng
Still gathers. "Son," thus spake the courteous guide
"Those who die subject to the wrath of God,
All here together come from every clime,
And to o'erpass the river are not loth:
For so heaven's justice goads them on, that fear
Is turn'd into desire. Hence ne'er hath past
Good spirit. If of thee Charon complain,
Now mayst thou know the import of his words." 120
This said, the gloomy region trembling shook
So terribly, that yet with clammy dews
Fear chills my brow. The sad earth gave a blast,
That, lightening, shot forth a vermillion flame,
Which all my senses conquer'd quite, and I
Down dropp'd, as one with sudden slumber seiz'd.

## CANTO IV.

### *ARGUMENT.*

**The poet, being roused by a clap of thunder, and following his guide onwards, descends into Limbo, which is the first circle of Hell, where he finds the souls of those, who, although they have lived virtuously and have not to suffer for great sins, nevertheless, through lack of baptism, merit not the bliss of Paradise. Hence he is led on by Virgil to descend into the second circle.**

BROKE the deep slumber in my brain a crash
Of heavy thunder, that I shook myself,
As one by main force rous'd. Risen upright,
My rested eyes I mov'd around, and search'd,
With fixed ken, to know what place it was
Wherein I stood. For certain, on the brink
I found me of the lamentable vale,
The dread abyss, that joins a thund'rous sound*
Of plaints innumerable. Dark and deep,
And thick with clouds o'erspread, mine eye in vain 10
Explor'd its bottom, nor could aught discern.
"Now let us to the blind world there beneath
Descend;" the bard began, all pale of look;
"I go the first, and thou shalt follow next."

* *A thund'rous sound.*] Imitated, as Mr. Thyer has remarked, by Milton, P. L. b. viii. 242.

But long ere our approaching heard
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, *and loud lament,* and furious rage.

Then I, his alter'd hue perceiving, thus:
"How may I speed, if thou yieldest to dread,
Who still art wont to comfort me in doubt?"
He then: "The anguish of that race below
With pity stains my cheek, which thou for fear
Mistakest. Let us on. Our length of way 20
Urges to haste." Onward, this said, he mov'd;
And ent'ring led me with him, on the bounds
Of the first circle that surrounds th' abyss.
Here, as mine ear could note, no plaint was heard
Except of sighs, that made th' eternal air
Tremble, not caus'd by tortures, but from grief
Felt by those multitudes, many and vast,
Of men, women, and infants. Then to me
The gentle guide: "Inquir'st thou not what spirits
Are these which thou beholdest? Ere thou pass 30
Farther, I would thou know, that these of sin
Were blameless; and if aught they merited,
It profits not, since baptism was not thers,
The portal* to thy faith. If they before
The Gospel liv'd, they serv'd not God aright;
And among such am I. For these defects,
And for no other evil, we are lost;
Only so far afflicted, that we live
Desiring without hope."† Sore grief assail'd
My heart at hearing this, for well I knew 40
Suspended in that Limbo many a soul
Of mighty worth. "O tell me, sire rever'd!
Tell me, my master!" I began, through wish

* *Portal.*] "Porta della fede." This was an alteration made in the text by the Academicians della Crusca, on the authority, as it would appear, of only two MSS. The other reading is "parte della fede;" "part of the faith."

† *Desiring without hope.*]

And with desire to languish without hope.

*Milton. P. L.* b. x. 995.

Of full assurance in that holy faith
Which vanquishes all error; "say, did e'er
Any, or through his own or other's merit,
Come forth from thence, who afterward was blest?"
Piercing the secret purport* of my speech,
He answer'd: "I was new to that estate,
When I beheld a puissant one† arrive 50
Amongst us, with victorious trophy crown'd.
He forth‡ the shade of our first parent drew,
Abel his child, and Noah righteous man,
Of Moses lawgiver for faith approv'd,
Of patriarch Abraham, and David king
Israel with his sire and with his sons,
Nor without Rachel whom so hard he won,
And others many more, whom he to bliss
Exalted. Before these, be thou assur'd,
No spirit of human kind was ever sav'd." 60
We, while he spake, ceas'd not our onward road,

* *Secret purport.*] Lombardi well observes, that Dante seems to have been restrained by awe and reverence from uttering the name of Christ in this place of torment, and that for the same cause, probably, it does not occur once throughout the whole of this first part of the poem.

† *A puissant one,*] Our Saviour.

‡ *He forth,*] The author of the Quadriregio has introduced a sublime description into his imitation of this passage:—

Poscia le reni la dove al serra;
Ma Cristo lui e 'l catarcion d' acciajo
E queste porte allora getto a terra.
Quando in la grotta entro 'l lucido rajo,
Adamo disse: questo e lo splendore
Che mi spiro in faccia da primajo.
Venuto se' aspettato Signore. L. ii. cap. 3.

Satan hung writhing round the bolt; but him,
The huge portcullis, and those gates of brass,
Christ threw to earth. As down the cavern stream'd
The radiance: "Light," said Adam, "this, that breath'd
First on me. Thou art come, expected Lord!"

Much that follows is closely copied by Frezzi from our poet.

Still passing through the wood; for so I name
Those spirits thick beset. We were not far
On this side from the summit, when I kenn'd
A flame, that o'er the darken'd hemisphere
Prevailing shin'd. Yet we a little space
Were distant, not so far but I in part
Discover'd, that a tribe in honour high
That place possess'd. "O thou, who every art
And science valu'st! who are these, that boast 70
Such honour, separate from all the rest?"
He answer'd: "The renown of their great names,
That echoes through your world above acquires,
Favour in heaven, which holds them thus advanc'd,"
Meantime a voice I heard: "Honour the bard
Sublime!* his shade returns that left us late!"
No sooner ceas'd the sound, than I beheld
Four mighty spirits toward us bend their steps,
Of semblance neither sorrowful nor glad.†
When thus my master kind began: "Mark him, 80
Who in his right hand bears that falcon keen,
The other three preceding, as their lord.
This is that Homer, of all bards supreme:
Flaccus the next, in satire's vein excelling;
The third is Naso; Lucan is the last.
Because they all that appellation own,
With which the voice singly accosted me,
Honouring they greet me thus, and well they judge."

* ——— *Honour the bard Sublime.*]

Onorate l' altissimo poeta.

So Chiabrera, Canz. Eroiche. 32.

Onorando l' altissimo poeta.

† *Of semblance neither sorrowful nor glad.*]

She was to sober ne to glad.

*Chaucer's Dream.*

So I beheld united the bright school
Of him the monarch of sublimest song,*
That o'er the others like an eagle soars.
When they together short discourse had held,
They turn'd to me, with salutation kind
Beck'ning me; at the which my master smil'd:
Nor was this all; but greater honour still
They gave me, for they made me of their tribe;
And I was sixth amid so learn'd a band.
Far as the luminous beacon on we pass'd,
Speaking of matters, then befitting well
To speak, now fitter left untold.† At foot

* *The monarch of sublimest song.*] Homer.

It appears from a passage in the Convito, that there was no Latin translation of Homer in Dante's time. "Sappia ciascuno, &c." p. 20. "Every one should know, that nothing, harmonized by musical enchainment, can be transmuted from one tongue into another without breaking all its sweetness and harmony. And this is the reason why Homer has never been turned from Greek into Latin, as the other writers we have of theirs." This sentence, I fear may well be regarded as conclusive against the present undertaking. Yet would I willingly bespeak for it at least so much indulgence, as Politian claimed for himself, when in the Latin translation, which he afterwards made of Homer, but which has since unfortunately perished, he ventur'd on certain liberties both of phraseology and metre, for which the nicer critics of his time through fit to call him to an account: "Ego vero tam tsi rudis in primis non adeo tamen obtusi sum pectoris in versibus maxime faciendis ut spatia ista morasque non sentiam. Vero cum mihi de Graeco pane ad verbum forent antiquissima interpretanda carmina, fiat ut affectavi equidem ut in verbis obsoletam vetustatem, sic in [illegible] ipsa et numero gratam quandam ut speravi novitatem." Ep. lib. I. Baptistae Guarino.

† *Fitter left untold.*]

Che'l tacere è bello.

So our Poet, in Canzone 14.

La vide in parte che'l tacere è bello.

Ruccellai, Le Api, 789.

Ch'a dire è brutto ed a tacerlo è bello.

And Bembo,

"Vie piu bello è il *tacerle*, che il tavellarne."

Gli Asol. lib. 1.

Of a magnificent castle we arriv'd,
Seven times with lofty walls begirt, and round
Defended by a pleasant stream. O'er this
As o'er dry land we pass'd. Next, through seven gates,
I with those sages enter'd, and we came
Into a mead with lively verdure fresh.
There dwelt a race, who slow their eyes around
Majestically mov'd, and in their port
Bore eminent authority; they spake
Seldom, but all their words were tuneful sweet. 110
We to one side retir'd, into a place
Open and bright and lofty, whence each one
Stood manifest to view. Incontinent,
There on the green enamel* of the plain
Were shown me the great spirits, by whose sight
am exalted in my own esteem.
Electra† there I saw accompanied
many, among whom Hector I knew,
Anchises' pious son, and with hawk's eye
Cæsar all arm'd, and by Camilla there 120

* *Green enamel.*] "Verde smalto." Dante here uses a metaphor that has since become very common in poetry.

O'er the smooth enamel'd green. *Milton, Arcades.*

"Enameling, and perhaps pictures in enamel, were common in the middle ages, &c." *Warton, Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, v. i. c. xiii. p. 376. "This art flourished most at Limoges, in France. So early as the year 1197, we have duas tabulas æneas superauratas de labore Limogiæ. Chart. ann. 1197 apud Ughelin. tom. vii. Ital. Sacr. p. 1274." *Warton.* Ibid. Additions to v. i. printed in vol. ii. Compare Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting in England, vol. i. c. ii.

† *Electra.*] The daughter of Atlas, and mother of Dardanus, the founder of Troy. See Virg. Æn. l. viii. 134. as referred to by Dante in the treatise "De Monarchia," lib. ii. "Electra, scilicet, nata magni nominis regis Atlantis, ut de ambobus testimonium reddit poeta noster in octavo, ubi Æneas ad Evandrum sic ait.

"Dardanus Iliacæ," &c.

Penthesilea. On the other side,
Old king Latinus seated by his child
Lavinia, and that Brutus I beheld
Who Tarquin chas'd, Lucretia, Cato's wife
Marcia, with Julia* and Cornelia there;
And sole apart retir'd, the Soldan fierce.†
Then when a little more I rais'd my brow,
I spied the master of the sapient throng,‡

* *Julia*] The daughter of Julius Cæsar, and wife of Pompey.

† *The Soldan fierce.*] Saladin, or Salaheddin, the rival of Richard Cœur de Lion. See D'Herbelot, Bibl. Orient. the Life of Saladin, by Bohao'edin Ebn Shedad, published by Albert Schultens, with a Latin translation, and Knolles's Hist. of the Turks, p. 57 to 73. About this time (1193) died the great Sultan Saladin, the greatest terror of the Christians, who, mindful of man's fragility and the vanity of worldly honours, commanded at the time of his death no solemnity to be used at his burial, but only his shirt, in manner of an ensign, made fast unto the point of a lance, to be carried before his dead body as an ensign, a plain priest going before, and crying aloud unto the people in this sort, 'Saladin, Conqueror of the East of all the greatness and riches he had in his life, carrieth not with him any thing more than his shirt.' A sight worthy so great a king, as wanted nothing to his eternal commendation more than the true knowledge of his salvation in Christ Jesus. He reigned about sixteen years with great honour." He is introduced by Petrarch in the Triumph of Fame, c. ii.; and by Boccaccio in the Decameron. G. x. N. 9.

‡ *The master of the sapient throng.*]

Maestro di color che sanno.

Aristotle.—Petrarch assigns the first place to Plato. See Triumph of Fame, c. iii.

Volsimi da man manca, e vidi Plato
Che 'n quella schiera ando piu presso al segno
A qual aggiunge, a chi dal cielo e dato.

Aristotile poi pien d' alto ingegno.

Pulci, in his Morgante Maggiore, c. xviii. says,

Tu se' il maestro di color che sanno.

The reverence in which the Stagyrite was held by our Author, cannot be better shown than by a passage in his Convito, p. 142 "Che Aristotile sia degnissimo, &c." "That Aristotle is most worthy of trust and obedience may be thus proved. Amongst the

Seated amid the philosophic train.
Him all admire, all pay him rev'rence due.
There Socrates and Plato both I mark'd
Nearest to him in rank, Democritus
Who sets the world at chance,* Diogenes,
With Heraclitus, and Empedocles,
And Anaxagoras, and Thales sage,
Zeno, and Dioscorides well read
In nature's secret lore. Orpheus I mark'd
And Linus, Tully and moral Seneca,
Euclid and Ptolemy, Hippocrates,
Galenus, Avicen,† and him who made

workmen or artificers of different arts and operations, whic
n order to some final art or operation, he, who is the ar
operator in that, ought chiefly to be obeyed and trusted by th
as being the one, who alone considers the ultimate end of a
other ends. Thus he, who exercises the occupation of a k
ought to be obeyed by the sword-cutler, the bridle-maker, t
mourer, and by all those trades, which are in order to the o
tion of a knight. And because all human operations respect
tain end, which is that of human life, to which man, inasm
he is man, is ordained, the master or artist, who considers o
teaches us that, ought chiefly to be obeyed and trusted; no
is no other than Aristotle; and he is therefore the most des
of trust and obedience."

* ——— *Democritus,*
*Who sets the world a chance.*]

Democritus, who maintained the world to have been form
the fortuitous concourse of atoms.

† *Avicen.*] See D'Herbelot, Bibl. Orient. article Sina. He
in 1050. Pulci here again imitates our poet:

Avicenna quel che il sentimento
Intese di Aristotile e i segreti,
Averrois che fece il gran comento.
*Morg. Mag.* c.

Chaucer, in the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, mak
Doctour of Phisike familiar with

Avicen,
Averrois.
Sguarda Avicenna mio con tre corone,
Ch' egli fu Prence, e di scienza pieno.
E util tanto all' umane persone.
Frezzi Il Quadrir. l. iv. cap

at commentary vast, Averroes.*
Of all to speak at full were vain attempt;
r my wide theme so urges, that oft-times

uit Avicenna vir summi ingenii, magnus Philosophus, excellens
lieus, et summus apud suos Theologus. Sebastian Scheffer,
:od. in Artem Medicam, p. 63, as quoted in the Historical Ob-
vations on the Quadriregio. Ediz. 1725.

——— *Him who made*
*That commentary vast, Averroes.*]
Il gran Platone, e l' altro che sta attento
Mirando il cielo, e sta a lui a lato
Averrois, che fece il gran comento.
*Frezzi. Il Quadrir.* l. iv. cap. 9.

.verroes, called by the Arabians Roschd, translated and com-
nted the works of Aristotle. According to Tiraboschi (Storia
a Lett. Ital. t. v. l, ii. c. ii. sect. 4.) he was the source of modern
losophical impiety. The critic quotes some passages from Pe-
rch (Seni. l. v. ep. iii. et Oper. v. ii. p. 1143) to show how strong-
uch sentiments prevailed in the time of that poet, by whom
y were held in horror and detestation. He adds, that this fana-
admirer of Aristotle translated his writings with that felicity,
ich might be expected from one who did not know a syllable of
eek, and who was therefore compelled to avail himself of the
hithful Arabic versions. D'Herbelot, on the other hand, in
ms us, that, "Averroes was the first who translated Aristotle
m Greek into Arabic, before the Jews had made their translation;
l that we had for a long time no other text of Aristotle, except
t of the Latin translation, which was made from this Arabic
sion of this great philosopher (Averroes,) who afterwards added
it a very ample commentary, of which Thomas Aquinas, and
other scholastic writers, availed themselves, before the Greek
ginals of Aristotle and his commentators were known to us in
rope." According to D'Herbelot, he died in 1198; but Tirabo-
places that event about 1206.

* Averroes," says Warton, "as the Asiatic schools decayed by
indolence of the Caliphs, was one of those philosophers who
rned the Moorish schools erected in Africa and Spain. He was
rofessor in the University of Morocco. He wrote a commentary
all Aristotle's works. He was styled the most Peripatetic of all
Arabian writers. He was born at Cordova, of an Ancient Ara-
family." *Hist of Eng. Poetry*, vol. i. sect. xvii. p. 441.

My words fall short of what bechanc'd. In two
The six associates part. Another way.
My sage guide leads me, from that air serene,
Into a climate ever vex'd with storms:
And to a part I come, where no light shines.

## CANTO V.

### ARGUMENT.

ıg into the second circle of Hell, Dante at the entrance be-
ls Minos the Infernal Judge, by whom he is admonished to
ware how he enters those regions. Here he witnesses the pun-
nent of carnal sinners, who are tost about ceaselessly in the
ı air by the most furious winds. Amongst these, he meets
ı Francesca of Rimini, through pity at whose sad tale he falls
ting to the ground.

ı the first circle* I descended thus
n to the second, which, a lesser space
racing, so much more of grief contains,
oking bitter moans. There Minos stands,
ning with ghastly feature :† he, of all
enter, strict examining the crimes,
ı sentence, and dismisses them beneath,
rding as he foldeth him around ;

*om the first circle.*] Chiabrera's twenty-first sonnet is on a
ng, by Cesare Corte, from this Canto. Mr Fuseli, a much
r name, has lately employed his wonder-working pencil on
ne subject.

*rinning with ghastly feature.*] Hence Milton :

——— Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile.

*P. L.* b. ii. 845.

For when before him comes th' ill-fated soul,
It all confesses; and that judge severe
Of sins, considering what place in hell
Suits the transgression, with his tail so oft
Himself encircles, as degrees beneath
He dooms it to descend. Before him stand
Alway a num'rous throng; and in his turn
Each one to judgment passing, speaks, and hea
His fate, thence downward to his dwelling hurl'd
"O thou! who to this residence of woe
Approachest?" when he saw me coming, cried
Minos, relinquishing his dread employ,
"Look how thou enter here; beware in whom
Thou place thy trust; let not the entrance broad
Deceive thee to thy harm." To him my guide:
"Wherefore exclaimest? Hinder not his way
By destiny appointed; so 't is will'd,
Where will and power are one. Ask thou no mo
Now 'gin the rueful wailings to be heard.
Now am I come where many a plaining voice
Smites on mine ear Into a place I came
Where light was silent all. Bellowing there gro
A noise, as of a sea in tempast torn
By warring winds. The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirl'd round and dash'd amain with sore annoy.
When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,
There shrieks are heard, there lamentations, moa
And blasphemies 'gainst the good Power in heav
I understood, that to this torment sad
The carnal sinners are condemn'd, in whom
Reason by lust is sway'd. As in large troops
And multitudinous, when winter reigns,
The starlings on their wings are borne abroad;
So bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls.

On this side and on that, above, below,
It drives them: hope of rest to solace them
Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As cranes,*
Chanting their dol'rous notes, traverse the sky,
Stretch'd out in long array; so I beheld
Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on
By their dire doom. Then I: "Instructor! who 50
Are these, by the black air so scourg'd?"—"The first
'Mong those, of whom thou question'st, he replied,"
"O'er many tongues was empress. She in vice
Of lux'ry was so shameless, that she made
Liking† be lawful by promulg'd decree,
To clear the blame she had herself incurr'd.
This is Semiramis, of whom 't is writ,
That she succeeded Ninus her espous'd;
And held the land, which now the Soldan rules.
The next in amorous fury slew herself, 60
And to Sicheus' ashes broke her faith:
Then follows Cleopatra, lustful queen."
There mark'd I Helen, for whose sake so long
The time was fraught with evil; there the great
Achilles, who with love fought to the end,
Paris I saw, and Tristan; and beside,
A thousand more he show'd me, and by name

* *As Cranes.*] This simile is imitated by Lorenzo de Medici, in his Ambra, a poem, first published by Mr. Roscoe, in the Appendix to his Life of Lorenzo.

Marking the tracts of air, the clamorous cranes
Wheel their due flight in varied ranks descried;
And each with outstretch'd neck his rank maintains,
In marshal'd order through th' etherial void.

*Roscoe*, v. i. c. v. p. 257. 4to. edit.

* Compare Homer Il. iii. 3. Virgil Æn. l. x. 264. Oppian Halieut. lib. i 629. Rucellai, Le Api. 942. and Dante's Purgatory, xxiv. 63.

† *Liking.*] His lustes were as law in his degree.

*Chaucer. Monke's Tale. Nero.*

Pointed them out whom love bereav'd of life.
When I had heard my sage instructor name
Those dames and knights of antique days, o'erpower'd
By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind 71
Was lost; and I began: "Bard! willingly
I would address those two together coming,
Which seem so light before the wind." He thus:
"Note thou, when nearer they to us approach.
Then by that love which carries them along,
Entreat; and they will come." Soon as the wind
Sway'd them toward us, I thus fram'd my speech:
"O wearied spirits! come, and hold discourse
With us, if by none else restrain'd." As doves 80
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issu'd, from that troop where Dido ranks,
They, through the ill air speeding: with such force
My cry prevail'd, by strong affection urg'd.
"O gracious creature and benign! who go'st
Visiting, through this element obscure,*
Us, who the world with bloody stain imbru'd;
If, for a friend, the King of all, we own'd, 90
Our pray'r to him should for thy peace arise,
Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.
Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse
It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that

* *Element obscure.*] "L'aer perso." Much is said by the commentators concerning the exact sense of the word "perso." It cannot be explained in clearer terms than those used by Dante himself in his Convito: "Il perso è un colore misto di purpureo e nero, ma vince il nero." p. 185. "It is a colour mixed of purple and black, but the black prevails." The word recurs several times in this Poem. Chaucer also uses it, in the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, Doctour of Phisike,

In sanguin and in perse he clad was alle.

Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,
As now, is mute. The land,* that gave me birth,
Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.
"Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,†
Entangled him by that fair form, from me 100
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:
Love, that denial takes from none belov'd,‡
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,
That, as thou see'st, he yet deserts me not,
Love brought us to one death: Caina§ waits
The soul, who spilt our life." Such were their words;
At hearing which downward I bent my looks,
And held them there so long, that the bard cried:
"What art thou pond'ring?" I in answer thus:

* *The land.*] Ravenna.

† *Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt.*]

Amor, ch' al cor gentil ratto s'apprende.

A line taken by Marino, Adone, c. exli. st. 251.

That the reader of the original may not be misled as to the exact sense of the word "s'apprende," which I have rendered "is learnt," it may be right to apprize him that it signifies "is caught," and that it is a metaphor from a thing taking fire. Thus it is used by Guido Guinicelli, whom indeed our Poet seems here to have had in view.

Fuoco d' Amore in gentil cor s'apprende,
Come vertute in pietra preziosa.
*Sonetti, &c. di diversi Antichi Toscani. Edizione Giunti.* 1527. l. ix. p. 107.

The fire of love in gentle heart is caught,
As virtue in the precious stone.

‡ *Love, that denial takes from none belov'd*]

Amor, ch' a null' amato amar perdona.

So Boccaccio, in his Filocopo, l. 1.

Amore mai non perdono l'amore a nullo amato.

And Pulci, in the Morgante Maggiore, c. iv.

E perche amor mal volontier perdona,
Che non sia al fin sempre amato chi ama.

Indeed many of the Italian poets have repeated this verse.

§ *Caina.*] The place to which murderers are doomed.

"Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire
Must they at length to that ill pass have reach'd
Then turning, I to them my speech address'd
And thus began: "Francesca!* your sad fate
Even to tears my grief and pity moves.
But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,
By what, and how Love granted, that ye knew
Your yet uncertain wishes?" She replied:
"No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when mis'ry is at hand.† That kens

* *Francesca.*] Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta, l
Ravenna, was given by her father in marriage to Lanciotto.
Malatesta, lord of Rimini, a man of extraordinary courage, l
formed in his person. His brother Paolo, who unhappily po
those graces which the husband of Francesca wanted, engag
affections; and being taken in adultery, they were both put to
by the enraged Lanciotto. See Notes to Canto xxvii. v. 38 a

The interest of this pathetic narrative is much encreased,
we recollect that the father of this unfortunate lady was t
loved friend and generous protector of our poet during his
days.

The whole of this passage is alluded to by Petrarch, i
Triumph of Love, c. iii.

Ecco quei che le carte empion di sogni
Lancilotto Tristano e gli altri erranti:
Onde convien che'l vulgo errante agogni;
Vedi Ginevra, Isotta e l'altre amanti;
E la coppia d'Arimino che' insieme
Vanno facendo dolorosi pianti.

† *No greater grief than to remember days*
*Of joy, when mis'ry is at hand.*]

Imitated by Chaucer:

For of Fortunis sharp adversite
The worste kind of infortune is this,
A man to have been in prosperite,
And it remembir when it passid is.

*Troilus and Creseide*, b

By Marino:

Che non ha doglia il misero maggiore,
Che ricordar la gioia entro il dolore.

*Adone*, c. xiv. st.

learn'd instructor. Yet so eagerly 120
ou art bent to know the primal root,
m whence our love gat being, I will do
one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day,
our delight we read of Lancelot,*
r him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no
picion near us. Oft times by that reading
eyes were drawn together, and the hue
l from our alter'd cheek. But at one point†
ne we fell. When of that smile we read,
wished smile, so rapturously kiss'd 130
one so deep in love, then he who ne'er
m me shall separate, at once my lips
trembling kiss'd. The book and writer both
re love's purveyors, In its leaves that day
read no more."‡ While thus one spirit spake,

d by Fortinguerra:

Rimembrare il ben perduto
Fa piu meschino lo presente stato.

*Ricciardetto*, c. xi. st. 83.

e original perhaps was in Boetius de Consol. Philosoph. "In i adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus est infortunii fuisse em et non esse," l. 2. pr. 4.

etius, and Cicero de Amicitia, were the two first books that ged the attention of Dante, as he himself tells us in the Con- p. 68.

*Lancelot.*] One of the Knights of the Round Table, and the of Ginevra, or Guinever, celebrated in romance. The incident led to seems to have made a strong impression on the imagina- of Dante, who introduces it again, in the Paradise, Canto xvi.

*At one point.*]

Questo quel punto fu, che sol mi vinse.

*Tasso, Il Torrismondo*, a. i. s. 3.

——— *In its leaves that day*

*We read no more.*] Nothing can exceed the delicacy with which eosca in these few words intimates her guilt.

The other wail'd so sorely, that heart-struck
I, through compassion fainting, seem'd not far
From death, and like a corse fell to the ground.*

* *And like a corse fell to the ground.*]
E caddi, come corpo morto cade.
So Pulci:
E cadde come morto in terra cade.
*Morgante Maggiore*, c. xxii.

## CANTO VI.

### ARGUMENT.

On his recovery, the Poet finds himself in the third circle, where the gluttonous are punished. Their torment is to lie in the mire under a continual and heavy storm of hail, snow, and discoloured water; Cerberus meanwhile barking over them with his threefold throat, and rending them piecemeal. One of these, who on earth was named Ciacco, foretells the divisions with which Florence is about to be distracted. Dante proposes a question to his guide, who solves it; and they proceed towards the fourth circle.

My sense reviving,* that erewhile had droop'd
With pity for the kindred shades, whence grief
O'ercame me wholly, straight around I see
New torments, new tormented souls, which way
Soe'er I move, or turn, or bend my sight.
In the third circle I arrive, of show'rs
Ceaseless, accursed, heavy' and cold, unchang'd
For ever, both in kind and in degree.
Large hail, discolour'd water, sleety flaw
Through the dun midnight air stream'd down amain: 10
Stank all the land whereon that tempest fell.

* *My sense reviving.*]
Al tornar della mente, che si chiuse,
Dinanzi alla pietà de' duo cognati.
Berni has made a sportive application of these lines, in his Orl. Inn. lib. iii. c. viii. st. 1.

Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange
Through his wide threefold throat, barks as a
Over the multitude immers'd beneath.
His eyes glare crimson, black his unctuous be
His belly large, and claw'd the hands, with w
He tears the spirits, flays them, and their limb
Piecemeal disparts. Howling there spread, a
Under the rainy deluge, with one side
The other sceening, oft they roll them round,
A wretched, godless crew. When that great
Descried us, savage Cerberus, he op'd
His jaws, and the fangs show'd us; not a liml
Of him but trembled. Then my guide, his p
Expanding on the ground, thence filled with
Rais'd them, and cast it in his ravenous maw.
E'en as a dog, that yelling bays for food
His keeper, when the morsel comes, lets fall
His fury, bent alone with eager haste
To swallow it; so dropp'd the loathsome che
Of demon Cerberus, who thund'ring stuns
The spirits, that they for deafness wish in vai
We, o'er the shades thrown prostrate by the
Of the heavy tempest passing, set our feet
Upon their emptiness, that substance seem'd.

* *That great worm.*] Juxta—infernum vermis erat infini nitudinis ligatus maxima catena. Alberici Visio, § 9.

In canto xxxiv. Luci is called

Th' abhorred worm, that boreth through the world.

This is imitated by Ariosto. Orl. Fur. c. xlvi. st. 76

Shakspeare, Milton, and Cowper, who well understood most common words are often the most impressive, have synonimous term in our language with the best effect; as has done in Greek:—

Απο Ταυγέτου μὲν Λακαιναν
ἐπι θηροι κονα τρέχειν πυκινωτατον ἑρπε
*Heyne's Pindar. Fragm. Epinic.* ii. 2. *In*

ll along the earth extended lay,
, that sudden rais'd himself to sit,
hat way he saw us pass. "O thou!"
"who through the infernal shades art led,
gain thou know'st me. Thou wast fram'd 40
y frame was broken." I replied:
guish thou endur'st perchance so takes
from my remembrance, that it seems
v thee never. But inform
hou art, that in a place so sad
nd in such torment, that although
greater, none disgusteth more."
1 answer to my words rejoin'd:
y heap'd with envy to the brim,
he measure overflows its bounds, 50
in brighter days. Ye citizens
nt to name me Ciacco.* For the sin
y, damned vice, beneath this rain,
iou see'st, I with fatigue am worn;
spirit in this woe: all these
ike crime incurr'd like punishment."
e he said, and I my speech resum'd:
thy dire affliction grieves me much,
:ars. But tell me if thou know'st,
l at length befal the citizens 60
ided city;† whether any
ıhabit there: and tell the cause,
arring Discord hath assail'd it thus."
ı: "After long striving they will come

So called from his inordinate appetite; Ciacco, in fying a pig. The real name of this glutton has not itted to us. He is introduced in Boccaccio's Decame- x. Nov. 8.

*ided city.*] The city of Florence, divided into the Neri factions.

To blood; and the wild party from the woods*
Will chase the other† with much injury forth.
Then it behoves that this must fall,‡ within
Three solar circles;§ and the other rise
By borrowed force of one, who under shore
Now rests.‖ It shall a long space hold aloof
Its forehead, keeping under heavy weight
The other oppress'd, indignant at the load,
And grieving sore. The just are two in numb
But they neglected. Av'rice, envy, pride,
Three fatal sparks, have set the hearts of all
On fire." Here ceas'd the lamentable sound;

* *The wild party from the woods.*] So called, because it wa
ed by Veri de' Cerchi, whose family had lately come into t
from Acone, and the woody country of the Val di Nievole.

† *The other.*] The opposite party of the Neri, at the h
which was Corso Donati.

‡ *This must fall.*] The Bianchi.

§ *Three solar circles.*] Three years.

‖ —— *Of one, who under shore*
*Now rests.*]
Charles of Valois, by whose means the Neri were replaced.

¶ *The just are two in number.* Who these two were, th
mentators are not agreed. Some understand them to be
himself and his friend Guido Cavalcanti. But this would s
presumption, which our Poet himself elsewhere contradict
in the Purgatory, he owns his consciousness of not being ex
from one at least of "the three fatal sparks, which had
hearts of all on fire." See Canto xiii. 136. Others refer t
cominm to Barduccio and Giovanni Vespignano, adducing t
lowing passage from Villani in support of their opinion
the year 1331 died in Florence two just and good men, of h
and conversation, and bountiful in almsgiving, although h
The one was named Barduccio, and was buried in S. Spir
the place of the Frati Romitani; the other, named Giova
Vespignano, was buried in S. Pietro Maggiore. And by ea
showed open miracles, in healing the sick and lunatic after
manners; and for each there was ordained a solemn funer
many images of wax set up in discharge of vows that had beer
G. Villani, lib. x. cap. 179.

And I continued thus: "Still would I learn
More from thee, farther parley still entreat.
Of Farinata and Tegghiaio* say,
They who so well deserv'd; of Giacopo,†
Arrigo, Mosca,‡ and the rest, who bent
Their minds on working good. Oh! tell me where
They bide, and to their knowledge let me come.
For I am press'd with keen desire to hear
If heaven's sweet cup, or poisonous drug of hell,
Be to their lip assign'd." He answer'd straight:
"These are yet blacker spirits. Various crimes
Have sunk them deeper in the dark abyss.
If thou so far descendest, thou mayst see them.
But to the pleasant world when thou return'st, 90
Of me make mention, I entreat thee, there.
No more I tell thee, answer thee no more."
This said, his fixed eyes he turn'd askance,
A little ey'd me, then bent down his head,
And 'midst his blind companions with it fell.
When thus my guide: "No more his bed he leaves,
Ere the last angel-trumpet blow. The Power
Adverse to these shall then in glory come,
Each one forthwith to his sad tomb repair,
Resume§ his fleshly vesture and his form, 100
And hear the eternal doom re-echoing rend

* *Of Farinata and Tegghiaio.*] See Canto x. and Notes, and Canto xvi. and Notes.

† *Giacopo.* Giacopo Rusticucci. See Canto xvi. and Notes.

‡ *Arrigo, Mosca.*] Of Arrigo, who is said by the commentators to have been of the noble family of the Fifanti no mention afterwards occurs. Mosca degli Uberti, or de' Lamberti, is introduced in Canto xxviii.

§ *Resume.*] Imitated by Frezzi:—

Allor ripiglieran la carne e l'ossa;
Li rei oscuri, e i buon con splendori
Per la virtu della divina possa. *Il Quadr.* lib. iv. cap. xv.

The vault." So pass'd we through that mixture foul
Of spirits and rain, with tardy steps; meanwhile
Touching,* though slightly, on the life to come.
For thus I question'd: "Shall these tortures, Sir!
When the great sentence passes, be increas'd,
Or mitigated, or as now severe?"
He then: "Consult thy knowledge;† that decides,
That, as each thing to more perfection grows,
It feels more sensibly both good and pain. 110
Though ne'er to true perfection may arrive
This race accurs'd, yet nearer then, than now,
They shall approach it." Compassing that path,
Circuitous we journeyed; and discourse,
Much more than I relate, between us pass'd:
Till at the point, whence the steps led below,
Arriv'd, there Plutus, the great foe, we found.

* *Touching.*] Conversing though in a slight and superficial manner, on the life to come.

† *Consult thy knowledge.*] We are referred to the following passage in St. Augustin:—"Cum fiet resurrectio carnis, et bonorum gaudia et malorum tormenta majora erunt."—"At the resurrection of the flesh, both the happiness of the good and the torments of the wicked will be increased."

# CANTO VII.

## ARGUMENT.

In the present Canto, Dante describes his descent into the fourth circle, at the beginning of which he sees Plutus stationed. Here one like doom awaits the prodigal and the avaricious, which is, to meet in direful conflict, rolling great weights against each other with mutual upbraidings. From hence Virgil takes occasion to show how vain the goods that are committed into the charge of Fortune; and this moves our author to inquire what being that Fortune is, of whom he speaks; which question being resolved, they go down into the fifth circle, where they find the wrathful and gloomy tormented in the Stygian lake. Having made a compass round great part of this lake, they come at last to the base of a lofty tower.

"AH me! O Satan! Satan!"* loud exclaim'd
Plutus, in accent hoarse of wild alarm:

* *Ah me! O Satan! Satan!*]
Pape Satan, Pape Satan, aleppe.

*Pape* is said by the commentators to be the same as the Latin word *papæ!* "strange!" Of *aleppe* they do not give a more satisfactory account.

See the life of Benvenuto Cellini, translated by Dr. Nugent, v. ii. b. iii. c. vii. p. 113, where he mentions "having heard the words *Paix, paix, Satan! allez, paix!* in the courts of justice at Paris. I recollected what Dante said, when he with his master Virgil entered the gates of hell: for Dante, and Giotto the painter, were together in France, and visited Paris with particular attention, where the court of justice may be considered as hell. Hence it is that Dante, who was likewise perfect master of the French, made use of that expression; and I have often been surprized that it was never understood in that *sense.*"

And the kind sage, whom no event surpris'd,
To comfort me thus spake: "Let not thy fear
Harm thee, for power in him be sure, is none
To hinder down this rock thy safe descent."
Then to that swoln lip turning, "Peace!" he cried,
"Curs'd wolf! thy fury inward on thyself
Prey, and consume thee! Through the dark profound,
Not without cause, he passes. So 't is will'd 10
On high, there where the great Archangel pour'd
Heav'n's vengeance on the first adulterer proud."*
As sails, full spread and bellying with the wind,
Drop suddenly collaps'd, if the mast split;
So to the ground down dropp'd the cruel fiend.
Thus we, descending to the fourth steep ledge,
Gain'd on the dismal shore, that all the woe
Hems in of all the universe. Ah me!
Almighty Justice! in what store thou heap'st† 20
New pains, new troubles, as I here beheld.
Wherefore doth fault of ours bring us to this?
E'en as a billow,‡ on Charybdis rising,

* *The first adulterer proud.*] Satan. The word "fornication," or "adultery," "strupo," is here used for a revolt of the affections from God, according to the sense in which it is often applied in Scripture.

† *In what store thou heap'st.*] Some understand "chi stipa" to mean either "who can imagine," or "who can describe the torments," &c. I have followed Landino, whose words, though very plain, seem to have been mistaken by Lombardi. "Chi stipa, chi accumula, ed insieme raccoglie; quasi dica, tu giustizia aduni tanti supplicii."

‡ *E'en as a billow.*]

As when two billows in the Irish sowndes,
Forcibly driven with contrarie tides,
Do meet together, each aback rebounds
With roaring rage, and dashing on all sides,
That filleth all the sea with foam, divides
The doubtful current into divers wayes."

Spenser, F. Q. b. iv. c. i. st. 42.

Against encounter'd billow dashing breaks;
Such is the dance this wretched race must lead,
Whom more than elsewhere numerous here I found.
From one side and the other, with loud voice,
Both roll'd on weights, by main force of their breasts,
Then smote together, and each one forthwith
Roll'd them back voluble, turning again;
Exclaiming these, "Why holdest thou so fast?" 30
Those answ'ring, "And why castest thou away?"
So, still repeating their despiteful song,
They to the opposite point, on either hand,
Travers'd the horrid circle; then arriv'd,
Both turn'd them round, and through the middle space
Conflicting met again. At sight whereof
I, stung with grief, thus spake: "O say, my guide!
What race is this. Were these, whose heads are shorn,
On our left hand, all sep'rate to the church?"
He straight replied: "In their first life, these all 40
In mind were so distorted, that they made,
According to due measure, of their wealth
No use. This clearly from their words collect,
Which they howl forth, at each extremity
Arriving of the circle, where their crime
Contrary' in kind disparts them. To the church
Were separate those, that with no hairy cowls
Are crown'd both Popes and Cardinals,* o'er whom

* *Popes and Cardinals.*] Ariosto having personified Avarice as a strange and hideous monster, says of her—

Avarice dominion absolute maintains."
I then: "'Mid such as these some needs must be,
Whom I shall recognise, that with the blot 51
Of these foul sins were stain'd." He answering thus:
"Vain thought conceiv'st thou. That ignoble life,
Which made them vile before, now makes them dark,
And to all knowledge indiscernible.
For ever they shall meet in this rude shock:
These from the tomb with clenched grasp shall rise,
Those with close-shaven locks. That ill they gave,
And ill they kept, hath of the beauteous world
Depriv'd, and set them at this strife, which needs 60
No labour'd phrase of mine to set it off.
Now mayest thou see, my son! how brief, how vain,
The goods committed into Fortune's hands,
For which the human race keep such a coil!
Not all the gold* that is beneath the moon,
Or ever hath been, of these toil-worn souls
Might purchase rest for one." I thus rejoin'd:
"My guide! of thee this also would I learn;
This Fortune, that thou speak'st of, what it is,
Whose talons grasp the blessings of the world." 70
He thus: "O beings blind! what ignorance
Besets you. Now my judgment hear and mark.

Peggio facea nella Romana corte,
Che v'avea uccisi Cardinali e Papi.
*Orl. Fur.* c. xxvi. st. 32.
Worse did she in the court of Rome, for there
She had slain Popes and Cardinals.

* *Not all the gold.*] Tutto l'oro ch' e sotto la luna.
For all the gode under the colde mone.
*Chaucer. Legende of Hypermnestra.*

He, whose transcendent wisdom passes* all,
The heavens creating, gave them ruling powers
To guide them; so that each part† shines to each,
Their light in equal distribution pour'd.
By similar appointment he ordained,
Over the world's bright images to rule,
Superintendance of a guiding hand
And general minister,‡ which at due time, 80
May change the empty vantages of life
From race to race, from one to other's blood,
Beyond prevention of man's wisest care:
Wherefore one nation rises into sway,
Another languishes, e'en as her will
Decrees, from us conceal'd, as in the grass
The serpent train. Against her nought avails
Your utmost wisdom. She with foresight plans,
Judges, and carries on her reign as theirs
The other powers divine. Her changes know 90
None intermission: by necesssity§

* *He, whose transcendent wisdom.*] Compare Frezzi:—

—— Dio e primo prince in ogni parte
Sempre e di tutto, &c.

*Il Quadrir.* lib. ii. cap. ii.

† *Each part.*] Each hemisphere of the heavens shines upon that hemisphere of the earth which is placed under it.

‡ *General minister.*] Lombardi cites an apposite passage from Augustin. De Civitate Dei, lib. v:—"Nos eas causas, quæ dicuntur fortuitæ (unde etiam fortuna nomen accepit) non dicimus nullas, sed latentes, easque tribuimus, vel veri Dei, vel quorumlibet spirituum voluntati."

§ *By necessity.*] This sentiment called forth the reprehension of Francesco Stabili, commonly called Cecco d'Ascoli, in his Acerba, lib. i. c. i.

In ciò peccasti, O Fiorentin poeta,
Ponendo che li ben della fortuna
Necessitati sieno con lor meta.
Non è fortuna, cui ragion non vinca,

She is made swift, so frequent come who claim
Succession in her favours. This is she,
So execrated e'en by those, whose debt
To her is rather praise; they wrongfully
With blame requite her, and with evil word;
But she is blessed, and for that recks not:
Amidst the other primal beings glad
Rolls on her sphere, and in her bliss exults.
Now on our way pass we, to heavier woe 100
Descending: for each star* is falling now,
That mounted at our entrance, and forbids
Too long our tarrying." We the circle cross'd
To the next steep arriving, at a well,
That boiling pours itself down to a foss
Sluic'd from its source. Far murkier was the wave
Than sablest grain: and we in company
Of th' inky waters, journeying by their side,
Enter'd though by a different track, beneath.
Into a lake, the Stygian nam'd, expands 110
The dismal stream, when it hath reach'd the foot
Of the grey wither'd cliffs. Intent I stood
To gaze, and in the marish sunk descried
A miry tribe, all naked, and with looks
Betok'ning rage. They with their hands alone
Struck not, but with the head, the breast, the feet,
Cutting each other piecemeal with their fangs.

The good instructor spake: "Now seest thou,
son!

Or pensa Dante, se prova nessuna
Si puo piu fare che questa convinca.

Herein, O bard of Florence, did thou err,
Laying it down that fortune's largesses
Are fated to their goal. Fortune is none,
That reason cannot conquer. Mark thou, Dante,
If any argument may gainsay this.

* *Each star.*] So Boccaccio: "Giu ogni stella a cader comincio, *che salia.*" Dec. G. 3. at the end.

souls of those, whom anger overcame.
too for certain know, that underneath 120
water dwells a multitude, whose sighs
these bubbles make the surface heave,
ine eye tells thee wheresoe'er it turn.
in the slime, they say: 'Sad once were we,
he sweet air made gladsome by the sun,
rying a foul and lazy mist within:
v in these murky settlings are we sad.'
dolorous strain they gurgle in their throats,
word distinct can utter none." Our route
compass'd we, a segment widely stretch'd 130
een the dry embankment, and the core
e loath'd pool, turning meanwhile our eyes
nward on those who gulp'd its muddy lees;
stopp'd, till to a tower's low base we came.

## CANTO VIII.

### ARGUMENT.

ıignal having been made from the tower, Phlegyas, the ferryman ɔf the lake speedily crosses it, and conveys Virgil and Dante to the ıther side. On their passage, they meet with Filippo Argenti, whose fury and torment are described. They then arrive at the city of Dis, the entrance whereto is denied, and the portals closed against them by many Demons.

[r theme pursuing,* I relate that ere
/e reach'd the lofty turret's base, our eyes
s height ascended, where we mark'd uphung
'wo cressets, and another saw from far

* *My theme pursuing.*] It is related by some of the early comentators, that the seven preceding Cantos were found at Florence 'ter our poet's banishment, by some one, who was searching over is papers, which were left in that city, that by this person they ere taken to Dino Frescobaldi, and that he being much delighted ith them, forwarded them to the Marchese Morello Malaspina, at hose entreaty the poem was resumed. This account, though ery circumstantially related, is rendered improbable by the probecy of Ciacco in the sixth canto, which must have been written 'ter the events to which it alludes. The manner, in which the resent Canto opens, furnishes no proof of the truth of the rort; for, as Maffei remarks in his Osservazioni Letterarie, tom. . p. 249, referred to Lombardi, it might as well be affirmed that iosto was interrupted in his Orlando Furioso, because he begins xvi.

Dico la bella storia ripigliando.

And c. x xii.

Ma tornando al lavor, che vario ordisco.

Return the signal, so remote, that scarce
The eye could catch its beam. I, turning round
To the deep source of knowledge, thus inquir'd:
"Say what this means; and what that other light
In answer set: what agency doth this?"
"There on the filthy waters," he replied,
"E'en now what next awaits us mayst thou see,
If the marsh-gender'd fog conceal it not."
Never was arrow from the cord dismiss'd,
That ran its way so nimbly through the air,
As a small bark, that through the waves I spied
Toward us coming, under the sole sway
Of one that ferried it, who cried aloud:
"Art thou arriv'd, fell spirit?"—"Phlegyas, Phl
gyas,*
This time thou criest in vain," my lord replied;
"No longer shalt thou have us, but while o'er
The slimy pool we pass." As one who hears
Of some great wrong he hath sustain'd, whereat
Inly he pines; so Phlegyas inly pin'd
In his fierce ire. My guide, descending, stepp'd
Into the skiff, and bade me enter next,
Close at his side; nor till my entrance seem'd
The vessel freighted. Soon as both embark'd,
Cutting the waves, goes on the ancient prow,
More deeply than with others it is wont.
While we our course† o'er the dead chann
held,
One drench'd in mire before me came, and said:

* *Phlegyas.*] Phlegyas, who was so incensed against Apol for having violated his daughter Coronis, that he set fire to t temple of that deity, by whose vengeance he was cast into Ta tarus. See Virg. Æn l. vi. 618.

† *While we our course.*]

Solcando noi per quella morta gora.

*Frezzi. Il. Quadrir.* lib. ii. cap. 7.

"Who art thou, that thus comest ere thine hour?"
I answer'd: "Though I come, I tarry not;
But who art thou, that art become so foul?"
"One, as thou seest, who mourn:" he straight replied.
To which I thus: "In mourning and in woe,
Curs'd spirit! tarry thou. I know thee well,
E'en thus in filth disguis'd." Then stretch'd he forth
Hands to the bark; whereof my teacher sage
Aware, thrusting him back: "Away! down there 40
To th' other dogs!" then, with his arms my neck
Encircling, kiss'd my cheek, and spake: "O soul,
Justly disdainful! blest was she in whom
Thou wast conceiv'd.* He in the world was one
For arrogance noted: to his memory
No virtue lends its lustre; even so
Here is his shadow furious. There above,
How many now hold themselves mighty kings,
Who here like swine shall wallow in the mire,
Leaving behind them horrible dispraise." 50
I then: "Master! him fain would I behold
Whelm'd in these dregs, before we quit the lake."
He thus: "Or ere to thy view the shore
Be offer'd, satisfied shall be that wish,
Which well deserves completion." Scarce his words
Were ended, when I saw the miry tribes
Set on him with such violence, that yet
For that render I thanks to God, and praise.

* ——— *In whom*
*Thou wast conceiv'd.*] "Che 'n te s'incinse." Several of the commentators have stumbled at this word, which is the same as "en ceinte" in French, and "incinta" in Latin. For many instances in which it is thus used, see the notes on Boccaccio's Decameron p. 101. in the Giunti edition. 1573.

« To Filippo Argenti!"* cried they all:
And on himself the moody Florentine 60
Turn'd his avenging fangs. Him here we left,
Nor speak I of him more. But on mine ear
Sudden a sound of lamentation smote,
Whereat mine eye unbarr'd I sent abroad.
And thus the good instructor: "Now, my son
Draws near the city, that of Dis is nam'd,†
With its grave denizens, a mighty throng."
I thus: "The minarets already, Sir!
There, certes, in the valley I descry,
Gleaming vermilion, as if they from fire 70
Had issu'd." He replied: "Eternal fire,
That inward burns, shows them with ruddy flame
Illum'd; as in this nether hell thou seest."
We came within the fosses deep, that moat
This region comfortless. The walls appear'd
As they were fram'd of iron. We had made
Wide circuit, ere a place we reach'd, where loud
The mariner cried vehement: "Go forth:
Th' entrance is here." Upon the gates I spied
More than a thousand, who of old from heaven 80
Were shower'd.† With ireful gestures, "Who is this,"

* *Filippo Argenti.*] Boccaccio tells us, "he was a man remarkable for the large proportions and extraordinary vigour of his bodily frame, and the extreme waywardness and irascibility of his temper." Decam. g. ix. n. 8.

† *The city, that of Dis is nam'd*] So Ariosto. Orl. Fur. c. xl. st. 32.

Fatto era un stagno piu sicuro e brutto,
Di quel che cinge la citta di Dite.

† ——— *From heaven*
*Were shower'd.*] Da ciel piovuti.
Thus Frezzi.

Li maladetti piovuti da cielo.
*Il Quad.* lib. iv. cap. 4.

They cried, "that, without death first felt, goes through
The regions of the dead?" My sapient guide
Made sign that he for secret parley wish'd;
Whereat their angry scorn abating, thus
They spake: "Come thou alone; and let him go,
Who hath so hardily enter'd this realm.
Alone return he by his witless way;
If well he know it, let him prove. For thee,
Here shalt thou tarry, who through clime so dark 90
Hast been his escort." Now bethink thee, reader!
What cheer was mine at sound of those curs'd words.
I did believe I never should return.
"O my lov'd guide! who more than seven times*
Security hast render'd me, and drawn
From peril deep, whereto I stood expos'd,
Desert me not," I cried, "in this extreme.
And, if our onward going he denied,
Together trace we back our steps with speed."
My liege, who thither had conducted me, 100
Replied; "Fear not: for of our passage none
Hath power to disappoint us, by such high
Authority permitted. But do thou
Expect me here; meanwhile, thy wearied spirit
Comfort, and feed with kindly hope, assur'd
I will not leave thee in this lower world."
This said, departs the sire benevolent,
And quits me. Hesitating I remain

* *Seven times.*] The commentators, says Venturi, perplex themselves with the inquiry what seven perils these were from which Dante had been delivered by Virgil. Reckoning the beasts in the first canto as one of them, and adding Charon, Minos, Cerberus, Plutus, Phlegyas, and Filippo Argenti, as so many others, we shall have the number; and if this be not satisfactory, we may suppose a determinate to have been put for an indeterminate number.

At war, 'twixt will and will not,* in my thoughts.
I could not hear what terms he offer'd them, 110
But they conferr'd not long, for all at once
To trial fled within. Clos'd were the gates,
By those our adversaries, on the breast
Of my liege lord: excluded, he return'd
To me with tardy steps. Upon the ground
His eyes were bent, and from his brow eras'd
All confidence, while thus with sighs he spake:
"Who hath denied me these abodes of woe?"
Then thus to me; "That I am anger'd, think
No ground of terror: in this trial I 120
Shall vanquish, use what arts they may within
For hindrance. This their insolence, not new.†
Erewhile at gate less secret they display'd,
which still is without bolt; upon its arch
Thou saw'st the deadly scroll, and even now,
On this side of its entrance, down the steep,
Passing the circles, unescorted, comes
One whose strong might can open us this land."

* *At war 'twixt will and will not.*]

Che si, e no nel capo mi tenzona.

Thus our poet in his eighth Canzone:

Ch' il si, e'l no tututto in vostra mano
Ha posto amore.

And Boccaccio, Ninf. Fiesol. st. 233.

Il si e il no nel capo gli contende.

The words I have adopted as a translation, are Shakspeare's Measure for Measure, a. ii. s. 1.

† *This their insolence not new.*] Virgil assures our poet, that these evil spirits had formerly shown the same insolence when our Saviour descended into hell. They attempted to prevent him from entering at the gate, over which Dante had read the fatal inscription. "That gate which," says the Roman poet, "an angel had just passed, by whose aid we shall overcome this opposition, and gain admittance into the city."

## CANTO IX.

### ARGUMENT.

e hindrances, and having seen the hellish furies and onsters, the Poet, by the help of an angel, enters the city wherein he discovers that the heretics are punished in urning with intense fire: and he, together with Virgil uwards between the sepulchres and the walls of the city.

:,* which coward dread on my pale cheeks
ed when I saw my guide turn back,
that from his which newly they had worn,
vardly restrain'd it. He, as one
tens, stood attentive: for his eye
could lead him through the sable air,
: thick-gath'ring cloud. "It yet behoves
: this fight," thus he began: if not,
d to us is offer'd.—Oh! how long
ns it, ere the promis'd help arrive." 10
:d, how the sequel of his words
their beginning; for the last he spake
not with the first. But not the less
was at his saying; sith I drew

*ue.*] Virgil perceiving that Dante was pale with fear : those outward tokens of displeasure which his own coun ad betrayed.

To import worse, perchance, than that he held
His mutilated speech. "Doth ever any
Into this rueful concave's extreme depth
Descend, out of the first degree, whose pain
Is deprivation merely of sweet hope?"
Thus I inquiring. "Rarely," he replied,
"It chances, that among us any makes
This journey, which I wend. Erewhile, 't is true
Once came I here beneath, conjur'd by fell
Erictho,* sorceress, who compell'd the shades
Back to their bodies. No long space my flesh
Was naked of me,† when within these walls
She made me enter, to draw forth a spirit
From out of Judas' circle. Lowest place
Is that of all, obscurest, and remov'd
Farthest from heaven's all-circling orb. The road
Full well I know: thou therefore rest secure.
That lake, the noisome stench exhaling, round
the city' of grief encompasses, which now
We may not enter without rage." Yet more
He added; but I hold it not in mind,
For that mine eye toward the lofty tower
Had drawn me wholly, to its burning top.

* *Erictho.*] Erictho, a Thessalian sorceress according to Lu Pharsal. l. vi. was employed by Sextus, son of Pompey the Great conjure up a spirit, who should inform him of the issue of the ci wars between his father and Cæsar.

† ——— *No long space my flesh*
*Was naked of me.*]
Quæ corpus complexa animæ tam fortis inane.
*Ovid. Met.* l. xiii. fab. 2

Dante appears to have fallen into an anachronism. Virgil's de did not happen till long after this period. But Lombardi shows, opposition to the other commentators, that the anachronism is o apparent. Erictho might well have survived the battle of Pharsa *long enough* to be employed in her magical practices at the time *Virgil's* decease.

here, in an instant, I beheld uprisen
: once three hellish furies stain'd with blood:
limb and motion feminine they seem'd; 40
round them greenest hydras twisting roll'd
heir volumes; adders and cerastes* crept
stead of hair, and their fierce temples bound.
He, knowing well the miserable hags
ho tend the queen of endless woe, thus spake:
Mark thou each dire Erynnis. To the left,
his is Megæra; on the right hand, she
ho wails, Aleeto; and Tisiphone
th' midst." This said, in silence he remain'd.
heir breast they each one clawing tore; themselves
note with their palms, and such shrill clamour rais'd
hat to the bard I clung, suspicion-bound. 51
Hasten Medusa: so to adamant
m shall we change," all looking down exclaim'd:
E'en when by Theseus' might assail'd, we took
o ill revenge." "Turn thyself round, and keep
hy count'nance hid; for if the Gorgon dire
e shown, and thou shouldst view it, thy return
pwards would be for ever lost." This said,
imself, my gentle master, turn'd me round; 60
or trusted he my hands, but with his own

* *Adders and cerastes.*]

Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis.
*Virg. Æn.* l. vi. 281.

——spinaque vagi torquente cerastæ
* * * * * * * * *
* * * et torrida dipsas
Et gravis in geminum vergens caput amphisbæna.
*Lucan. Pharsal.* l. ix. 719.

So Milton:

Scorpion and asp, and amphisbæna dire,
Cerastes horn'd, hydrus and elops drear,
And dipsas. *P. L.* b. x. 524.

He also hid me. Ye of intellect
Sound and entire, mark well the lore* conceal'd
Under close texture of the mystic strain.
And now there came o'er the perturbed waves
Loud-crashing, terrible, a sound that made
Either shore tremble, as if of a wind†
Impetuous, from conflicting vapours sprung,
That 'gainst some forest driving all its might,
Plucks off the brances, beats them down, and hurls 70
Afar ;‡ then, onward passing, proudly sweeps
Its whirwind rage, while beasts and shepherds fly.
Mine eyes he loos'd, and spake: "And now direct
Thy visual nerve along that ancient foam,

* *The lore.*] The Poet probably intends to call the reader's attention to the allegorical and mystic sense of the present Canto, and not, as Venturi supposes, to that of the whole work. Landino supposes this hidden meaning to be, that in the case of those vices which proceed from incontinence and intemperance, reason, which is figured under the person of Virgil, with the ordinary grace of God, may be a sufficient safeguard: but that in the instance of more heinous crimes, such as those we shall hereafter see punished, a special grace, represented by the angel, is requisite for our defence.

† *A wind.*] Imitated by Berni.

Com' un gruppo di vento in la marina
L' onde, e le navi sottosopra caccia,
Ed in terra con furia repentina
Gli arbori abbatte, sveglie, sfronda e straccia.
Smarriti fuggon i lavoratori
E per le selve le fiere e' pastori.

*Orl. Inn.* lib. i. c. ii. st. 6.

‡ *After.*] "Porta i fiori," "carries away the blossoms," is the common reading. "Porta fuori," which is the right reading, adopted by Lombardi in his edition from the Nidobeatina, for which he claims it exclusively, I had also seen in Landino's edition of 1484, and adopted from thence, long before it was my chance to meet with Lombardi.

There, thickest where the smoke ascends." As frogs
Before their foe the serpent, through the the wave
Ply swiftly all, till at the ground each one
Lies on a heap; more than a thousand spirits
Destroy'd, so saw I fleeing before one
Who pass'd with unwet feet the Stygian sound. 80
He, from his face removing the gross air,
Oft his left hand forth stretch'd, and seem'd alone
By that annoyance wearied. I perceiv'd
That he was sent from heav'n; and to my guide
Turn'd me, who signal made, that I should stand
Quiet, and bend to him. Ah me, how full
Of noble anger seem'd he. To the gate
He came and with his wand* touch'd it, whereat
Open without impediment it flew.
"Outcasts of heav'n, O abject race, and scorn'd,"
Began he, on the horrid grunsel standing, 91
"Whence doth this wild excess of insolence
Lodge in you? wherefore kick you 'gainst that will
Ne'er frustrate of its end, and which so oft
Hath laid on you enforcement of your pangs?
What profits, at the fays to butt the horn?†
Your Cerberus,‡ if ye remember, hence

* *With his wand.*]
She with her rod did softly smite the raile,
Which straight flew ope.
*Spenser. F. Q.* b. iv. c. iii. st. 46.

† *What profits, at the fays to butt the horn.*] "Of what avail can it be to offer violence to impassive beings?"
Che giova nelle fata dar di cozzo?
It is right to apprize the reader that "fata" here is usually rendered "the fates," and not "the fays;" and that it will bear either sense.

‡ *Your Cerberus.*] Cerberus is feigned to have been dragged by Hercules, bound with a threefold chain, of which, says the angel, he still bears the marks.

Bears still, peel'd of their hair, his throat and maw."
This said, he turn'd back o'er the filthy way,
And syllable to us spake none; but wore 100
The semblance of a man by other care
Beset, and keenly press'd, than thought of him
Who in his presence stands. Then we our steps
Toward that territory mov'd, secure
After the hallow'd words. We unoppos'd,
There enter'd; and, my mind eager to learn
What state a fortress like to that might hold,
I, soon as enter'd, throw mine eye around,
And see, on every part, wide-stretching space,
Replete with bitter pain and torment ill. 110
As where Rhone stagnates on the plains of Arles,*
Or as at Pola,† near Quarnaro's gulf,
That closes Italy and laves her bounds,
The place is all thick spread with sepulchres;
So was it here, save what in horror here
Excell'd: for 'midst the graves were scatter'd flames,
Wherewith intensely all throughout they burn'd,

Lombardi blames the other interpreters for having supposed that the angel attributes this exploit to Hercules, a fabulous hero rather than to our Saviour. It would seem as if the good father had forgotten that Cerberus is himself no less a creature of the imagination than the hero who encountered him.

* *The plains of Arles.*] In Provence. See Ariosto, Orl. Fur. c. xxxix. st. 72.

Fu da ogni parte in quest' ultima guerra
(Benche la cosa non fu ugual divisa,
Ch'assai piu andar dei Sarricini sotterra
Per man di Bradamante e di Marfisa)
Se ne vede ancor segno in quella terra,
Che presso ad Arli, ove il Rodano stagna,
Piena di sepolture e la campagna.

These sepulchres are mentioned in the Life of Charlemagne, which goes under the name of Archbishop Turpin, cap. 28 and 30.

† *At Pola.*] A city of Istria, situated near the gulf of Quarnaro, in the Adriatic sea.

That iron for no craft there hotter needs.
Their lids all hung suspended; and beneath,
From them forth issu'd lamentable moans, 120
Such as the sad and tortur'd well might raise.
I thus: "Master, say who are these, interr'd
Within these vaults, of whom distinct we hear
The dolorous sighs." He answer thus return'd:
"The arch-heretics are here, accompanied
By every sect their followers; and much more,
Than thou believ'st, the tombs are freighted: like
With like is buried; and the monuments
Are different in degrees of heat." This said,
He to the right hand turning, on we pass'd 130
Betwixt the afflicted and the ramparts high.

## CANTO X.

### ARGUMENT.

Dante, having obtained permission from his guide, holds discourse with Farinata degli Uberti and Cavalcante Cavalcanti, who lie in their fiery tombs that are yet open, and not to be closed up till after the last judgment. Farinata predicts the Poet's exile from Florence, and shews him that the condemned have knowledge of future things, but are ignorant of what is at present passing, unless it be revealed by some new comer from earth.

Now by a secret pathway we proceed,
Between the walls, that hem the region round,
And the tormented souls: my master first,
I close behind his steps. "Virtue supreme!"
I thus began: "who through these ample orbs
In circuit lead'st me, even as thou will'st;
Speak thou, and satisfy my wish. May those,
Who lie within these sepulchres, be seen?
Already all the lids are rais'd, and none
O'er them keeps watch." He thus in answer spake: 10
"They shall be closed all, what-time they here
From Josaphat* return'd shall come, and bring

* *Josaphat.*] It seems to have been a common opinion among the Jews, as well as among many Christians, that the general judgment will be held in the valley of Josaphat, or Jehoshaphat: "I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there for my people, and for my heritage Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations, and parted my land." Joel, iii. 2.

Their bodies, which above they now have left.
The cemetery on this part obtain,
With Epicurus, all his followers,
Who with the body make the spirit die.
Here therefore satisfaction shall be soon,
Both to the question ask'd, and to the wish*
Which thou conceal'st in silence." I replied:
"I keep not, guide belov'd! from thee my heart 20
Secreted, but to shun vain length of words;
A lessen erewhile taught me by thyself."
"O Tuscan! thou, who through the city of fire
Alive art passing, so discreet of speech,
Here, please thee, stay awhile. Thy utterance
Declares the place of thy nativity
To be that noble land, with which perchance
I too severely dealt." Sudden that sound
Forth issu'd from a vault, whereat, in fear,
I somewhat closer to my leader's side 30
Approaching, he thus spake: "What dost thou? Turn:
Lo! Farinata† there who hath himself
Uplifted: from his girdle upwards, all
Expos'd, behold him." On his face was mine
Already fix'd: his breast and forehead there
Erecting, seem'd as in high scorn he held
E'en hell. Between the sepulchres, to him
My guide thrust me, with fearless hands and prompt;

* *The wish.*] The wish, that Dante had not expressed, was to see and converse with the followers of Epicurus, among whom, we shall see, were Farinata degli Uberti and Cavalcante Cavalcanti.

† *Farinata.*] Farinata degli Uberti, a noble Florentine, was the leader of the Ghibelline faction, when they obtained a signal victory over the Guelfi at Montaperto, near the river Arbia. Machiavelli calls him "a man of exalted soul, and great military talents." Hist. of Flor. b. ii.

This warning added: "See thy words be clear."
He, soon as there I stood at the tomb's foot, 40
Ey'd me a space; then in disdainful mood
Address'd me: "Say what ancesters were thine."
I, willing to obey him, straight reveal'd
The whole, nor kept back aught: whence he his brow
Somewhat uplifting, cried: "Fiercely were they
Adverse to me, my party, and the blood
From whence I sprang: twice,* therefore, I abroad
Scatter'd them." "Though driv'n out, yet they each time
From all parts," answer'd I, "return'd; an art
Which yours have shown they are not skill'd to learn." 50
Then, peering forth from the unclosed jaw,
Rose from his side a shade,† high as the chin,
Leaning, methought, upon its knees uprais'd.
It look'd around as eager to explore
If there were other with me; but perceiving
That fond imagination quench'd, with tears
Thus spake: "If thou through this blind prison go'st,
Led by thy lofty genius and profound,
Where is my son?‡ and wherefore not with thee?"

*Twice.*] The first time in 1248, when they were driven out by Frederic the Second. See G. Villani. lib. vi. c. 34, and the second time in 1260. See note to v. 83.

† *A shade.*] The spirit of Cavalcante Cavalcanti, a noble Florentine, of the Guelph party.

‡ *My son.*] Guido, the son of Cavalcante Cavalcanti; "he whom I call the first of my friends," says Dante in his Vita Nuova, where the commencement of their friendship is related. From the character given of him by contemporary writers, his temper was well formed to assimilate with that of our poet. "He was," according to G. Villani. lib. viii. c. 41. "of a philosophical and elegant mind, if he had not been too delicate and fastidious." And

I straight replied: "Not of myself I come: 60
By him, who there expects me, through this clime
Conducted, whom perchance Guido thy son
Had in contempt."* Already had his words

Dino Campagni terms him "a young and noble knight, brave and courteous, but of a lofty scornful spirit, much addicted to solitude and study." Muratori. Rer. Ital. Script. t. 9. lib. 5. p. 481. He died, either in exile at Serrazana, or soon after his return to Florence, December 1300, during the spring of which year the action of this poem is supposed to be passing.

* ——— *Guido thy son*
*Had in contempt.*]

Guido Cavalcanti, being more given to philosophy than poetry, was perhaps no great admirer of Virgil. Some poetical compositions by Guido are, however, still extant; and his reputation for skill in the art was such as to eclipse that of his predecessor and namesake Guido Guinicelli, as we shall see in the Purgatory, Canto xi. in the notes to which the reader will find specimens of the poems that have been left by each of these writers. His "Canzone sopra il Terreno Amore" was thought worthy of being illustrated by numerous and ample commentaries. Crescimbeni Ist. della Volg. Poes. lib. v.

Our author addressed him in a playful sonnet, of which the following spirited translation is found in the notes to Haley's Essay on Epic Poetry, Ep. iii.

Henry! I wish that you, and Charles, and I,
By some sweet spell within a bark were plac'd,
A gallant bark with magic virtue grac'd,
Swift at our will with every wind to fly;
So that no changes of the shifting sky,
No stormy terrors of the watry waste,
Might bar our course, but heighten still our taste
Of sprightly joy, and of our social tie:
Then that my Lucy, Lucy fair and free,
With those soft nymphs, on whom your souls are bent,
The kind magician might to us convey,
To talk of love throughout the live-long day;
And that each fair might be as well content
As I in truth believe our hearts would be.

The two friends, here called Henry and Charles, are in the original Guido, and Lapo, concerning the latter of whom see the Life of Dante prefixed: and Lucy is Monna Bice.

And mode of punishment read me his name,
Whence I so fully answer'd. He at once
Exclaim'd, up starting, "How! said'st thou, he *had?**
No longer lives he? Strikes not on his eye
The blessed daylight?" Then, of some delay
I made ere my reply, aware, down fell
Supine, nor after forth appear'd he more. 70
Meanwhile the other great of soul, near whom
I yet was station'd, chang'd not countenance stern,
Nor mov'd the neck, nor bent his ribbed side.
"And if," continuing the first discourse,
"They in this art," he cried, "small skill have shown;
That doth torment me more e'en than this bed.
But not yet fifty times† shall be relum'd
Her aspect, who reigns here Queen of this realm,‡
Ere thou shalt know the full weight of that art.
So to the pleasant world mayst thou return,§ 80

* *Said'st thou, he had?*] In Æschylus, the shade of Darius is represented as inquiring with similar anxiety after the fate of his son Xerxes.

*Atossa.* Xerxes astonish'd, desolate, alone—
*Ghost of Dar.* How will this end? Nay, pause not. Is he safe?
*The Persians. Potter's Translation.*

† *Not yet fifty times.*] "Not fifty months shall be passed, before thou shalt learn, by woeful experience, the difficulty of returning from banishment to thy native city."

‡ *Queen of this realm.*] The moon, one of whose titles, in heathen mythology, was Proserpine queen of the shades below.

§ *So to the pleasant world may'st thou return.*]
E se tu mai nel dolce mondo reggi.

Lombardi would construe this: "And if thou ever remain in the pleasant world." His chief reasons for thus departing from the common interpretation, are first, that "se" in the sense of "so" cannot be followed by "mai," any more than in Latin "sic" can be followed by "unquam;" and next that "reggi" is too unlike

As thou shalt tell me why, in all their laws,
Against my kin this people is so fell."
"The slaughter* and great havoc," I replied,
"That colour'd Arbia's flood with crimson stain—
To these impute, that in our hallow'd dome,
Such orisons† ascend." Sighing he shook
The head, then thus resum'd: "In that affray
I stood not singly, nor, without just cause,
Assuredly, should with the rest have stirr'd;
But singly there I stood,‡ when, by consent 90

"riedi" to be put for it. A more intimate acquaintance with the early Florentine writers would have taught him that "mai" is used in other senses than those which "unquam" appears to have had, particularly in that of "pur," "yet;" as may be seen in the notes to the Decameron, p. 43. Ed. Giunti, 1573; and that the old writers both of prose and verse changed "riedo" into "reggio," as of "fiedo" they made "feggio." Inf. c. xv. v. 39, and c. xvii. v. 75. See page 98 of the same notes to the Decameron, where a Poet before Dante's time is said to have translated "Redeunt flores:" "Reggiono i fiori."

* *The slaughter.*] "By means of Farinata degli Uberti, the Guelfi were conquered by the army of King Manfredi, near the river Arbia, with so great a slaughter, that those who escaped from that defeat took refuge not in Florence, which city they considered as lost to them but in Lucca." Macchiavelli. Hist. of Flor. b. ii. and G. Villani, lib. vi. c. lxxx. and lxxxi.

† *Such orisons.*] This appears to allude to certain prayers which were offered up in the churches of Florence, for deliverance from the hostile attempts of the Uberti: or, it may be, that the public councils being held in churches, the speeches delivered in them against the Uberti are termed "orisons," or prayers.

‡ *Singly there I stood.*] Guido Novello assembled a council of the Ghibellini at Empoli, where it was agreed by all, that, in order to maintain the ascendency of the Ghibelline party in Tuscany, it was necessary to destroy Florence, which could serve only (the people of that city being Guelfi) to enable the party attached to the church to recover its strength. This cruel sentence, passed upon so noble a city, met with no opposition from any of its citizens or friends except Farinata degli Uberti, who openly and *without reserve* forbade the measure, affirming that he had endur-

f all, Florence had to the ground been raz'd,
he one who openly forbade the deed.
" So may thy lineage* find at last repose,"
:hus adjur'd him, " as thou solve this knot,
'hich now involves my mind. If right I hear,
e seem to view beforehand that which time
eads with him, of the present uninform'd."
" We view, as one who hath an evil sight,"
e answer'd, " plainly, objects far remote;
o much of his large splendour yet imparts 100
he' Almighty Ruler but when they approach,
r actually exist, our intellect
'hen wholly fails; nor of your human state,
xcept what others bring us, know we aught.
lence therefore may'st thou understand, that all
ur knowledge in that instant shall expire,
'hen on futurity the portals close."
Then conscious of my fault,† and by remorse

o many hardships, and encountered so many dangers, with no
r view than that of being able to pass his days in his own coun-
Macchiavelli. Hist. of Flor. b. ii.

So *may thy lineage.*]

Deh se riposi mai vostra semenza.

e Lombardi is again mistaken, as at v. 80. above. Let me
his occasion to apprize the reader of Italian poetry, that one
ll versed in it is very apt to misapprehend the word " se," as
Cowper has done in translating Milton's Italian verses. A
stance of the different meanings, in which it is used, is af-
n the following lines by Berdardo Capello:

E tu, che dolcemente i fiori e l' erba
Con lieve corso mormorando bagni,
Tranquillo fiume di vaghezza pieno;
Se'l cielo al mar si chiaro e' accompagni;
Se punto di pietade in te si serba:
Le mie lagrime accogli entro al tuo seno.

rst " se" signifies " so," and the second " if."

*ult.*] Dante felt remorse for not having returned an
answer to the inquiry of Cavalcante, from which delay
o believe that his son Guido was no longer living.

Smitten, I added thus: "Now shalt thou say
To him there fallen, that his offspring still 110
Is to the living join'd; and bid him know,
That if from answer, silent, I abstain'd,
'Twas that my thought was occupied, intent
Upon that error, which thy help hath solv'd."
But now my master summoning me back
I heard, and with more eager haste besought
The spirit to inform me, who with him
Partook his lot. He answer thus return'd:
"More than a thousand with me here are laid.
Within is Frederick,* second of that name, 120
And the Lord Cardinal;† and of the rest
I speak not." He, this said, from sight withdrew.
But I my steps toward the ancient bard
Reverting, ruminated on the words
Betokening me such ill. Onward he mov'd,
And thus, in going, question'd: "Whence the' amaze

* *Frederick.* ] The Emperor Frederick the Second, who died in 1250. See notes to Canto xiii.

† *The Lord Cardinal.*] Ottaviano Ubaldini, a Florentine, made cardinal in 1245, and deceased about 1273. On account of his great influence, he was generally known by the appellation of "The Cardinal." It is reported of him, that he declared, if there were any such thing as a human soul, he had lost his for the Ghibellini.

"I know not," says Tiraboschi, "whether it is on sufficient grounds that Crescimbeni numbers among the Poets of this age the Cardinal Uttaviano, or Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, a Florentine archdeacon and procurator of the church of Bologna, afterwards made Cardinal by Innocent IV. in 1245, and employed in the most important public affairs, wherein, however, he shewed himself, more than became his character, a favourer of the Ghibellines. He died, not in the year 1272, as Ciacconio and other writers have reported, but at soonest after the July o. 1273, at which time he was in Mugello with Pope Gregory X." *Tiraboschi Della Poes. It. Mr. Mathias's edit.* t. i. p. 140.

That holds thy senses wrapt ?" I satisfied
The' inquiry, and the sage enjoin'd me straight :
" Let thy safe memory store what thou hast heard
To thee importing harm ; and note thou this," 130
With his rais'd finger bidding me take heed,
" When thou shalt stand before her gracious beam,*
Whose bright eye all surveys, she of thy life
The future tenour will to thee unfold."
Forthwith he to the left hand turn'd his feet :
We left the wall, and tow'rds the middle space
Went by a path that to a valley strikes,
Which e'en thus high exhal'd its noisome steam.

* *Her gracious beam.*] Beatrice

## CANTO XI.

### ARGUMENT.

arrives at the verge of a rocky precipice which encloses
eventh circle, where he sees the sepulchre of Anastasius the
tic; behind the lid of which pausing a little, to make him
apable by degrees of enduring the fetid smell that steamed
ard from the abyss, he is instructed by Virgil concerning
nanner in which the three following circles are disposed, and
description of sinners is punished in each. He then ex-
s the reason why the carnal, the gluttonous, the avaricious
prodigal, the wrathful and gloomy, suffer not their punish-
ts within the city of Dis. He next asks how the crime of
y is an offence against God; and at length the two Poets go
rds the place from whence a passage leads down to the
oth circle.

the utmost verge of a high bank,
aggy rocks environ'd round, we came,
re woes beneath, more cruel yet, were stow'd:
here, to shun the horrible excess
tid exhalation upward cast
the profound abyss, behind the lid
great monument we stood retir'd,
reon this scroll I mark'd: "I have in charge
Anastasius,* whom Photinus drew

*pe Anastasius.*] The commentators are not agreed concern-
: person who is here mentioned as a follower of the heretical
us. By some *he is supposed to* have been Anastasius the

From the right path."—"Ere our descent, behov
We make delay, that somewhat first the sense,
To the dire breath accustom'd, afterward
Regard it not." My master thus; to whom
Answering I spake: "Some compensation find,
That the time pass not wholly lost." He then:
"Lo! how my thoughts e'en to thy wishes tend.
My son!* Within these rocks," he thus began,
"Are three close circles in gradation plac'd,
As these which now thou leav'st. Each one is full
Of spirits accurs'd; but that the sight alone
Hereafter may suffice thee, listen how
And for what cause in durance they abide.
"Of all malicious act abhorr'd in heav'n,
The end is injury; and all such end
Either by force or fraud† works other's woe.
But fraud, because of man peculiar evil,
To God is more displeasing; and beneath,
The fraudulent are therefore doom'd to' endure
Severer pang. The violent occupy
All the first circle; and because, to force,
Three persons are obnoxious, in three rounds,
Each within other sep'rate, is it fram'd.
To God, his neighbour, and himself, by man
Force may be offer'd; to himself I say,
And his possessions, as thou soon shalt hear
At full. Death, violent death, and painful wounds
Upon his neighbour he inflicts; and wastes

Second; by others, the Fourth of that name; while a third
jealous of the integrity of the papal faith, contend that our Poet
confounded him with Anastasius I. Emperor of the East.

* *My son.*] The remainder of the present Canto may be
sidered as a syllabus of the whole of this part of the poem.

† *Either by force or fraud.*] "Cum autem duobus modis, id
aut vi, aut fraude fiat iniuria . . . utrumque homini alienissimum
sed fraus odio digna majore." *Cic. de Off.* lib. i. c. xiii.

By devastation, pillage, and the flames,
His substance. Slayers, and each one that smites 40
In malice, plund'rers, and all robbers, hence
The torment undergo of the first round,
In different herds. Man can do violence
To himself and his own blessings: and for this,
He, in the second round must aye deplore
With unavailing penitence his crime,
Whoe'er deprives himself of life and light,
In reckless lavishment his talent wastes,
And sorrows* there where he should dwell in joy.
To God may force be offer'd, in the heart 50
Denying and blaspheming his high power,
And Nature with her kindly law contemning.
And thence the inmost round marks with its seal
Sodom and Cahors†, and all such as speak
Contemptuously, of the Godhead in their hearts.
"Fraud, that in every conscience leaves a sting,
May be by man employ'd on one, whose trust
He wins, or on another who withholds
Strict confidence. Seems as the latter way
Broke but the bond of love which Nature makes. 60
Whence in the second circle have their nest,
Dissimulation, witchcraft, flatteries,
Theft, falsehood, simony, all who seduce
To lust, or set their honesty at pawn,
With such vile scum as these. The other way
Forgets both Nature's general love, and that

* *And sorrows.*] This fine moral, that not to enjoy our being is to be ungrateful to the Author of it, is well expressed in Spenser F. Q. b. iv. c. viii. st. 15.

For he whose daies in wilful woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thankless nigardise.

† *Cahors.*] A city in Guienne, much frequented by usurers.

Which thereto added afterward gives birth
To special faith. Whence in the lesser circle,
Point of the universe, dread seat of Dis,
The traitor is eternally consumed."
I thus: "Instructor, clearly thy discourse
Proceeds, distinguishing the hideous chasm
And its inhabitants with skill exact,
But tell me this, they of the dull, fat pool,
Whom the rain beats, or whom the tempest drive
Or who with tongues so fierce conflicting meet,
Wherefore within the city fire-illum'd
Are not these punished, if God's wrath be on the
And if it be not, wherefore in such guise
Are they condemn'd?" He answer thus return'd:
"Wherefore in dotage wanders thus thy mind,
Not so accustom'd? or what other thoughts
Possess it? Dwell not in thy memory
The words, wherein thy ethic page describes
Three dispositions adverse to Heav'n's will,
Incont'nence, malice, and mad brutishness,
And how incontinence the least offends
God, and least guilt incurs? If well thou note
This judgment, and remember who they are,
Without these walls to vain repentance doom'd,
Thou shalt discern why they apart are plac'd
From these fell spirits, and less wreakful pours
Justice divine on them its vengeance down."
"O sun! who healest all imperfect sight,
Thou so content'st me, when thou solv'st my doul
That ignorance not less than knowledge charms.
Yet somewhat turn thee back," I in these words
Continu'd, "where thou saidst, that usury
Offends celestial Goodness; and this knot
Perplex'd unravel" He thus made reply: 1
"*Philosophy*, to an attentive ear,

Clearly points out, not in one part alone,
How imitative nature takes her course
From the celestial mind, and from its art:
And where her laws the Stagyrite unfolds,
Not many leaves scann'd o'er, observing well
Thou shalt discover, that your art on her
Obsequious follows, as the learner treads
In his instructors's step; so that your art
Deserves the name of second in descent* 110
From God. These two, if thou recall to mind
Creation's holy book,† from the beginning
Were the right scource of life and excellence
To human kind. But in another path
The usurer walks; and Nature in herself
And in her follower thus he sets at nought,
Placing elsewhere his hope‡. But follow now
My steps on forward journey bent; for now
The Pisces play with undulating glance
Along the' horizon, and the Wain§ lies all 120
O'er the north-west; and onward there a space
Is our steep passage down the rocky height."

* *Second in descent*]

Si che vostr' arte a Dio quasi e nipote.

So Frezzi:—

Giustizia fu da cielo, e di Dio e figlia,
E ogni bona legge a Dio e nipote.

*Il Quadrir.* lib. iv. cap. ii.

† *Creation's holy book.*] Genesis, c. ii. v. 15. "And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it." And, Genesis, c. iii. v. 19. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

‡ *Placing elsewhere his hope.*] The usurer, trusting in the produce of his wealth lent out on usury, despises nature directly, because he does not avail himself of her means for maintaining or enriching himself; and indirectly, because he does not avail himself of the means which art, the follower and imitator of nature, would afford him for the same purposes.

§ *The Wain.*] *The constellation* Bootes, or Charles's Wain.

## CANTO XII.

### ARGUMENT.

Descending by a very rugged way into the seventh circle, where the violent are punished, Dante and his leader find it guarded by the Minotaur, whose fury being pacified by Virgil, they step downwards from crag to crag, till drawing near the bottom they descry a river of blood, wherein are tormented such as have committed violence against their neighbour. At these, when they strive to emerge from the blood, a troop of Centaurs, running along the side of the river, aim their arrows; and three of their band opposing our travellers at the foot of the steep, Virgil prevails so far that one consents to carry them both across the stream; and on their passage Dante is informed by him of the course of the river, and of those that are punished therein.

The place, where to descend the precipice
We came, was rough as Alp; and on its verge
Such object lay, as every eye would shun.
As is that ruin, which Adice's stream*
On this side Trento struck, should'ring the wave,
Or loos'd by earthquake or for lack of prop;
For from the mountain's summit, whence it mov'd
To the low level, so the headlong rock

* *Adice's stream.*] After a great deal having been said on the subject, it still appears very uncertain at what part of the river this fall of the mountain happened.

Is shiver'd, that some passage* it might give
To him who from above would pass; e'en such 10
Into the chasm was that descent: and there
At point of the disparted ridge lay stretch'd
The infamy of Crete†, detested brood
Of the feign'd heifer‡: and at sight of us
It gnaw'd itself, as one with rage distract.
To him my guide exclaim'd; "Perchance thou deem'st
The King of Athens § here, who, in the world
Above, thy death contriv'd. Monster! avaunt!
He comes not tutor'd by the sister's art‖,
But to behold your torments is he come." 20
Like to a bull ¶, that with impetuous spring

*Some Passage.*] Lombardi understands by "alcuna via" "in passage," in which sense "alcuno" is certainly sometimes used.

† *The Infamy of Crete.*] The Minotaur.

‡ *The feign'd heifer.*] Pasiphae.

§ *The king of Athens.*] Theseus, who was enabled by the instructions of Ariadne, the sister of the Minotaur, to destroy that monster "Duca d' Atene." So Chaucer calls Theseus.

Whilom, as olde stories tellen us,
There was a duk, that highte Theseus.
*The Knighte's Tale.*

And Shakspeare:

Happy be Theseus our renowned Duke.
*Midsummer's Dream.* a. i. s. 1.

"This is in reality," observes Mr. Douce, "no misapplication of a modern title, as Mr. Stevens conceived, but a legitimate use of the word in its primitive Latin sense of leader, and so it is often used in the Bible. Shakspeare might have found Duke Theseus in the Book of Troy, or in Turbevile's Ovid's Epistles. See the argument to that of Phædra and Hippolytus." *Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare.* 8vo. 1807. vol. i. p. 179.

‖ *Thy sister's art.*] Ariadne.

¶ *Like to a bull.*]

As when some vig'rous youth with sharpen'd axe
A pastur'd bullock smites behind the horns,
And hews the muscle through; he, at the stroke
Springs forth and falls.
*Homer.* Il. l. xvii. 522. Cowper's *Translation.*

Darts, at the moment when the fatal blow
Hath struck him, but unable to proceed
Plunges on either side; so saw I plunge
The Minotaur; whereat the sage exclaim'd:
"Run to the passage' while he storms, 't is well
That thou descend." Thus down our road we took
Through those dilapitated crags, that oft
Mov'd underneath my feet, to weight* like theirs
Unus'd. I pond'ring went, and thus he spake: 30
"Perhaps thy thoughts are of this ruin'd steep,
Guarded by the brute violence, which I
Have vanquish'd now. Know then, that when I erst
Hither descended to the nether hell,
This rock was not yet fallen. But past doubt,
(If well I mark) not long ere He arriv'd,†
Who carried off from Dis the mighty spoil
Of the' highest circle, then through all its bounds
Such trembling seiz'd the deep concave and foul,
I thought the universe was thrill'd with love, 40
Whereby, there are who deem, the world hath oft
Been into chaos turn'd:‡ and in that point,
Here, and elsewhere, that old rock toppled down.
But fix thine eyes beneath: the river of blood§

* *To weight.*] —— Incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight.
*Milton. P. L.* b. i. 227.

† *He arriv'd.*] Our Saviour, who, according to Dante, when he ascended from hell, carried with him the souls of the patriarchs, and other just men, out of the first circle. See Canto iv.

‡ *Been into chaos turned.*] This opinion is attributed to Empedocles.

§ *The river of blood.*] Deinde vidi locum (Qu. lacum?) magnum totum, ut mihi videbatur, plenum sanguine. Sed dixit mihi Apostolus, sed non sanguis, sed ignis est ad concremandos homicidas, et odiosos deputatus. Hanc tamen similitudinem propter sanguinis effusionem retinet. *Alberici Visio.* § 7.

Aproaches, in the which all those are steep'd,
Who have by violence injur'd." O blind lust,
O foolish wrath, who so dost goad us on
In the brief life, and in the eternal then
Thus miserably o'erwhelm us. I beheld
An ample foss, that in a bow was bent, 50
As circling all the plain; for so my guide
Had told. Between it and the rampart's base,
On trail ran Centaurs, with keen arrows arm'd,
As to the chase they on the earth were wont.
At seeing us descend they each one stood;
And issuing from the troop, three sped with bows
And missile weapons chosen first; of whom
One cried from far: "Say, to what pain ye come
Condemn'd, who down this step have journey'd
Speak
From whence ye stand, or else the bow I draw." 60
To whom my guide: "Our answer shall be made
To Chiron, there, when nearer him we come.
Ill was thy mind, thus ever quick and rash."
Then me he touch'd, and spake: "Nessus is this,
Who for the fair Deianira died,
And wrought himself revenge* for his own fate.
He in the midst, that on his breast looks down,
Is the great Chiron who Achilles nurs'd;
That other Pholus, prone to wrath." Around
The foss these go by thousands, aiming shafts 70

* *And wrought himself revenge.*] Nessus, when dying by the hand of Hercules, charged Deianira to preserve the gore from his wound, for that if the affections of Hercules should at any time be estranged from her, it would act as a charm, and recal them. Deianira had occasion to try the experiment; and the venom acting, as Nessus had intended, caused Hercules to expire in torments. See the Trachiniæ of Sophocles.

At whatsoever spirit dares emerge*
From out the blood, more than his guilt allows.
We to those beasts, that rapid strode along,
Drew near, when Chiron took an arrow forth,
And with the notch push'd back his shaggy beard
To the cheek-bone, then his great mouth to view
Exposing, to his fellows thus exclaim'd:
"Are ye aware, that he who comes behind
Moves what he touches? The feet of the dead
Are not so wont." My trusty guide, who now 80
Stood near his breast, where the two natures join,
Thus made reply: "He is indeed alive,
And solitary so must needs by me
Be shown the gloomy vale, thereto induc'd
By strict necessity, not by delight.
She left her joyful harpings in the sky,
Who this new office to my care consign'd.
He is no robber, no dark spirit I.
But by that virtue, which empowers my step
To tread so wild a path, grant us, I pray, 90
One of thy band, whom we may trust secure,
Who to the ford may lead us, and convey
Across, him mounted on his back; for he
Is not a spirit that may walk the air."
Then on his right breast turning, Chiron thus
To Nessus† spake: "Return, and be their guide.

* *Emerge.*] Multos in eis vidi usque ad talos demergi, alios usque ad genna, vel femora, alios usque ad pectus juxta peccati vidi modum: alios vero qui majoris criminis noxa tenebantur in ipsis summitatibus supersedere conspexi. *Alberici Visio.* § 3.

† *Nessus* ] Our Poet was probably induced by the following line in Ovid, to assign to Nessus the task of conducting them over the ford.

Nessus adit membrisque valens scitusque vadorum.

*Metam.* ix.

And if ye chance to cross another troop,
Command them keep aloof." Onward we mov'd,
The faithful escort by our side, along
The border of the crimson-seething flood, 100
Whence, from those steep'd within, loud shrieks arose.

Some there I mark'd, as high as to their brow
Immers'd, of whom the mighty Centaur thus:
"These are the souls of tyrants, who were given
To blood and rapine. Here they wail aloud
Their merciless wrongs. Here Alexander dwells,
And Dionysius fell, who many a year
Of woe wrought for fair Sicily. That brow,
Whereon the hair so jetty clust'ring hangs,
Is Azzolino;* that with flaxen locks 101
Obizzo'† of Este, in the world destroy'd
By his foul step-son." To the bard rever'd
I turn'd me round, and thus he spake: "Let him

And Ovid's authority was Sophocles, who says of this Centaur—
He in his arms, across Evenus' stream
Deep-flowing, bore the passenger for hire,
Without or sail or billow-cleaving oar.

*Trach.* 570.

* *Azzolino.*] Azzolino, or Ezzolino, di Romano, a most cruel tyrant in the Marca Triviriana, Lord of Padua, Vicenza, Verona and Brescia, who died in 1260. His atrocities form the subject of a Latin tragedy, called Ecerinis, by Albertino Mussato, of Padua the contemporary of Dante, and the most elegant writer of Latin verse of that age. See also the Paradise, Canto ix. Berni. Orl. Inn. lib. ii. c. xxv. st. 50. Ariosto. Orl. Fur. c. iii. st. 33. and Tassoni Secchia Rapita, c. viii. st. 11.

† *Obizzo' of Este.*] Marquis of Ferrara and of the Marca d'Ancona, was murdered by his own son (whom for that most unnatural act, Dante calls his step-son,) for the sake of the treasures which his rapacity had amassed. See Ariosto. Orl. Fur. c. iii. st. 32. He died in 1293, according to Gibbon. Ant. of the House of Brunswick Posth. Works, v. ii. 4to.

Be to thee now first leader, me but next
To him in rank." Then farther on a space
The Centaur paus'd, near some, who at the throat
Were extant from the wave; and showing us
A spirit by itself apart retir'd,
Exclaim'd: "He* in God's bosom smote the heart,
Which yet is honour'd on the bank of Thames." 120
A race I next espied, who held the head,
And even all the bust, above the stream.
'Midst these I many a face remember'd well.
Thus shallow more and more the blood became,
So that at last it but imbru'd the feet;
And there our passage lay athwart the foss.
"As ever on this side the boiling wave
Thou seest diminishing," the Centaur said,
"So on the other be thou well assur'd,
It lower still and lower sinks its bed, 130
Till in that part it reuniting join,
Where 't is the lot of tyranny to mourn.
There Heav'n's stern justice lays chastising hand

* *He.*] "Henrie, the brother of this Edmund, and son to the foresaid king of Almaine (Richard, brother of Henry III. of England) as he returned from Affrike, where he had been with Prince Edward, was slain at Viterbo in Italy (whither he was come about business which he had to do with the Pope) by the hand of Guy de Montfort, the son of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in revenge of the same Simon's death. The murther was committed afore the high altar, as he same Henrie kneeled there to hear divine service." A. D. 1272. *Holinshed's Chron*, p. 275. See also Giov. Villani Hist. lib. vii. c. 40. where it is said "that the heart of Henry was put into a golden cup, and placed on a pillar at London bridge over the river Thames, for a memorial to the English of the said outrage." Lombardi suggests that "ancor si cola." in the text may mean, not that "the heart was still honoured," but that it was put into a perforated cup in order that the blood dripping from it might excite the spectators to revenge. This is surely too improbable.

On Attila, who was the scourge of earth,
On Sextus and on Pyrrhus,* and extracts
Tears ever by the seething flood unlock'd
From the Rinieri† of Corneto this,
Pazzo the other nam'd, who fill'd the ways
With violence and war." This said he turn'd,
And quitting us, alone repass'd the ford. 140

* *On Sextus and on Pyrrhus.*] Sextus, either the son of Tarquin the Proud, or of Pompey the Great; and Pyrrhus king of Epirus.

† —— *The Rinieri, of Corneto this,*
*Pazzo the other nam'd.*]

Two noted marauders, by whose depredations the public ways in Italy were infested. The latter was of the noble family of Pazzi in Florence.

## CANTO XIII.

### ARGUMENT.

Still in the seventh circle, Dante enters its second compartment, which contains both those who have done violence on their own persons and those who have violently consumed their goods, the first changed into rough and knotted trees whereon the harpies build their nests, the latter chased and torn by black female mastiffs Among the former Piero delle Vigne is one who tells him the cause of his having committed suicide, and moreover in what manner the souls are transformed into those trunks. Of the latter crew he recognises Lano, a Siennese, and Giacomo, a Paduan: and lastly, a Florentine, who had hung himself from his own roof, speaks to him of the calamities of his countrymen.

Ere Nessus yet had reach'd the other bank,
We enter'd on a forest,* where no track
Of steps had worn a way. Nor verdant there
The foliage, but of dusky hue; not light
The boughs and tapering, but with knares deform'd
And matted thick: fruits there were none, but thorns
Instead, with venom fill'd. Less sharp than these,
Less intricate the brakes, wherein abide
Those animals that hate the cultur'd fields,

* *A forest.*] Inde in aliam vallem nimis terribiliorem deveni plenam subtilissimis arboribus in modum hastarum sexaginta brachiorum longitudinem habentibus, quarum omnium capita, ac et sudes acutissima erant, et spinosa. *Alberici Visio*, § 4.

Betwixt Corneto and Cecina's stream.* 10
Here the brute Harpies make their nest, the same
Who from the Strophades† the Trojan band
Drove with dire boding of their future woe.
Broad are their pennons,‡ of the human form
Their neck and count'nance, arm'd with talons keen
The feet and the huge belly fledge with wings.
These sit and wail on the drear mystic wood.
The kind instructor in these words began:
"Ere farther thou proceed, know thou art now
I' th' second round, and shalt be, till thou come 20
Upon the horrid sand: look therefore well
Around thee, and such things thou shalt behold,
As would my speech discredit." On all sides
I heard sad plainings breath, and none could see
From whom they might have issu'd. In amaze
Fast bound I stood. He, as it seem'd, believ'd
That I had thought so many voices came
From some amid those thickets close conceal'd,
And thus his speech resum'd: "If thou lop off
A single twig from one of those ill plants, 30
The thought thou hast conceiv'd shall vanish quite."
Thereat a little stretching forth my hand,
From a great wilding gather'd I§ a branch,

* *Betwixt Corneto and Cecina's stream.*] A wild and woody tract of country, abounding in deer, goats, and wild boars. Cecina is a river not far to the south of Leghorn: Corneto, a small city on the same coast, in the patrimony of the church.

† *The Strophades.*] See Virg. Æn. lib. iii. 210.

‡ *Broad are their pennons.*]

Virgineî volucrum vultus, fœdissima ventris
Proluvies, uncæque manus et pallida semper
Ora fames. *Virg. Æn.* lib. iii. 216.

§ *Gather'd I.*] So Frezzi.

A quelle frasche stesi su la mano,
E d'una vetta un ramuscel ne colsi;

And straight the trunk exclaim'd: "Why pluck'st
thou me?"
Then as the dark blood trickled down its side,
These words it added: "Wherefore tear'st me thus?
Is there no touch of mercy in thy breast?
Men once were we, that now are rooted here.
Thy hand might well have spar'd us, had we been
The souls of serpents." As a brand yet green,
That burning at one end from the' other sends
A groaning sound, and hisses with the wind
That forces out its way, so burst at once
Forth from the broken splinter words and blood.
I, letting fall the bough, remain'd as one
Assail'd by terror, and the sage replied:
"If he, O injur'd spirit! could have believ'd
What he hath seen but in my verse describ'd,*
He never against thee had stretch'd his hand.
But I, because the thing surpass'd belief,
Prompted him to this deed, which even now
Myself I rue. But tell me, who thou wast;
That for this wrong to do thee some amends,
In th' upper world (for thither to return
Is granted him) thy fame he may revive."

Allora ella grido: oime, fa piano,
E sangue vivo uscì, ond' io lo tolsi.
*Il Quadrir.* lib. i. cap. 4.

* *In my verse describ'd.*] The commentators explain this, "If he could have believ'd, in consequence of my assurances alone that of which he hath now had ocular proof, he would not have stretched forth his hand against thee." But I am of opinion that Dante makes Virgil allude to his own story of Polydorus, in the third book of the Æneid.

"That pleasant word of thine,"* the trunk replied,
"Hath so inveigled me, that I from speech
Cannot refrain, wherein if I indulge
A little longer, in the snare detain'd,
Count it not grievous. I it was,† who held 60
Both keys to Frederick's heart, and turn'd the wards,
Opening and shutting, with a skill so sweet,
That besides me, into his innocent breast
Scarce any other could admittance find.
The faith I bore to my high charge was such,
It cost me the life-blood that warm'd my veins.
The harlot,‡ who ne'er turn'd her gloating eyes
From Cæsar's household, common vice and pest
Of courts, 'gainst me inflam'd the minds of all;

* *That pleasant word of thine.*] Since you have inveigled me to speak by holding forth so gratifying an expectation, let it not displease you, if I am as it were detained in the snare you have spread for me, so as to be somewhat prolix in my answer."

† *I it was.*] Piero delle Vigne, a native of Capua, who, from a low condition, raised himself by his eloquence and legal knowledge to the office of Chancellor to the Emperor Frederick II. whose confidence in him was such, that his influence in the empire became unbounded. The courtiers, envious of his exalted situation, contrived by means of forged letters, to make Frederick believe that he held a secret and traiterous intercourse with the Pope, who was then at enmity with the Emperor. In consequence of this supposed crime, he was cruelly condemned, by his too credulous sovereign, to lose his eyes; and being driven to despair by his unmerited calamity and disgrace, he put an end to his life by dashing out his brains against the walls of a church in the year 1245. Both Frederick and Piero delle Vigne composed verses in the Sicilian dialect, which are now extant.

A canzone by each of them may be seen in the ninth book of the Sonetti and Canzoni di diversi Autori Toscani, published by the Giunti in 1527. See further the note on Purg. Canto iii. 119.

‡ *The harlot.*] Envy. Chaucer alludes to this in the Prologue to the Legende of Good Women.

> Envie is lavender to the court alway
> For she ne darteth neither night ne day
> Out of the house of Cesar; thus saith Dant.

And to Augustus they so spread the flame, 70
That my glad honours chang'd to bitter woes.
My soul, disdainful and disgusted, sought
Refuge in death from scorn, and I became,
Just as I was, unjust toward myself.
By the new roots, which fix this stem, I swear,
That never faith I broke to my liege lord,
Who merited such honour; and of you,
If any to the world indeed return,
Clear he from wrong my memory, that lies
Yet prostrate under envy's cruel blow." 80
First somewhat pausing, till the mournful words
Were ended, then to me the bard began:
"Lose not the time; but speak, and of him ask,
If more thou wish to learn." Whence I replied:
"Question thou him again of whatsoe'er
Will, as thou think'st, content me; for no power
Have I to ask, such pity' is at my heart."
He thus resum'd: "So may he do for thee
Freely what thou entreatest, as thou yet
Be pleas'd, imprison'd spirit! to declare, 90
How in these gnarled joints the soul is tied;
And, whether any ever from such frame
Be loosen'd if thou canst, that also tell."
Thereat the trunk breath'd hard, and the wind soon
Chang'd into sounds articulate like these:
"Briefly ye shall be answer'd. When departs
The fierce soul from the body, by itself
Thence torn asunder, to the seventh gulf
By Minos doom'd, into the wood it falls,
No place assign'd, but wheresoever chance 100
Hurls it; there sprouting, as a grain of spelt,
It rises to a sapling, growing thence
A savage plant. The Harpies, on its leaves

Then feeding, cause both pain and for the pain
A vent to grief. We, as the rest, shall come
For our own spoils, yet not so that with them
We may again be clad; for what a man
takes from himself it is not just he have.
Here we perforce shall drag them; and throughou
The dismal glade our bodies shall be hung, 11
Each on the wild thorn of his wretched shade."
Attentive yet to listen to the trunk
We stood, expecting farther speech, when us
A noise surpris'd; as when a man perceives
The wild boar and the hunt approach his place
Of station'd watch, who of the beasts and boughs
Loud rustling round him hears. And lo! there cam
Two naked, torn with briars, in headlong flight,
That they before them broke each fan o' th' wood.
"Haste now," the foremost cried, "now haste thee
death!" 12
The' other, as seem'd, impatient of delay,
Exclaiming, "Lano!† not so bent for speed
Thy sinews, in the list of Toppo's field."
And then, for that perchance no longer breath
Suffic'd him, of himself and of a bush
One group he made. Behind them was the wood

* *Each fan o' th' wood.*] Hence perhaps Milton:
Leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan.
*P. L.* b. v. 6.
Some have translated "rosta" "impediment," instead of fan."

† *Lano.*] Lano, a Siennese, who being reduced by prodigalit to a state of extreme want, found his existence no longer suppor able; and having been sent by his countrymen on a military e pedition to assist the Florentines against the Aretini, took that o portunity of exposing himself to certain death, in the engagemer which took place at Toppo near Arezzo. See G. Villani, His *lib.* 7. c. cxix.

Full of black female mastiffs, gaunt and fleet,
As greyhounds that have newly slipp'd the leash.
On him, who squatted down, they stuck their fangs,
And having rent him piecemeal bore away 130
The tortur'd limbs. My guide then seiz'd my hand,
And led me to the thicket, which in vain
Mourn'd through its bleeding wounds: "O Giacomo
Of Sant' Andrea!* what avails it thee,"
It cried, "that of me thou hast made thy screen?
For thy ill life, what blame on me recoils?"
When o'er it he had paus'd, my master spake:
"Say who wast thou, that at so many points
Breath'st out with blood thy lamentable speech?"
He answer'd: "Oh ye spirits! arriv'd in time 140
To spy the shameful havoc, that from me
My leaves hath sever'd thus, gather them up,
And at the foot of their sad parent-tree
Carefully lay them. In that city† I dwelt,
Who for the Baptist her first patron chang'd,
Whence he for this shall cease not with his art
To work her woe; and if there still remain'd not

* ——— *O Giacomo Of Sant' Andrea:*] Jacopo da Sant' Andrea, a Paduan, who having wasted his property in the most wanton acts of profusion, killed himself in despair.

† *In that city.*] "I was an inhabitant of Florence, that city which changed her first patron Mars for St. John the Baptist, for which reason the vengeance of the deity thus slighted will never be appeased; and if some remains of his statue were not still visible on the bridge over the Arno, she would have been already leveled to the ground; and thus the citizens, who raised her again from the ashes to which Attila had reduced her, would have laboured in vain." See *Paradise*, Canto xvi. 44.

The relic of antiquity, to which the superstition of Florence attached so high an importance, was carried away by a flood, that destroyed the bridge on which it stood, in the year 1337, but without the ill effects that were apprehended from the loss of their fancied palladium.

On Arno's passage some faint glimpse of
Those citizens, who rear'd once more their walls
Upon the ashes left by Attila, 150
Had labour'd without profit of their toil.
I slung the fatal noose* from my own roof."

* *I slung the fatal noose.*] We are not informed who this suicide was, some calling him Rocco de' Mozzi, and others Lotto degli Agli.

# CANTO XIV.

## ARGUMENT.

They arrive at the beginning of the third of those compartments into which this seventh circle is divided. It is a plain of dry and hot sand, where three kinds of violence are punished, namely, against God, against Nature, and against Art; and those who have thus sinned, are tormented with flakes of fire, which are eternally showering down upon them. Among the violent against God is found Capaneus, whose blasphemies they hear. Next turning to the left along the forest of self-slayers, and having journied a little onwards, they meet with a streamlet of blood that issues from the forest, and traverses the sandy plain. Here Virgil speaks to our Poet of a huge ancient statue that stands within Mount Ida in Crete, from a fissure in which statue there is a dripping of tears, from which the said streamlet, together with the three other infernal rivers, are formed.

Soon as the charity of native land
Wrought in my bosom, I the scatter'd leaves
Collected, and to him restor'd, who now
Was hoarse with utt'rance. To the limit thence
We came, which from the third the second round
Divides, and where of justice is display'd
Contrivance horrible. Things then first seen
Clearlier to manifest, I tell how next
A plain we reach'd, that from its sterile bed
Each plant repell'd. The mournful wood waves round
Its garland on all sides, as round the wood 11
Spreads the sad foss. There, on the very edge,
Our steps we stay'd. It was an area wide

Of arid sand and thick, resembling most
The soil that erst by Cato's foot* was trod.
Vengeance of Heav'n! Oh! how shouldst thou fear'd
By all, who read what here my eyes beheld.
Of naked spirits many a flock I saw,
All weeping piteously, to differently laws
Subjected; for on the earth some lay supine,
Some crouching close were seated, others pac'd
Incessantly around; the latter tribe
More numerous, those fewer who beneath
The torment lay, but louder in their grief.
O'er all the sand fell slowly wafting down
Dilated flakes of fire,† as flakes of snow
On Alpine summit, when the wind is hush'd.
As, in the torrid Indian clime,‡ the son
Of Ammon saw, upon his warrior band
Descending, solid flames, that to the ground
Came down; whence he bethought him with l
troop
To trample on the soil, for easier thus
The vapour was extinguish'd, while alone;
So fell the' eternal fiery flood, wherewith
The marle glow'd underneath, as under stove§
The viands, doubly to augment the pain.
Unceasing was the play of wretched hands,

* *By Cato's foot.*] See Lucan, Phars lib. ix.

† *Dilated flakes of fire.*] Compare Tasso, G. L. c. x. st. 61.

Al fin giungemmo al loco, ove gia scese
Fiamma del cielo in dilatate falde,
E di natura vendico l'offese
Sovra la gente in mal oprar si salde.

‡ *As in the torrid Indian clime.*] Landino refers to Albertus Magnus for the circumstance here alluded to.

§ *As under stove.*] So Frezzi:

Si come l' esca al foco del focile. Lib. i. cap. 17.

this, now that way glancing, to shake off
heat still falling fresh. I thus began:
tructor! thou who all things overcom'st,
pt the hardy demons that rush'd forth
top our entrance at the gate, say who
n huge spirit, that, as seems, heeds not
burning, but lies writhen in proud scorn,
y the sultry tempest immatur'd?"
raight he himself, who was aware I ask'd
uide of him, exclaim'd: "Such as I was
n living, dead such now I am. If Jove
ry his workman out, from whom in ire
natch'd the lightnings, that at my last day
sfix'd me, if the rest he weary out,
ir black smithy labouring by turns,
ongibello,* while he cries aloud,
p, help, good Mulciber!" as erst he cried
e Phlegræan warfare; and the bolts
h he, full aim'd at me, with all his might;
ever should enjoy a sweet revenge."
ren thus my guide, in accent higher rais'd
I before had heard him: "Capaneus!
art more punish'd, in that this thy pride
yet unquench'd: no torment, save thy rage,
e to thy fury pain proportion'd full."
xt turning round to me, with milder lip

*Mongibello.*]

More hot than Ætn' or flaming Mongibell.

*Spenser, F. Q.* b. ii. c. ix. st. 29.

Siccome alla fucina in Mongibello
Fabrica tuono il demonio Vulcano,
Batte folgori e foco col martello,
E con esso i suoi fabri in ogni mano.

*Berni, Orl. Inn.* bb. i. c. xvi. st. 21.

Virg. Æn. lib. viii. 416. It would be endless to refer to all passages in the Greek writers.

He spake: "This of the seven kings was one,*
Who girt the Theban walls with siege, and held,
As still he seems to hold, God in disdain,
And sets his high omnipotence at nought.
But as I told him, his despiteful mood
Is ornament well suits the breast that wears it.
Follow me now; and look thou set not yet
Thy foot in the hot sand, but to the wood
Keep ever close." Silently on we pass'd,
To where there gushes from the forest's bound
A little brook whose crimson'd wave yet lifts
My hair with horror. As the rill, that runs
From Bulicame,† to be portion'd out
Among the sinful women; so ran this
Down through the sand; its bottom and each bank
Stone-built, and either margin at its side,
Whereon I straight perceiv'd our passage lay.

"Of all that I have shown thee, since that gate
We enter'd first, whose threshold is to none
Denied, nought else so worthy of regard,
As is this river, has thine eye discern'd,
O'er which the flaming volley all is quench'd."

So spake my guide: and I him thence besought,
That having giv'n me appetite to know,
The food he too would give, that hunger crav'd.

"In midst of ocean," forthwith he began,
"A desolate country lies, which Crete is nam'd;

* *This of the seven kings was one.*] Compare Æsch. Seven Chie 425. Euripides. Phœn. 1179. and statius. Theb lib. x. 821.

† *Bulicame.*] A warm medicinal spring near Viterbo. the watt of which, as Landino and Vellutelli affirm, passed by a place of tame. Venturi. with less probability, conjectures that Dante wou imply, that it was the scene of much licentious merriment amo those who frequented its baths.

Under whose monarch,* in old times, the world
Liv'd pure and chaste. A mountain rises there,
Call'd Ida, joyous once with leaves and streams,
Deserted now like a forbidden thing.
It was the spot which Rhea, Saturn's spouse,
Chose for the secret cradle of her son;
And better to conceal him, drown'd in shouts
His infant cries. Within the mount, upright
An ancient form there stands, and huge, that turns
His shoulders towards Damiata; and at Rome, 100
As in his mirror, looks. Of finest gold
His head† is shap'd, pure silver are the breast
And arms, thence to the middle is of brass,
And downward all beneath well-temper'd steel,
Save the right foot of potter's clay, on which
Than on the other more erect he stands.
Each part, except the gold, is rent throughout;
And from the fissure tears distil, which join'd
Penetrate to that cave. They in their course,
Thus far precipitated down the rock, 110
Form Acheron, and Styx, and Phlegethon;
Then by this straighten'd channel passing hence
Beneath, e'en to the lowest depth of all,

* *Under whose monarch.*]

Credo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
In terris. *Juv. Satir.* vi.

In Saturn's reign, at nature's early birth,
There was a thing call'd chastity on earth.

*Dryden.*

† *His head.*] This is imitated by Frezzi in the Quadriregio lib. iv. cap. 14.

La statua grande vidi in un gran piano, &c.

"This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass:

"His legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay."

*Daniel*, ch. ii. 32, 33.

Form there Cocytus, of whose lake (thyself
Shalt see it) I here give thee no account."
Then I to him: "If from our world this sluice
Be thus deriv'd; wherefore to us but now
Appears it at this edge?" He straight replied:
"The place, thou know'st, is round; and though great part
Thou have already pass'd, still to the left 120
Descending to the nethermost, not yet
Hast thou the circuit made of the whole orb.
Wherefore if aught of new to us appear,
It needs not bring up wonder in thy looks."
Then I again inquir'd: "Where flow the streams
Of Phlegethon and Lethe? for of one
Thou tell's not; and the other, of that shower,
Thou say'st, is form'd." He answer thus return'd:
"Doubtless thy questions all well pleas'd I hear.
Yet the red seething wave* might have resolv'd 130
One thou proposest. Lethe thou shalt see,
But not within this hollow, in the place
Whither,† to lave themselves, the spirits go,
Whose blame hath been by penitence remov'd."
He added: "Time is now we quit the wood.
Look thou my steps pursue: the margins give
Safe passage, unimpeded by the flames;
For over them all vapour is extinct."

* *The red seething wave.*] This he might have known was Phlegethon.

† *Whither.*] On the other side of Purgatory.

## CANTO XV.

### ARGUMENT.

Taking their way upon one of the mounds by which the streamlet, spoken of in the last Canto, was embanked, and having gone so far that they could no longer have discerned the forest if they had turned round to look for it, they met a troop of spirits that come along the sand by the side of the pier. These are they who have done violence to Nature; and amongst them Dante distinguishes Brunetto Latini, who had been formerly his master; with whom, turning a little backward, he holds a discourse which occupies the remainder of this Canto.

One of the solid margins bears us now
Envelop'd in the mist, that from the stream
Arising, hovers o'er, and saves from fire
Both piers and water. As the Flemings rear
Their mound, 'twixt Ghent and Bruges, to chase back
The ocean, fearing his tumultuous tide
That drives toward them; or the Paduans theirs
Along the Brenta, to defend their towns
And castles, ere the genial warmth be felt
On Chiarentana's* top; such were the mounds, 10

* *Chiarentana.*] A part of the Alps where the Brenta rises, which river is much swoln as soon as the snow begins to dissolve on the mountains.

So fram'd, though not in height or bulk to these
Made equal, by the master, whosoe'er
He was, that rais'd them here. We from the wood
Were now so far remov'd, that turning round
I might not have discern'd it, when we met
A troop of spirits, who came beside the pier.
They each one ey'd us, as at eventide
One eyes another under a new moon;
And toward us sharpen'd their sight as keen,
As an old tailor at his needle's eye.
Thus narrowly explor'd by all the tribe,
I was agniz'd of one, who by the skirt
Caught me, and cried, "What wonder have we here!"
And I, when he to me outstretch'd his arm,
Intently fix'd my ken on his parch'd looks,
That although smirch'd with fire, they hinder'd not
But I remember'd him; and towards his face
My hand inclining, answer'd: "Ser Brunetto!"*

* *Brunetto.*] "Ser Brunetto, a Florentine, the secretary or chancellor of the city, and Dante's preceptor, hath left us a work little read, that both the subject of it and the language of it have been mistaken. It is in the French spoken in the reign of St Louis, under the title of *Tresor*, and contains a species of philosophical course of lectures divided into theory and practice, or, he expresses it, *un enchaussement des choses divines et humaines*, &c. Sir R Clayton's Translation of Tenhove's Memoirs of the Medici, vol. i. ch. ii. p. 104. The *Tresor* has never been printed in the original language. There is a fine manuscript of it in the British Museum, with an illuminated portrait of Brunetto, in his study, prefixed. Mus. Brit. MSS. 17. E. 1. Tesor. It is divided into four books: the first on Cosmogony and Theology; the second a translation of Aristotle's Ethics; the third, on Virtues and Vices; the fourth, on Rhetoric. For an interesting memoir relating to this work, see Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions, tom. vii 296.

His *Tesoretto*, one of the earliest productions of Italian Poetry, is a curious work, not unlike the writings of Chaucer in style and numbers; though Bembo remarks, that his pupil, however large

And are ye here?" He thus to me: "My son!
Oh let it not displease thee, if Brunetto 30

he had stolen from it, could not have much enriched himself. As it is perhaps but little known, I will here add a slight sketch of it.

Brunetto describes himself as returning from an embassy to the King of Spain, on which he had been sent by the Guelph party from Florence. On the plain of Roncesvalles he meets a scholar on a bay mule—

——un scolaio
Sur un muletto baio.
There a scholar I espied
On a bay mule that did ride.

—who tells him that the Guelfs are driven out of the city with great loss. Struck with grief at these mournful tidings, and musing with his head bent downwards, he loses his road, and wanders into a wood. Here nature, whose figure is described with sublimity, appears, and discloses to him the secrets of her operations. After this he wanders into a desert—

Deh che paese fiero
Trovai in quella parte.
Che s'io sapessi d'arte
Quivi mi bisognava.
Che quanto pin miava
Piu mi parea selvaggio.
Quivi non a viaggio,
Quivi non a persone,
Quivi non a magione.
Non bestia non uccello,
Non fiume non ruscello,
Non formica non mosca,
Non cosa ch' io conosca.
Ed io pensando forte
Dottai ben della morte,
E non e maraviglia,
Che ben trecento miglia,
Durava d'ogni lato,
Quel paese smagato.

Well away! what fearful ground
In that savage part I found.
If of art I aught could ken,
Well behov'd me use it then.
More I look'd, *the more* I deem'd

Latini but a little space with thee
Turn back, and leave his fellows to proceed."

That it wild and desert seem'd.
Not a road was there in sight,
Not a house, and not a wight;
Not a bird, and not a brute,
Not a rill, and not a root;
Not an emmet, not a fly,
Not a thing I mote descry.
Sore I doubted therewithal
Whether death would me befal:
Nor was wonder, for around
Full three hundred miles of ground
Right across on every side
Lay the desert bare and wide.

—and proceeds on his way, under the protection of a banner, with which Nature had furnished him, till on the third day he finds himself in a pleasant champain, where are assembled many emperors, kings, and sages.

Un gran piano giocondo
Lo piu gajo del mondo
E lo piu degnitoso.

Wide and fair the champain lay,
None in all the earth so gay.

It is the habitation of Virtue and her daughters, the four Cardinal Virtues. Here Brunetto sees also Courtesy, Bounty, Loyalty, and Prowess, and hears the instructions they give to a knight, which occupy about a fourth part of the poem. Leaving this territory, he passes over valleys, mountains, woods, forests, and bridges, till he arrives in a beautiful valley covered with flowers on all sides, and the richest in the world; but which was continually shifting its appearance from a round figure to a square, from obscurity to light, and from populousness to solitude. This is the region of Pleasure, or Cupid, who is accompanied by four ladies, Love, Hope, Fear, and Desire. In one part of it he meets with Ovid, and is instructed by him how to conquer the passion of love, and to escape from that place. After his escape he makes his confession to a friar, and then returns to the forest of visions; and ascending a mountain, meets with Ptolemy, a venerable old man. Here the narrative breaks off. The poem ends, as it began, with an address to Rustico *di Filippo*, on whom he lavishes every sort of praise.

*It has* been observed, that Dante derived the idea of opening his

I thus to him replied: "Much as I can,
I thereto pray thee; and if thou be willing,
That I here seat me with thee, I consent;
His leave, with whom I journey, first obtain'd."
"O son!" said he, "whoever of this throng
One instant stops, lies then a hundred years,
No fan to ventilate him, when the fire
Smites sorest. Pass thou therefore on. I close 40
Will at thy garments walk, and then rejoin
My troop, who go mourning their endless doom."
I dar'd not from the path descend to tread
On equal ground with him, but held my head
Bent down, as one who walks in reverent guise.
"What chance or destiny," thus he began,
"Ere the last day, conducts thee here below?
And who is this that shows to thee the way?"
"There up aloft," I answered, "in the life
Serene, I wander'd in a valley lost,

poem by describing himself as lost in a wood, from the *Tesoretto* of his master. I know not whether it has been remarked, that the crime of usury is branded by both these poets as offensive to God and Nature:—

Un altro, che non cura
Di Dio ne di Natura,
Si diventa usuriere.

One, that heldeth not in mind
Law of God or Nature's kind,
Taketh him to usury.

—or that the sin for which Brunetto is condemned by his pupil, is mentioned in the Tesoretto with great horror. Dante's twenty-fifth sonnet is a jocose one, addressed to Brunetto, of which a translation is inserted in the Life of Dante prefixed. He died in 1295. G. Villani sums up his account of him saying, that he was himself a worldly man; but that he was the first to refine the Florentines from their grossness, and to instruct them in speaking properly, and in conducting the affairs of the republic on principles of policy.

Before mine age* had to its fulness reach'd. 50
But yester-morn I left it : then once more
Into that vale returning, him I met ;
And by this path homeward he leads me back."
"If thou," he answer'd, "follow but thy star,
Thou canst not miss at last a glorious haven ;
Unless in fairer days my judgment err'd.
And if my fate so early had not chanc'd,
Seeing the heav'ns thus bounteous to thee, I
Had gladly given thee comfort in thy work. 60
But that ungrateful and malignant race,
Who in old times came down from Fesole,†
Ay and still smack of their rough mountain-flint,
Will for thy good deeds show thee enmity.
Nor wonder ; for amongst ill-savour'd crabs
It suits not the sweet fig-tree lay her fruit.
Old fame reports them in the world for blind,‡
Covetous, envious, proud. Look to it well :
Take heed thou cleanse thee of their ways. For thee,
Thy fortune hath such honour in reserve, 70
That thou by either party shalt be crav'd
With hunger keen : but be the fresh herb far

* *Before mine age.*] On the whole, Vellutello's explanation of this is, I think, most satisfactory. He supposes it to mean, "before the appointed end of his life was arrived, before his days were accomplished." Lombardi, concluding that the fulness of age must be the same as "the midway of this our mortal life," (see Canto i. v. 1.) understands that he had lost himself in the wood before that time, and that he then only discovered his having gone astray.

† *Who in old times came down from Fesole.*] See G. Villani, Hist. lib. iv. cap. v. and Macchiav. Hist. of Flor. b. ii.

‡ *Blind*] It is said that the Florentines were thus called, in consequence of their having been deceived by a shallow artifice practised on them by the Pisans, in the year 1117. See G. Villani, lib. iv. cap. xxx.

From the goat's tooth. The herd of Fesole
May of themselves make litter, not touch the plant,
If any such yet spring on their rank bed,
In which the holy seed revives, transmitted
From those true Romans, who still there remain'd,
When it was made the nest of so much ill."
" Were all my wish fulfill'd," I straight replied,
" Thou from the confines of man's nature yet 80
Had'st not been driven forth ; for in my mind
Is fix'd, and now strikes full upon my heart
The dear, benign, paternal image, such
As thine was, when so lately thou didst teach me
The way for man to win eternity :
And how I priz'd the lesson, it behoves,
That, long as life endures, my tongue should speak.
What of my fate thou tell'st, that write I down ;
And, with another text* to comment on,
For her I keep it, the celestial dame, 90
Who will know all, if I to her arrive.
This only would I have thee clearly note :
That, so my conscience have no plea against me,
Do fortune as she list, I stand prepar'd.
Not new or strange such earnest to mine ear.
Speed fortune then her wheel, as likes her best,
The clown his mattock; all things have their course."
Thereat my sapient guide upon his right
Turn'd himself back, then look'd at me, and spake:
" He listens to good purpose who takes note." 100
I not the less still on my way proceed,
Discoursing with Brunetto, and inquire
Who are most known and chief among his tribe.
" To know of some is well ;" he thus replied,

* *With another text.*] He refers to the prediction of Farinata in Canto x.

"But of the rest silence may best beseem.
Time would not serve us for report so long.
In brief I tell thee, that all these were clerks,
Men of great learning and no less renown,
By one same sin polluted in the world.
With them is Priscian* ; and Accorso's son, 1
Francesco† herds among that wretched throng :
And, if the wish of so impure a blotch
Possess'd thee, him‡ thou also might'st have seen
Who by the servants' servant§ was transferr'd
From Arno's seat to Bacchiglione, where
His ill-strain'd nerves he left. I more would add,
But must from farther speech and onward way
Alike desist, for yonder I behold
A mist new-risen on the sandy plain.
A company, with whom I may not sort, 1

* *Priscian.*] There is no reason to believe, as the commentat observe, that the grammarian of this name was stained with vice imputed to him; and we must therefore suppose, that Da puts the individual for the species, and implies the frequency the crime among those who abused the opportunities which education of youth afforded them, to so abominable a purpose.

† *Francesco.*] Accorso a Florentine, interpreted the Roman l at Bologna, and died in 1229, at the age of 78. His authority so great as to exceed that of all the other interpreters, so that C da Pistoia termed him the Idol of Advocates. His sepulchre, that of his son Francesco here spoken of, is at Bologna, with short epitath: "Sepulcrum Accursii Glossatoris et Francisci Filii." See Guidi Panziroli de claris legum interpretibus, lib. cap. xxix. Lips. 4to. 1721.

‡ *Him.*] Andrea de' Mozzi, who, that his scandalous life mi be less exposed to observation, was translated either by Nicholas or Boniface VIII. from the see of Florence to that of Vicen through which passes the river Bacchiglione. At the latter of th places he died.

§ *The servant s' servant.*] Servo de' servi. So Ariosto, Sat. ii

Degli servi
Io sia il gran servo

aches. I commend my [illegible]
ein I yet survive : my [illegible]
s said, he turn'd, [illegible]
'er Verona's [illegible]
e green mantle : [illegible]
e who loses but [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

## CANTO XVI.

### ARGUMENT.

Journeying along the pier, which crosses the sand, they are now so near the end of it as to hear the noise of the stream falling into the eighth circle, when they meet the spirits of three military men, who judging Dante, from his dress, to be a countryman of theirs, entreat him to stop. He complies, and speaks with them. The two Poets then reach the place where the water descends, being the termination of this third compartment in the seventh circle; and here Virgil having thrown down into the hollow a cord, wherewith Dante was girt, they behold at that signal a monstrous and horrible figure come swimming up to them.

Now came I where the water's din was heard,
As down it fell into the other round,
Resounding like the hum of swarming bees:
When forth together issu'd from a troop,
That pass'd beneath the fierce tormenting storm,
Three spirits, running swift. They towards us came,
And each one cried aloud, "Oh! do thou stay,
Whom, by the fashion of thy garb, we deem
To be some inmate of our evil land."
  Ah me! what wounds I mark'd upon their limbs,
Recent and old, inflicted by the flames. 11
E'en the remembrance of them grieves me yet.
  Attentive to their cry my teacher paus'd,
And turn'd to me his visage, and then spake

"Wait now: our courtesy [illegible]ess merit well:
And were 't not for the n[illegible]re of the place,
Whence glide the fiery darts, I should have said,
That haste had better suited thee than them."
They, when we stopp'd, resum'd their ancient wail,
And, soon as they had reach'd us, all the three 20
Whirl'd round together in one restless wheel.
As naked champions, smear'd with slippery oil,
Are wont, intent, to watch their place of hold
And vantage, ere in closer strife they meet;
Thus each one, as he wheel'd, his countenance
At me directed, so that opposite
The neck mov'd ever to the twinkling feet.
"If woe of this unsound and dreary waste,"
Thus one began, "added to our sad cheer
Thus peel'd with flame, do call forth scorn on us 30
And our entreaties, let our great renown
Incline thee to inform us who thou art,
That dost imprint, with living feet unharm'd,
The soil of Hell. He, in whose track thou see'st
My steps pursuing, naked though he be
And reft of all, was of more high estate
Than thou believest; grandchild of the chaste
Gualdrada,* him they Guidoguerra call'd

* *Gualdrada.*] Gualdrada was the daughter of Bellincione Berti of whom mention is made in the Paradise, Canto xv. and xvi. He was of the family of Ravignani, a branch of the Adimari. The Emperor Otho IV. being at a festival in Florence, where Gualdrada was present, was struck with her beauty; and enquiring who she was, was answered by Bellincione, that she was the daughter of one who, if it was his Majesty's pleasure, would make her admit the honour of his salute. On overhearing this, she arose from her seat, and blushing, in an animated tone of voice, desired her father that he would not be so liberal in his offers, for that no man should ever be allowed that freedom, except him who should be her lawful husband.

Who in his lifetime many a noble act*
Achiev'd, both by his wisdom and his sword. 40
The other, next to me that beats the sand,
Is Aldobrandi,† name deserving well,
In the upper world, of honour; and myself
Who in this torment do partake with them,
An Rusticucci,‡ whom, past doubt, my wife,

The Emperor was not less delighted by her resolute modesty than he had before been by the loveliness of her person, and calling to him Guido, one of his barons, gave her to him in marriage, at the same time raising him to the rank of a count, and bestowing on her the whole of Casentino, and a part of the territory of Romagna, as her portion. Two sons were the offspring of this union. Guglielmo and Ruggieri, the latter of whom was father of Gundoguerra, a man of great military skill and prowess; who at the head of four hundred Florentines of the Guelph party, was signally instrumental to the victory obtained at Benevento by Charles of Anjou, over Manfredi King of Naples, in 1265. One of the consequences of this victory was the expulsion of the Ghibellini, and the re-establishment of the Guelfi at Florence.

Borghini, (Disc. dell' Orig. di Firenze ediz. 1756. pag. 6.) as cited by Lombardi, endeavours by a comparison of dates to throw discredit on the above relation of Gualdrada's answer to her father which is found in G. Villani, lib. v. cap. 37. and Lombardi adds that if it had been true, Bellincione would have been worthy of a place in the eighteenth Canto of Hell, rather than of being mentioned with praise in the Paradise; to which it may be answered, that the proposal of the father, however irreconcileable it may be to our notions of modern refinement, might possibly in those times have been considered rather as a sportive sally, than as a serious exposure of his daughter's innocence.

* *Many a noble act.*]

Molto egli opro col senno e con la mano.

*Tasso, G. L.* c. i. st. 1.

† *Aldobrandi.*] Tegghiaio Aldobrandi was of the noble family of Adimari, and much esteemed for his military talents. He endeavoured to dissuade the Florentines from the attack which they meditated against the Siennese, and the rejection of his council occasioned the memorable defeat which the former sustained at Montaperto, and the consequent banishment of the Guelfi from Florence.

‡ *Rusticucci.*] Giacopo Rusticucci, a Florentine, remarkable for his opulence and the generosity of his spirit.

Of savage temper,]
Hath to this evil bro[illegible] from the fire
I had been shelter'd, down[illegible]idst them straight
I then had cast me; nor [illegible]uide, I deem,
Would have restrain'd my[illegible]ng: but that fear 50
Of the dire [illegible] the desire,
Which made [illegible] or their wish'd embrace
I then began: "[illegible]ot scorn, but grief much more,
Such as long time alone [illegible]are, your doom
Fix'd deep within me, [illegible] as this my lord
Spake words, whose ten[illegible]ught me to expect
That such a race, as ye a[illegible]as at hand.
I am a countryman of yours. [illegible]ho still
Affectionate have utter'd, [illegible] have heard
Your deeds and names renown'd. Leaving the gall,
For the sweet fruit I go, that a sure guide 61
Hath promis'd to me. But behoves, that far
As to the centre first I downward tend."
"So may long space thy spirit guide thy limbs,"
He answer straight return'd; "and so thy fame
Shine bright when thou art gone, as thou shalt tell,
If courtesy and valour, as they wont,
Dwell in our city, or have vanish'd clean:
For one amidst us late condemn'd to wail,
Borsiere,* yonder walking with his peers, 70
Grieves us no little by the news he brings."
"An upstart multitude and sudden gains,
Pride and excess, O Florence! have in thee
Engender'd, so that now in tears thou mourn'st!"
Thus cried I with my face uprais'd, and they
All thee, who for an answer took my words,

* *Borsiere.*] Guglielmo Borsiere, another Florentine, whom Boccaccio, in a story which he relates of him, terms "a man of courteous and elegant manners, and of great readiness in conversation." *Dec. Giorn.* i. *Nov.* 8.

Look'd at each other, as men look when truth
Comes to their ear. "If at so little cost,"*
They all at once rejoin'd, "thou satisfy
Others who question thee, O happy thou, 80
Gifted with words so apt to speak thy thought.
Wherefore if thou escape this darksome clime,
Returning to behold the radiant stars,
When thou with pleasure shalt retrace the past,†
See that of us thou speak among mankind."
This said, they broke the circle, and so swift
Fled, that as pinions seem'd their nimble feet.
Not in so short a time might one have said
"Amen," as they had vanish'd. Straight my guide
Pursu'd his track. I follow'd: and small space 90
Had we pass'd onward, when the water's sound
Was now so near at hand, that we had scarce
Heard one another's speech for the loud din.
E'en as the river,‡ that first holds its course
Unmingled, from the Mount of Vesulo,
On the left side of Apennine, toward
The east, which Acquacheta higher up
They call, ere it descend into the vale,

* *At so little cost.*] They initate to our Poet (as Lombardi well observes) the inconveniencies to which his freedom of speech was about to expose him in the future course of his life.

† *When thou with pleasure shalt retrace the past.*]

Quando ti giovera dicere io fui.

So Tasso, G. L. c. xv. st. 38.

Quando mi giovera narrar altrui
Le novita vedute, e dire; io fui.

‡ *E'en as the river.*] He compares the fall of Phlegethon to that of the Montone (a river in Romagna) from the Apennine above the abbey of St. Benedict. All the other streams, that rise between the sources of the Po and the Montone, and fall from the left side of the Apennine, join the Po and accompany it to the sea.

At Forli* by that name no longer known,
Rebellows o'er Saint Benedict, roll'd on
From the' Alpine summit down a precipice,
Where space† enough to lodge a thousand spacious
Thus downward from a craggy steep we found
That this dark wave resounded, roaring loud,
So that the ear its clamour soon had stunn'd.

I had a cord‡ that brac'd my girdle round,
Wherewith I erst had thought fast bound to take
The painted leopard. This when I had all
Unloosen'd from me (so my master bade),
I gather'd up, and stretch'd it forth to him.
Then to the the right he turn'd, and from the brink,
Standing few paces distant, cast it down
Into the deep abyss. "And somewhat strange,"
Thus to myself I spake, "signal so strange

* *At Forli.*] Because there it loses the name of Acquacheta, and takes that of Montone.

† *Where space.*] Either because the abbey was capable of containing more than those who occupied it, or because (says Landino) the lords of that territory, as Boccaccio related on the authority of the abbot, had intended to build a castle near the water-fall, and to collect within its walls the population of the neighbouring villages.

‡ *A cord.*] This passage, as it is confessed by Landino, involves a fiction sufficiently obscure. His own attempt to unravel it does not much lessen the difficulty. That, which Lombardi has made, is something better. It is believed that our Poet in the earlier part of his life had entered into the order of St. Francis. By observing the rules of that profession, he had designed to mortify his carnal appetites, or, as he expresses it, "to take the painted leopard" (that animal, which, as we have seen in a note to the first Canto, represented pleasure) "with this cord." This part of the habit, he is now desired by Virgil to take off, and it is thrown down the gulf to allure Geryon to them with the expectation of carrying down one, who had cloaked his iniquities under the garb of penitence and self-mortification; and thus (to apply to Dante on this occasion the words of Milton)

*He, as Franciscan, thought to pass disguis'd.*

Betokens, which my guide with earnest eye
Thus follows." Ah! what caution must men use
With those who look not at the deed alone,
But spy into the thoughts with subtle skill.
"Quickly shall come," he said, "what I expect;
Thine eye discover quickly that, whereof 120
Thy thought is dreaming." Ever to that truth,*
Which but the semblance of a falsehood wears,
A man, if possible, should bar his lip;
Since, although blameless, he incurs reproach.
But silence here were vain; and by these notes,
Which now I sing, reader! I swear to thee,
So may they favour find to latest times!
That through the gross and murky air I spied
A shape coming swimming up, that might have quell'd
The stoutest heart with wonder; in such guise 130
As one returns, who hath been down to loose
An anchor grappled fast against some rock,
Or to aught else that in the salt wave lies,
Who, upward springing, close draws in his feet.

* *Ever to that truth.*] This memorable apophthegm is repeated by Luigi Pulci and Trissino

Sempre a quel ver, ch' ha faccia di menzogna,
E più senno tacer la lingua cheta,
Che spesso senza colpa fa vergogna.
*Morgante Magg.* c. xxiv.

La verità, che par mensogna,
Si dovrebbe tacer dall' uom ch' e saggio.
*Italia Lib.* c. xvi.

## CANTO XVII.

### ARGUMENT.

**The monster Geryon is described, to whom while Virgil is speaking in order that he may carry them both down to the next circle, Dante, by permission, goes a little farther along the edge of the void, to descry the third species of sinners contained in this compartment, namely, those who have done violence to Art; and then returning to his master, they both descend seated on the back of Geryon.**

"Lo! the fell monster* with the deadly sting,
Who passes mountains, breaks through fenced walls
And firm embattled spears, and with his filth
Taints all the world." Thus me my guide address'd,
And beckon'd him, that he should come to shore,
Near to the stony causeway's utmost edge.
Forthwith that image vile of Fraud appear'd,
His head and upper part expos'd on land,
But laid not on the shore his bestial train.
His face the semblance of a just man's wore, 10
So kind and gracious was its outward cheer;
The rest was serpent all: two shaggy claws
Reach'd to the arm-pits; and the back and breast,

* *The fell monster.*] Fraud.

And either side, were painted o'er with nodes
And orbits. Colours variegated more
Nor Turks nor Tartars e'er on cloth of state
With interchangeable embroidery wove,
Nor spread Arachne o'er her curious loom.
As oft-times a light skiff, moor'd to the shore,
Stands part in water, part upon the land; 20
Or, as where dwells the greedy German boor,
The beaver settles watching for his prey;
So on the rim, that fenc'd the sand with rock,
Sat perch'd the fiend of evil. In the void
Glancing, his tail upturn'd its venomous fork,
With sting like scorpion's arm'd. Then thus my guide:
"Now need our way must turn few steps apart,
Far as to that ill beast, who couches there."
Thereat toward the right our downward course
We shap'd, and, better to escape the flame 30
And burning marle, ten paces on the verge
Proceeded. Soon as we to him arrive,
A little further on mine eye beholds
A tribe of spirits, seated on the sand
Near to the void. Forthwith my master spake:
"That to the full thy knowledge may extend
Of all this round contains, go now, and mark
The mien these wear: but hold not long discourse.
Till thou returnest, I with him meantime
Will parley, that to us he may vouchsafe 40
The aid of his strong shoulders." Thus alone,
Yet forward on the extremity I pac'd
Of that sev'nth circle, where the mournful tribe
Were seated. At the eyes forth gush'd their pangs.
Against the vapours and the torrid soil
Alternately their shifting hands they plied.
Thus use the dogs in summer still to ply

Their jaws and feet by turns, when bitten sore
By gnats, or flies, or gadflies swarming round.
Noting the visages of some, who lay 50
Beneath the pelting of that dolorous fire,
One of them all I knew not; but perceiv'd,
That pendant from his neck each bore a pouch*
With colours and with emblems various mark'd,
On which it seem'd as if their eye did feed.
And when, amongst them, looking round I came,
A yellow purse† I saw with azure wrought,
That wore a lion's countenance and port.
Then still my sight pursuing its career,
Another‡ I beheld, than blood more red, 60
A goose display of whiter wing than curd.
And one, who bore a fat and azure swine§
Pictur'd on his white scrip, address'd me thus:
"What dost thou in this deep? Go now and know,
Since yet thou livest, that my neighbour here
Vitaliano‖ on my left shall sit.
A Paduan with these Florentines am I.
Oft-times they thunder in mine ears, exclaiming,
'Oh! haste that noble knight,¶ he who the pouch

* *A pouch.*] A purse whereon the armorial bearings of each were emblazoned. According to Landino, our poet implies that the usurer can pretend to no other honour, than such as he derives from his purse and his family. The description of persons by their heraldic insignia, is remarkable both on the present and several other occasions in this poem.

† *A yellow purse.*] The arms of the Gianfigliazzi of Florence.

‡ *Another.*] Those of the Ubbriachi, another Florentine family of high distinction.

§ *A fat and azure swine.*] The arms of the Scrovigni, a noble family of Padua.

‖ *Vitaliano.*] Vitaliano del Dente, a Paduan.

¶ *That noble knight.*] Giovanni Bujamonti, a Florentine usurer, the most infamous of his time.

'With the three beaks will bring.'" This said,
writh'd
The mouth, and loll'd the tongue out like an ox
That licks his nostrils. I, lest longer stay
He ill might brook, who bade me stay not long,
Backward my steps from those sad spirits turn'd.
My guide already seated on the haunch
Of the fierce animal I found; and thus
He me encourag'd. "Be thou stout: be bold.
Down such a steep flight must we now descend.
Mount thou before: for, that no power the tail
May have to harm thee, I will be i' th' midst."
As one,* who hath an ague fit so near,
His nails already are turn'd blue, and he
Quivers all o'er, if he but eye the shade;
Such was my cheer at hearing of his words.
But shame soon interpos'd her threat, who makes
The servant bold in presence of his lord.
I settled me upon those shoulders huge,
And would have said, but that the words to aid
My purpose came not, "Look thou clasp me firm
But he whose succour then not first I prov'd
Soon as I mounted, in his arms aloft,
Embracing, held me up; and thus he spake:
"Geryon! now move thee: be thy wheeling gyre
Of ample circuit, easy thy descent.
Think on th' unusual burden thou sustain'st."
As a small vessel, back'ning out from land,
Her station quits; so thence the monster loos'd,
And when he felt himself at large, turn'd round
There where the breast had been, his forked tail.

* *As one.*] Dante trembled with fear, like a man, who expects the return of a quartan ague, shakes even at the sight of a place made cool by the shade.

ke an eel, outstretch'd at length he steer'd, 100
ıg the air up with retractile claws.
,reater was the dread, when Phaeton
ns let drop at random, whence high heaven,
ɔf signs yet appear, was wrapt in flames;
en ill-fated Icarus perceiv'd,
efaction of the scalded wax,
.sted pennons loosen'd from his loins,
exclaiming loud, "Ill way thou keep'st;"
'as my dread, when round me on each part
I view'd, and other object none 110
ıe fell beast. He, slowly sailing, wheels
vnward motion, unobserv'd of me,
ıt the wind, arising to my face,
ɜs on me from below. Now on our right
the cataract beneath us leap
ideous crash; whence bending down to' ex-
plore,
:rror I conceiv'd at the steep plunge;
mes I saw, and wailings smote mine ear:
:, all trembling, close I crouch'd my limbs,
ıen distinguish'd, unperceiv'd before, 120
dread torments that on every side
ıearer, how our downward course we wound.
ılcon, that hath long been on the wing,
:e nor bird hath seen, while in despair
lconer cries, "Ah me! thou stoop'st to earth,"
ɜd descends, whence nimbly he arose
ıy an airy wheel, and lighting sits
ance from his lord in angry mood;
:yon lighting places us on foot
own at base of the deep-furrow'd rock, 130
f his burden there discharg'd, forthwith
; forward, like an arrow from the string.

## CANTO XVIII.

### ARGUMENT.

The Poet describes the situation and form of the eighth circle, divided into ten gulfs, which contain as many different descriptions of fraudulent sinners; but in the present Canto he treats only of two sorts: the first is of those, who either for their own pleasure, or for that of another, have seduced any woman from her duty; and these are scourged of Demons in the first gulf: the other sort is of flatterers, who in the second gulf are condemned to remain immersed in filth.

There is a place within the depths of hell
Call'd Malebolge, all of rock dark-stain'd
With hue ferruginous, e'en as the steep
That round it circling winds. Right in the midst
Of that abominable region, yawns
A spacious gulf profound, whereof the frame
Due time shall tell. The circle, that remains,
Throughout its round, between the gulf and base
Of the high craggy banks, successive forms
Ten bastions, in its hollow bottom rais'd. 10
As where, to guard the walls, full many a foss
Begirds some stately castle, sure defence*

* *Sure defence.*] La parte dov' e' son rendon sicura.
This is the common *reading; besides* which there are two others.

Affording to the space within; so here
Were model'd these: and as like fortresses,
E'en from their threshold to the brink without,
Are flank'd with bridges; from the rock's low base
Thus flinty paths advanc'd, that 'cross the moles
And dikes struck onward far as to the gulf,
That in one bound collected cuts them off.
Such was the place, wherein we found ourselves 20
From Geryon's back dislodg'd. The bard to left
Held on his way, and I behind him mov'd.
On our right hand new misery I saw,
New pains, new executioners of wrath,
That swarming peopled the first chasm. Below
Were naked sinners. Hitherward they came,
Meeting our faces, from the middle point;
With us beyond*, but with a larger stride,
E'en thus the Romans†, when the year returns
Of Jubilee, with better speed to rid 30
The thronging multitudes, their means devise

La parte dove il sol rende figura.

and

La parte dov' ei son rende figura:

The former of which two Lombardi says is found in Daniello's edition printed at Venice, 1568 in that printed in the same city with the commentaries of Landino and Vellutello, 1572, and also in some MSS.; the latter, which has very much the appearance of being genuine, was adopted by Lombardi himself on the authority of a text supposed to be in the hand writing of Filippo Villani, but so defaced by the alterations made in it by some less skilful hand, that the traces of the old ink were with difficulty recovered; and it has since the publication of Lombardi's edition been met with also in the Monte Cassino MS.

* *With us beyond.*] Beyond the middle point they tended the same way with us, but their pace was quicker than our's.

† *E'en thus the Romans.*] In the year 1300, Pope Boniface VIII, to remedy the inconvenience occasioned by the press of people, who were passing over the bridge of St Angelo during the time of the Jubilee, caused it to be divided lengthwise by a partition, and order

For such as pass the bridge ; that on one side
All front toward the castle, and approach
Saint Peter's fane, on th' other towards the mount.
Each diverse way, along the grisly rock,
Horn'd demons I beheld, with lashes huge,
That on their back unmercifully smote.
Ah! how they made them bound at the first stripe :
None for the second waited, nor the third.
Meantime as on I pass'd, one met my sight, 40
Whom soon as view'd, "Of him," cried I, "not yet
Mine eye hath had its fill." I therefore stay'd*
My feet to scan him, and the teacher kind
Pass'd with me, and consented I should walk
Backward a space ; and the tormented spirit,
Who thought to hide him, bent his visage down.
But it avail'd him nought ; for I exclaim'd :
"Thou who does cast thine eye upon the ground,
Unless thy features do belie thee much,
Venedico† art thou. But what brings thee 50
Into this bitter seas'ning ?" He replied :
"Unwillingly I answer to thy words.
But thy clear speech, that to my mind recals
The world I once inhabited, constrains me.
Know then 't was I who led fair Ghisola

al, that all those who were going to St Peter's should keep one side, and those returning the other. G Villani, who was present, describes the order that was preserved, lib. viii. cap 36. It was at this time and on this occasion, as the honest historian tells us, that he first conceived the design of "compiling his book."

* *I therefore stay'd.*] "I piedi afflissi" is the reading of the Nidobeatina edition ; but Lombardi is under an error, when he tells us that the other editions have "gli occhi afflissi ;" for Vellutello's at least, printed in 1544, agrees with the Nidobeatina.

† *Venedico.*] Venedico Caccianmico, a Bolognese, who prevailed on his sister Ghisola to prostitute herself to Obizzo da Este, Marquis of Ferrara, whom we have seen among the tyrants, Canto xii.

To do the Marquis' will, however fame.
The shameful tale have bruited. Nor alone,
Bologna hither sendeth me to mourn.
Rather with us the place is so o'erthrong'd,
That not so many tongues this day are taught,
Betwixt the Reno and Savena's stream,
To answer *Sipa*[*] in their country's phrase.
And if of that securer proof thou need,
Remember but our craving thirst for gold."
Him speaking thus, a demon with his thong
Struck, and exclaim'd, "Away, corrupter! here
Women are none for sale." Forthwith I join'd
My escort, and few paces thence we came
To where a rock forth issu'd from the bank.
That easily ascended, to the right 70
Upon its splinter turning, we depart
From those eternal barriers. When arriv'd
Where, underneath, the gaping arch lets pass
The scourged souls: "Pause here," the teacher said,
"And let these others miserable, now
Strike on my ken; faces not yet beheld,
For that together they with us have walk'd."
From the old bridge we ey'd the pack, who came
From th' other side toward us, like the rest,
Excoriate from the lash. My gentle guide, 80
By me unquestion'd, thus his speech resum'd:
"Behold that lofty shade, who this way tends,
And seems too woe-begone to drop a tear.
How yet the regal aspect he retains!
Jason is he, whose skill and prowess won
The ram from Colchos. To the Lemnian isle

[*] *To answer* Sipa.] He denotes Bologna by its situation between the rivers Savena to the east, and Reno to the west of that city: and by a peculiarity of dialect, the use of the affirmative *sipa* instead of *si*.

His passage thither led him, when those bold
And pitiless women had slain all their males.
There he with tokens and fair witching words
Hypsipyle* beguil'd, a virgin young, 90
Who first had all the rest herself beguil'd.
Impregnated he left her there forlorn.
Such is the guilt condemns him to this pain.
Here too Medea's injuries are avenge'd,
All bear him company, who like deceit
To his have practis'd. And thus much to know
Of the first vale suffice thee, and of those
Whom its keen torments urge." Now had we come
Where, crossing the next pier, the straiten'd path
Bestrides its shoulders to another arch. 100

Hence, in the second chasm we heard the ghosts,
Who gibber in low melancholy sounds,
With wide-stretch'd nostrils snort, and on themselves
Smite with their palms. Upon the banks a scurf,
From the foul steam cover'd, encrusting hung,
That held sharp combat with the sight and smell.

So hollow is the depth, that from no part,
Save on the summit of the rocky span,
Could I distinguish aught. Thus far we came;
And thence I saw, within the foss below, 110
A crow'd immers'd in ordure, that appear'd
Draff of the human body. There beneath
Searching with eye inquisitive, I mark'd
One with his head so grim'd, 't were hard to deem
If he were clerk or layman. Loud he cried:
"Why greedily thus bendest more on me,
Than on these other filthy ones, thy ken?"

* *Hypsipyle* ] See Apollonius Rhodius, [illegible] and Valerius Flaccus, [illegible]. Hypsipyle deceived the other women [illegible] her father Thoas, when they had agreed to put all their males to death

"Because if true my mem'ry," I replied,
"I heretofore have seen thee with dry locks,
And thou Alessio* art, of Lucca sprung. 129
Therefore than all the rest I scan thee more."
Then beating on his brain these words he spake:
"Me thus low down my flatteries have sunk,
Wherewith I ne'er enough could glut my tongue."
My leader thus: "A little further stretch
Thy face, that thou the visage well mayst note
Of that besotted, sluttish courtezan,
Who their doth rend her with defiled nails,
Now crouching down, now risen on her feet.
Thais† is this, the harlot, whose false lip 130
Answer'd her doting paramour that ask'd,
'Thankest me much!'—'Say rather, wondrously.'
And, seeing this, here satiate be our view."

* *Alessio.*] Allessio, of an ancient and considerable family in Lucca, called the Interminei.

† *Thais.*] He alludes to that passage in the Eunuchus of Terence, where Thraso asks if Thais was obliged to him for the present he had sent her, and Gnatho replies, that she had expressed her obligation in the most forcible terms.

*T.* Magnas vero agere gratias Thais mihi?
*G.* Ingentes.

*Euna.* iii. 1. 2.

## CANTO XIX.

### ARGUMENT.

ie to the third gulf wherein are punished those who have
ilty of simony. These are fixed with the head downwards in certain apertures, so that no more of them than the
ears without, and on the soles of their feet are seen
flames. Dante is taken down by his guide into the
of the gulf, and there finds Pope Nicholas the Fifth,
vil deeds, together with those of other pontiffs, are bitpre headed. Virgil then carries him up again to the arch,
ffords them a passage over the following gulf.

thee, Simon Magus! woe to you,
tched followers! who the things of God,
should be wedded unto goodness, them,
ms as ye are, do prostitute
l and silver in adultery.
nst the trumpet sound for you, since yours
ird chasm. Upon the following vault
v had mounted, where the rock impends
y o'er the centre of the foss.
om Supreme! how wonderful the art, 10
thou dost manifest in heaven, in earth,
the evil world, how just a meed
ng by thy virtue unto all.
the livid stone, throughout the sides
its bottom full of apertures,
al in their width, and circular each.

Nor ample less nor larger they appear'd,
Than, in Saint John's fair dome* of me belov'd,
Those fram'd to hold the pure baptismal streams,
One of the which I brake, some few years past, 20
To save a whelming infant: and be this
A seal to undeceive whoever doubts
The motive of my deed. From out the mouth
Of every one, emerg'd a sinner's feet,
And of the legs high upward as the calf.
The rest beneath was hid. On either foot
The soles were burning; whence the flexile joints
Glanc'd with such violent motion, as had snapt
As under cords or twisted withs. As flame,
Feeding on unctuous matter, glides along 30
The surface, scarcely touching where it moves;
So here, from heel to point, glided the flames.
"Master! say who is he, than all the rest
Glancing in fiercer agony, on whom
A ruddier flame doth prey?" I thus inquir'd.
"If thou be willing," he replied, "that I
Carry thee down, where least the slope banks falls,
He of himself shall tell thee, and his wrongs."
I then: "As pleases thee, to me is best.
Thou art my lord; and know'st that ne'er I quit 40
Thy will: what silence hides, that knowest thou."
Thereat on the fourth pier we came, we turn'd,
And on our left descended to the depth,
A narrow strait, and perforated close.
Nor from his side my leader set me down,

* *Saint John's fair dome.*] The apertures in the rock were of the same dimensions as the fonts of St. John the Baptist of Florence, one of which, Dante says he had broken to rescue a child that was playing near and fell in. He intimates, that the motive of his breaking the font had been maliciously represented by his enemies.

Till to his orifice he brought, whose limb
Quiv'ring express'd his pang. "Who'er thou art,
Sad spirit! thus revers'd, and as a stake
Driv'n in the soil," I in these words began;
"If thou be able, utter forth thy voice." 50
There stood I like the friar, that doth shrive
A wretch for murder doom'd, who, e'en when fix'd,*
Calleth him back, whence death awhile delays.
He shouted: "Ha! already standest there?
Already standest there, O Boniface! †
By many a year the writing play'd me false.
So early dost thou surfeit with the wealth,
For which thou fearedst not in guile‡ to take
The lovely lady, and then mangle her?"
I felt as those those who, piercing not the drift 60
Of answer made them, stand as if expos'd
In mockery, nor know what to reply;
When Virgil thus admonish'd: "Tell him quick,
I am not he, not he, whom thou believ'st."
And I, as was me enjoin'd me, straight replied.
That heard, the spirit all did wrench his feet,

* *When fix'd.*] The commentators on Boccaccio's Decameron, p. 72. Ediz. Giunti, 1572, cite the words of the statute by which murderers were sentenced thus to suffer at Florence. "Assassinus trahatur ad caudam muli seu asini usque ad locum justitiæ, et ibidem plantetur capite deorsum, ita quod moriatur. "Let the assassin be dragged at the tail of a mule or ass to the place of justice, and there let him be set in the ground with his face downward, so that he die."

† *O Boniface!*] The spirit mistakes Dante for Boniface VIII. who was then alive, and who he did not expect would have arrived so soon in consequence, as it should seem, of a prophecy, which predicted the death of that pope at a later period. Boniface died in 1303.

‡ *In guile.*] "Thou didst presume to arrive by fraudulent means at the papal power, and afterwards to abuse it."

And sighing next in woeful accent spake:
"What then of me requirest? If to know
So much imports thee, who I am, that thou
Hast therefore down the bank descended, learn 70
That in the mighty mantle I was rob'd,*
And of a she-bear was indeed the son,
So eager to advance my whelps, that there
My having in my purse above I stow'd,
And here myself. Under my head are dragg'd
The rest, my predecessors in the guilt
Of simony. Stretch'd at their length they lie
Along an opening in the rock. 'Midst them
I also low shall fall, soon as he comes,
For whom I took thee, when so hastily 80
I question'd. But already longer time
Hath pass'd, since my soles kindled, and I thus
Upturn'd have stood, than is his doom to stand
Planted with fiery feet. For after him,
One yet of deeds more ugly shall arrive,
From forth the west, a shepherd without law,†
Fated to cover both his form and mine.
He a new Jason‡ shall be call'd, of whom

* *In the mighty mantle I was rob'd.*] Nicholas III. of the Orsini family, whom the Poet therefore calls "figliuol dell' orsa," "son of the she-bear." He died in 1281.

† *From forth the west, a shepherd without law.*] Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bourdeaux, who succeeded to the pontificate in 1305, and assumed the title of Clement V. He transferred the holy see to Avignon in 1308 (where it remained till 1376,) and died in 1314.

‡ *A new Jason.*] But after the death of Seleucus, when Antiochus, called Epiphanes, took the kingdom, Jason, the brother of Onias, laboured underhand to be high-priest: "Promising unto the king, by intercession, three hundred and threescore talents of silver, and of another revenue eighty talents. *Maccab.* b. ii. ch. iv. v. 8.

In Maccabees we read; and favour such
As to that priest his king indulgent show'd, 90
Shall be of France's monarch* shown to him."
I know not if I here too far presum'd,
But in this strain I answer'd: "Tell me now,
What treasures from Saint Peter at the first
Our Lord demanded, when he put the keys
Into his charge? Surely he ask'd no more
But 'Follow me!" Nor Peter,† nor the rest,
Or gold or silver of Matthias took,
When lots were cast upon the forfeit place
Of the condemned soul.‡ Abide thou then; 100
Thy punishment of right is merited:
And look thou well to that ill-gotten coin,
Which against Charles§ thy hardihood inspir'd.
If reverence of the keys restrain'd me not,
Which thou in happier time didst hold, I yet
Severer speech might use. Your avarice.
O'ercasts the world with mourning, under foot‖
Treading the good, and raising bad men up.
Of shepherds like to you, th' Evangelist
Was ware, when her, who sits upon the waves, 110
With kings in filthy whoredom he beheld;
She who with seven heads tower'd at her birth,

* *Of France's monarch.*] Philip IV. of France. See G. Villani, lib. viii. c. lxxx.

† *Nor Peter.*] Acts of the Apostles, ch. i. 26.

‡ *The condemned soul.*] Judas.

§ *Against Charles.* Nicholas III. was enraged against Charles I. King of Sicily, because he rejected with scorn a proposition made by that pope for an alliance between their families. See G. Villani, Hist. lib. vii. c. liv.

‖ *Under foot.*]

——— So shall the world go on
To good malignant, to bad men benign.
*Milton, P. L.* b. xii. 538.

And from ten horns her proof of glory drew,
Long as her spouse in virtue took delight.
Of gold and silver ye have made your god,
Diff'ring wherein from the idolater,
But that he worships one, a hundred ye?
Ah, Constantine!* to how much ill gave birth,
Not thy conversion, but that plenteous dower,
Which the first wealthy Father gain'd from thee."
Meanwhile, as thus I sung, he, whether wrath
Or conscience smote him, violent upsprang
Spinning on either sole. I do believe
My teacher well was pleas'd, with so compos'd
A lip he listen'd ever to the sound
Of the true words I utter'd. In both arms
He caught, and, to his bosom lifting me,
Upward retrac'd the way of his descent.
Nor weary of his weight he press'd me close,
Till to the summit of the rock we came,
Our passage from the fourth to the fifth pier.
His cherish'd burden there gently he plac'd
Upon the rugged rock and steep a path
Not easy for the clamb'ring goat to mount.
Thence to my view another vale appear'd.

* *Ah, Constantine!*] He alludes to the pretended gift of the Lateran by Constantine to Sylvester, of which Dante himself seems to imply a doubt, in his treatise "De Monarchia."—"Ergo scindere Imperium, Imperatori non licet. Si ergo aliqæ dignitates per Constantinum essent alienatæ (ut dicunt) ab Imperio," &c. lib. iii. "Therefore to make a rent in the empire, exceeds the lawful power of the emperor himself. If then some dignities were by Constantine alienated (as they report) from the empire, &c." In another part of the same treatise he speaks of the alienation with less doubt indeed, but not with less disapprobation: "O felicem populum, O Ausoniam te gloriosam si vel numquam infirmator imperii tui extitisset; vel numquam sua pia intentio ipsum fefillisset."—"O happy people! O glorious Italy! if either he who thus weakened thine empire had never been born, or had never suffered his own pious intentions to mislead him." Lib. ii. *ad finem.*

## CANTO XX.

### ARGUMENT.

The Poet relates the punishment of such as presumed while living to predict future events. It is to have their faces reversed and and set the contrary way on their limbs, so that being deprived of the power to see before them, they are constrained ever to walk backwards Among these Virgil points out to him Amphiaraus, Tiresias, Aruns, and Manto (from the mention of whom he takes occasion to speak of the origin of Mantua,) together with several others, who had practised the arts of divination and astrology.

And now the verse proceeds to torments new,
Fit argument of this the twentieth strain
Of the first song, whose awful theme records
The spirits whelm'd in woe. Earnest I look'd
Into the depth, that open'd to my view,
Moisten'd with tears of anguish, and beheld
A tribe, that came along the hollow vale,
In silence weeping: such their step as walk
Quires, chanting solemn litanies, on earth.
As on them more direct mine eye descends, 10
Each wonderously seem'd to be revers'd
At the neck-bone, so that the countenance
Was from the reins averted; and because
None might before him look, they were compell'd
To' advance with backward gait. Thus one perhaps

Hath been by force of palsy clean transpos'd,
But I ne'er saw it nor believe it so.
Now, reader! think within thyself, so God
Fruit of thy reading give thee! how I long
Could keep my visage dry, when I beheld 28
Near me our form distorted in such guise,
That on the hinder parts fall'n from the face
The tears down-streaming roll'd. Against a rock
I leant and wept, so that my guide exclaim'd:
"What, and art thou too witless as the rest?
Here pity most doth show herself alive,
When she is dead. What guilt exceedeth his,
Who with Heaven's judgment in his passion strives?
Raise up thy head, raise up and see the man,
Before whose eyes* earth gap'd in Thebes, when all
Cried out 'Amphiaraus, whither rushest? 31
'Why leavest thou the war?' He not the less
Fell ruining far as to Minos down,
Whose grapple none eludes. Lo! how he makes
The breast his shoulders; and who once too far
Before him wish'd to see, now backward looks,
And treads reverse his path. Tiresias† note,

* *Before whose eyes.*] Amphiaraus, one of the seven kings who besieged Thebes. He is said to have been swallowed up by an opening of the earth. See Lidgate's Storie of Thebes, part iii. where it is told how the "Bishop Amphiaraus" fell down to Hell.

And thus the devill for his outrages,
Like his desert payed him his wages.

† *Tiresias.*]

Deo magnorum viridi coeuntia sylva
Corpora serpentum baculi violaverat ictu,
Deque viro factus (mirabile) fœmina, septem
Egerat autumnos. Octavo rursus eosdem
Vidit. Et, est vestræ si tanta potentia plagæ,
Nunc quoque vos feriam. Percussis anguibus idem
Forma prior redit, genitivaque venit imago.

*Ovid. Met.* lib. iii.

Who semblance chang'd, when woman he became
Of male, through every limb transform'd; and then
Once more behov'd him with his rod to strike 46
The two entwining serpents, ere the plumes,
That mark'd the better sex, might shoot again.
"Aruns,* with rere his belly facing, comes.
On Luni's mountains 'midst the marbles white,
Where delve's Carrara's hind, who wons beneath,
A cavern was his dwelling, whence the stars
And main-sea wide in boundless view he held.
"The next, whose loosen'd tresses overspread
Her bosom, which thou seest not (for each hair
On that side grows) was Manto,† she who search'd
Through many regions, and at length her seat 51
Fix'd in my native land: whence a short space
My words detain thy audience. When her sire
From life departed, and in servitude
The city dedicate to Bacchus mourn'd,
Long time she went a wand'rer through the world.
Aloft in Italy's delightful land
A lake there lies, at foot of that proud Alp
That o'er the Tyrol locks Germania in,
A name Benacus, from whose ample breast 60
Ten thousand springs, methinks, and more, between
Camonica and Garda, issuing forth,
Water the Apennine. There is a spot‡

*Aruns.*] Aruns is said to have dwelt in the mountains of Luni (whence that territory is still called Lunigiana,) above Carrara, celebrated for its marble. Lucan. Phars. lib. i. 575. So Boccaccio, Fiammetta, lib. iii. "Quale Aruntes," &c. "Like Aruns, midst the white marbles of Luni, contemplated the celestial and their motions."

*Manto.*] The daughter of Tiresias of Thebes, a city dedicated to Bacchus. From Manto, Mantua, the country of Virgil, derives its name.

The Poet proceeds to describe the situation of that place.

*There is a spot.*] Prato di Fame, where the dioceses of Trento, Verona, and Brescia meet.

At midway of that lake, where he who bears
Of Trento's flock the past'ral staff with him
Of Brescia, and the Veronese, might each
Passing that way his benediction give.
A garrison of goodly site and strong
Peschiera* stands, to awe with front oppos'd
The Bergamese and Brescian, whence the shore 70
More slope each way descends. There, whatsoe'er
Benacus' bosom holds not, tumbling o'er
Down falls, and winds a river flood beneath
Through the green pastures. Soon as in his course
The stream makes head, Benacus then no more
They call the name, but Mincius, till at last
Reaching Governo into Po he falls.
Not for his course hath run, when a wide flat
It finds, which overstretching as a marsh
It covers, pestilent in summer oft. 80
Hence journeying, the savage maiden saw
'Midst of the fen a territory waste
And naked of inhabitants. To shun
All human converse, here she with her slaves
Plying her arts remain'd, and liv'd, and left
Her body tenantless. Thenceforth the tribes,
Who round were scatter'd, gath'ring to that place
Assembled; for its strength was great, enclos'd
On all parts by the fen. On those dead bones
They rear'd themselves a city, for her sake 90
Calling it Mantua, who first chose the spot,
Nor ask'd another omen for the name;
Wherein more numerous the people dwelt,
Ere Casalodi's madness† by deceit

* *Peschiera.*] A garrison situated to the south of the lake, where it empties itself and forms the Mincius.

† *Casalodi's madness.*] Alberto da Casalodi, who had got possession of Mantua, was persuaded, by Pinamonte Buonacossi, that he

Was wrong'd of Pinamonte. If thou hear
Henceforth another origin* assign'd
Of that my country, I forwarn thee now,
That falsehood none beguile thee of the truth."
I answer'd: "Teacher, I conclude thy words
So certain, that all else shall be to me 100
As embers lacking life. But now of these,
Who here proceed, instruct me if thou see
Any that merit more especial note.
For thereon is my mind alone intent."
"He straight replied: "That spirit, from whose cheek
The beard sweeps o'er his shoulders brown, what time
Græcia was emptied of her males, that scarce
The cradles were supplied, the seer was he
In Aulis, who with Calchas gave the sign
When first to cut the cable. Him they nam'd 110
Eurypilus: so sings my tragic strain,†
In which majestic measure well thou know'st,
Who know'st it all. That other, round the loins
So slender of his shape, was Michael Scot,‡

might ingratiate himself with the people, by banishing to their own castles the nobles, who were obnoxious to them. No sooner was this done, than Pinamonte put himself at the head of the populace, drove out Casalodi and his adherents, and obtained the sovereignty for himself.

* *Another origin.*] Lombardi refers to Servius on the tenth Book of the Æneid. Alii a Tarchone Tyrrheni fratre conditam dicunt Mantuam autem ideo nominatam quia Etrusca lingua Mantum ditem patrem appellant.

† *So sings my tragic strain.*]

Suspensi Eurypilum scitatum oracula Phœbi
Mittimus *Virg. Æneid.* ii. 14.

‡ *Michael Scot.*] "Egli non ha ancora guari, che in questa citta fu un gran maestro in negromanzia, il quale ebbe nome Michele Scotto, perciò che di Scozia era." *Boccaccio, Dec.* Giorn. viii. nov. 9.

Practis'd in ev'ry slight of magic wile.
"Guido Bonatti* see: Asdente† mark,
Who now were willing he had tended still
The thread and cordwain, and too late repents.
"See next the wretches, who the needle left,
The shuttle and the spindle, and became 120
Diviners: baneful witcheries they wrought
With images and herbs. But onward now:
For now doth Cain with fork of thorns‡ confine
On either hemisphere, touching the wave
Beneath the towers of Seville. Yesternight
The moon was round. Thou mayst remember well:
For she good service did thee in the gloom
Of the deep wood." This said, both onward mov'd.

"It is not long since there was in this city (Florence) a great master in necromancy, who was called Michele Scotto, because he was from Scotland." See also Giov. Villani. Hist. lib. x. cap. cv. and cxli. and lib. xii. cap. xviii.

* *Guido Bonatti.*] An astrologer of Forli, on whose skill Guido da Montefeltro, lord of that place, so much relied, that he is reported never to have gone into a battle, except in the hour recommended to him as fortunate by Bonatti.

Landino and Vellutello speak of a book which he composed on the subject of his art.

† *Asdente.*] A shoemaker at Parma, who deserted his business to practise the arts of divination. How much this man had attracted the public notice appears from a passage in our author's Convito, p. 179, where it is said, in speaking of the derivation of the word "noble," that "if those who were best known were accounted the most noble, Asdente, the shoemaker of Parma, would be more noble than any one in that city."

‡ *Cain with fork of thorns.*] By Cain and the thorns, or what is still vulgarly called the Man in the Moon, the Poet denotes that luminary. The same superstition is alluded to in the Paradise Canto ii. 52. The curious reader may consult Brand on Popular Antiquities, 4to. 1813. vol. ii. p. 476, and Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, 8vo. 1807. v. i. p. 16.

## CANTO XXI.

### ARGUMENT.

**fill in the eighth circle, which bears the name of Malebolge, they look down from the bridge that passes over its fifth gulf, upon the barterers or public peculators. These are plunged in a lake of boiling pitch, and guarded by Demons, to whom Virgil, leaving Dante apart, presents himself; and licence being obtained to pass onward, both pursue their way.**

'ous we from bridge to bridge, with other talk,
'he which my drama cares not to rehearse,
ass'd on; and to the summit reaching, stood
'o view another gap, within the round
f Malebolge, other bootless pangs,
Marvellous darkness shadow'd o'er the place.
In the Venetians' arsenal as boils
hrough wintry months tenacious pitch, to smear
'heir unsound vessels; for th' inclement time
ea-faring men restrains, and in that while 10
is bark one builds anew, another stops
he ribs of his that hath made many a voyage,
ne hammers at the prow, one at the poop,
his shapeth oars, that other cables twirls,
he mizen one repairs and main-sail rent;
o, not by force of fire but art divine,
oil'd here a glutinous thick mass, that round

Lim'd all the shore beneath. I that beheld,
But therein nought distinguish'd, save the bubbles
Rais'd by the boiling, and one mighty swell
Heave, and by turns subsiding fall. While there
I fix'd my ken below, "Mark! mark!" my guide
Exclaiming, drew me towards him from the place
Wherein I stood. I turn'd myself, as one
Impatient to behold that which beheld
He needs must shun, whom sudden fear unmans,
That he his flight delays not for the view,
Behind me I discern'd a devil black,
That running up advanc'd along the rock.
Ah! what fierce cruelty his look bespake.
In act how bitter did he seem, with wings
Buoyant outstretch'd and feet of nimblest tread.
His shoulder proudly eminent, and sharp,
Was with a sinner charg'd; by either haunch
He held him, the foot's sinew griping fast.
"Ye of our bridge!" he cried, "keen-talon'd fiends!
Lo! one of Santa Zita's elders.* Him
Whelm ye beneath, while I return for more.
That land hath store of such. All men are there,
Except Bonturo, barterers:† of 'no'
For lucre there an 'aye' is quickly made."
Him dashing down, o'er the rough rock he turn'd:
Nor ever after thief a mastiff loos'd
Sped with like eager haste. That other sank,
And forthwith writhing to the surface rose.

* *One of Santa Zita's elders.*] The elders or chief magistrates of Lucca, where Santa Zita was held in especial veneration. The name of this sinner is supposed to have been Martino Botsio.

† *Except Bonturo, barterers.*] This is said ironically of Bonturo de' Dati. By *barterers* are meant peculators, of every description, all who traffic the interests of the public for their own private advantage.

dark demons, shrouded by the bridge,
Iere the hallow'd visage* saves not . here
vimming than in Serchio's wave.†
e if thou desire we rend thee not,
d thou mount not o'er the pitch." This
50
pled him with more than hundred hooks,
ted : "Cover'd thou must sport thee here;
u canst, in secret may'st thou filch."
the cook bestirs him, with his grooms,
the flesh into the caldron down
-hooks, that it float not on the top.
n my guide bespake : "Lest they descry
art here, behind a craggy rock
and screen thee : and whate'er of force
l me, or insult, fear thou not ; 60
well advis'd, who have been erst
e fray." Beyond the bridge's head
h he pass'd ; and reaching the sixth pier,
him then a forehead terror-proof.
torm and fury, as when dogs rush forth
poor man's back, who suddenly
ence he standeth makes his suit ; so rush'd
m beneath the arch, and against him
apons all they pointed. He, aloud :
e of you outrageous : ere your time 70
e me, come forth from amongst you one,
ing heard my words, decide he then
ll tear these limbs." They shouted loud,

*llow'd visage.*] A representation of the head of our
shipped at Lucca.
*swimming than in Serchio's wave.*]
Qui si nuota altrimenti che nel Serchio.
e river that flows by Lucca. So Pulci, Morg. Magg.

Qui si nuota nel sangue e non nel Serchio.

"Go, Malacoda!" Whereat one advanc'd,
The others standing firm, and as he came,
"What may this turn avail him?" he exclaim'd.
"Believ'st thou, Malacoda! I had come
Thus far from all your skirmishing secure,"
My teacher answer'd, "without will divine
And destiny propitious? Pass we then; 89
For so Heaven's pleasure is, that I should lead
Another through this savage wilderness."
Forthwith so fell his pride, that he let drop
The instrument of torture at his feet,
And to the rest exclaim'd: "We have no power
To strike him." Then to me my guide: "O thou!
Who on the bridge among the crags doth sit
Low crouching, safely now to me return."
I rose, and towards him mov'd with speed the fiends
Meantime all forward drew: me terror seiz'd, 90
Lest they should break the compact they had made.
Thus issuing from Caprona,* once I saw
Th' infantry, dreading lest his covenant
The foe should break; so close he hemm'd them round.
I to my leader's side adher'd, mine eyes
With fixt and motionless observance bent
On their unkindly visage. They their hooks
Protruding, one the other thus bespake:
"Wilt thou I touch him on the hip?" To whom
Was answer'd: "Even so; nor miss thy aim." 100
But he, who was in conf'rence with my guide,
Turn'd rapid round; and thus the demon spake:

* *From Caprona.*] The surrender of the castle of Caprona to the combined forces of Florence and Lucca, on condition that the garrison should march out in safety, to which event Dante was a witness, took place in 1290. See G. Villani, Hist. lib. vii. c. 136.

"Stay, stay thee, Scarmiglione!" Then to us
He added: "Further footing to your step
This rock affords not, shiver'd to the base
Of the sixth arch. But would you still proceed,
Up by this cavern go: not distant far,
Another rock will yield you passage safe.
Yesterday,* later by five hours than now,
Twelve hundred threescore years and six had fill'd 110
The circuit of their course, since here the way
Was broken. Thitherward I straight dispatch
Certain of these my scouts, who shall espy
If any on the surface bask. With them
Go ye: for ye shall find them nothing fell.
Come Alichino forth," with that he cried,
"And Calcabrina, and Cagnazzo thou!
The troop of ten let Barbariccia lead.
With Libicocco, Draghinazzo haste,
Fang'd Ciriatto, Graffiacane fierce, 120
And Farfarello, and mad Rubicant.
Search ye around the bubbling tar. For these,
In safety lead them, where the other crag
Uninterrupted traverses the dens."
I then: "O master!† what a sight is there.
Ah! without escort journey we alone,

* *Yesterday.*] This passage fixes the era of Dante's descent as Good Friday, in the year 1300, (34 years from our blessed Lord' incarnation being added to 1266) and at the thirty-fifth year of our Poet's age. See Canto i. v. 1.

The awful event alluded to, the Evangelists informs us, happened "at the ninth hour," that is, our sixth, when "the rocks were rent," and the convulsion, according to Dante, was felt even in the depths of Hell. See Canto xii. v. 38.

† *O master!*] Lombardi tells us that every edition, except his favourite Nidobeatina, has "O me" printed separately, instead of "Dme." This is not the case at least with Landino's of 1484. But there is no end of these inaccuracies.

Which, if thou know the way, I covet not.
Unless thy prudence fail thee, dost not mark
How they do gnarl upon us, and their scowl
Threatens us present tortures? He replied: 130
"I charge thee fear not: let them as they will,
Gnarl on: 't is but in token of their spite
Against the souls, who mourn in torment steep'd."
To leftward o'er the pier they turn'd; but each
Had first between his teeth prest close the tongue,
Toward their leader for a signal looking,
Which he with sound obscene triumphant gave.

## CANTO XXII.

ARGUMENT.

Dante proceed, accompanied by the Demons, and see ers of the same discription in the same gulf. The de- ampolo, one of these, to escape from the Demons, who old on him.

een heretofore my chance to see
n with martial order shifting camp,
sallying, or in muster rang'd,
eat sometimes outstretch'd for flight:
ned squadrons and fleet foragers
thy plains, Arezzo! have I seen,
ing tournaments, and tilting jousts,
the sound of trumpets, now of bells,
or signals made from castled heights,
inventions multiform, our own, 10
ne'd from foreign land; but ne'er
strange recorder I beheld,
on moving, horse nor foot,

" Tabour, a drum, a common accompaniment o war, l as one of the instruments of martial music in this chard Cœur de Lion) with characteristical propriety. rted into the European armies from the Saracens in . Joinville describes a superb bark or galley belonging chief, which he says was filled with cymbals, tabours, horns Hist. de S. Loys, p. 30." *Warton's Hist. of ry*, v. i. § 4. p. 167.

Nor ship, that tack'd by sign from land or star.
With the ten demons on our way we went;
Ah, fearful company! but in the church
With saints, with gluttons at the tavern's mess.
Stil earnest on the pitch I gaz'd, to mark
All things whate'er the chasm contain'd, and those
Who burn'd within. As dolphins that, in sign 20
To mariners, heave high their arched backs,
That thence forewarn'd they may advise to save
Their threaten'd vessel; so, at intervals,
To ease the pain, his back some sinner show'd,
Then hid more nimbly than the lightening-glance.
E'en as the frogs, that of a wat'ry moat
Stand at the brink, with the jaws only out,
Their feet and of the trunk all else conceal'd
Thus on each part the sinners stood; but soon
As Barbariccia was at hand, so they 30
Drew back under the wave. I saw, and yet
My heart doth stagger, one, that waited thus,
As it befals that oft one frog remains,
While the next springs away: and Graffiacan,
Who of the fiends was nearest, grappling seiz'd
His clotted locks, and dragg'd him sprawling up,
That he appear'd to me an otter. Each
Already by their names I knew, so well
When they were chosen I observ'd, and mark'd
How one the other call'd "O Rubicant! 40
See that his hide thou with thy talons flay,"
Shouted together all the cursed crew.
Then I: "Inform thee, Master! if thou may,
What wretched soul is this, on whom their hands
His foes have laid." My leader to his side
Approach'd, and whence he came inquir'd, to whom
Was answer'd thus: "Born in Navarre's domain*,

* *Born in Navarre's domain.*] The name of this peculator is s
to have been Ciampolo

My mother plac'd me in a lord's retinue;
For she had borne me to a losel vile,
A spendthrift of his substance and himself. 50
The good king of Thibault* after that I serv'd:
To peculating here my thoughts were turn'd,
Whereof I give account in this dire heat."
Straight Ciriatto, from whose mouth a tusk
Issued on either side, as from a boar,
Ript him with one of these. 'Twixt evil claws
The mouse had fall'n: but Barbariccia cried,
Seizing him with both arms: "Stand thou apart,
While I do fix him on my prong transpiere'd."
Then added, turning to my guide his face, 60
"Inquire of him if more thou wish to learn,
Ere he again be rent." My leader thus:
"Then tell us of the partners in thy guilt;
Knowest thou any sprung of Latian land

* *The good king Thibault.*] "Thibault I. King of Navarre, died on the 8th of June, 1233, as much to be commended for the desire he showed of aiding the war in the Holy Land, as reprehensible and faulty for his design of oppressing the rights and privileges of the church, on which account it is said that the whole kingdom was under an interdict for the space of three entire years.—Thibault undoubtedly merits praise, as for his other endowments, so especially for his cultivation of the liberal arts, his exercise and knowledge of music and poetry, in which he so much excelled, that he was accustomed to compose verses and sing them to the viol, and to exhibit his poetical compositions publicly in his palace, that they might be criticised by all." *Mariana, History of Spain*, b. xiii. c. 9.

An account of Thibault, and two of his songs, with what were probably the original melodies, may be seen in Dr. Burney's History of Music, v. ii. c. iv. His poems, which are in the French language, were edited by M. l'Eveque de la Ravalliere. Paris. 1742. 2. vol. 12mo. Dante twice quotes one of his verses in the Treatise de vulg. Eloq. lib. i. c. ix. and lib. ii. c. v. and refers to him again, lib. ii. c. vi.

Under the tar?"—"I parted," he replied,
"But now from one, who sojourn'd not far thence;
So were I under shelter now with him,
Nor hook nor talon then should scare me more."—
"Too long we suffer," Libicocco cried;
Then, darting forth a prong, seiz'd on his arm, 70
And mangled bore away the sinewy part.
Him Draghinazzo by his thighs beneath
Would next have caught; whence angrily their chief,
Turning on all sides round, with threat'ning brow
Restrain'd them. When their strife a little ceas'd,
Of him, who yet was gazing on his wound,
My teacher thus without delay inquir'd:
"Who was the spirit, from whom by evil hap
Parting, as thou hast told, thou cam'st to shore?"—
"It was the friar Gomita,"* he rejoin'd, 80
"He of Gallura, vessel of all guile,
Who had his master's enemies in hand,
And us'd them so that they commend him well.
Money he took, and them at large dismiss'd;
So he reports: and in each other charge
Committed to his keeping, play'd the part
Of barterer to the height. With him doth herd
The chief of Logodoro, Michel Zanche.†
Sardinia is a theme, whereof their tongue
Is never weary. Out! alas! behold 90

* *The friar Gomita.*] He was entrusted by Nino de' Visconti with the government of Gallura, one of the four jurisdictions into which Sardinia was divided. Having his master's enemies in his power, he took a bribe from them, and allowed them to escape. Mention of Nino will recur in the notes of Canto xxxiii. and in the Purgatory, Canto viii.

† *Michel Zanche.*] The president of Logodoro, another of the four Sardinian jurisdictions. See Canto xxxiii. Note to v. 136.

That other, how he grins. More would I say,
But tremble lest he mean to maul me sore."
  Their captain then to Farfarello turning,
Who roll'd his moony eyes in act to strike,
Rebuk'd him thus: "Off, cursed bird! avaunt!"—
  "If ye desire to see or hear," he thus
Quaking with dread resum'd, "or Tuscan spirits
Or Lombard, I will cause them to appear.
Meantime let these ill talons bate their fury,
So that no vengeance they may fear from them, 100
And I, remaining in this self-same place,
Will, for myself but one, make sev'n appear,
When my shrill whistle shall be heard: for so
Our custom is to call each other up."
Cagnazzo at that word deriding grinn'd,
Then wagg'd the head and spake: "Hear his device,
Mischievous as he is, to plunge him down."
  Whereto he thus, who fail'd not in rich store
Of nice-wove toils: "Mischief, forsooth, extreme!
Meant only to procure myself more woe." 110
  No longer Alichino then refrain'd,
But thus, the rest gainsaying, him bespake:
"If thou do cast thee down, I not off foot
Will chase thee, but above the pitch will beat
My plumes. Quit we the vantage ground, and let
The bank be as a shield; that we may see,
If singly thou prevail against us all"
  Now, reader, of new sport expect to hear.
  They each one turn'd his eyes to the' other shore,
He first, who was the heardest to persude. 120
The spirit of Navarre chose well his time,
Planted his feet on land, and at one leap
Escaping, disappointed their resolve.

Them quick resentment stung, but him the most,
Who was the cause of failure: in pursuit
He therefore sped, exclaiming," "Thou art caught."
But little it avail'd; terror outstripp'd
His following flight; the other plung'd beneath,
And he with upward pinion rais'd his breast:
E'en thus the water-fowl, when she perceives 130
The falcon near, dives instant down, while he
Enrag'd and spent retires. That mockery
In Calcabrina fury stirr'd, who flew
After him, with desire of strife inflam'd;
And, for the barterer had 'scap'd, so turn'd
His talons on his comrade. O'er the dyke
In grapple close they join'd; but the' other prov'd
A goshawk able to rend well his foe;
And in the boiling lake both fell. The heat
Was umpire soon between them; but in vain 140
To lift themselves they strove, so fast were glued
Their persons. Barbariccia, as the rest,
That chance lamenting, four in flight dispatch'd
From the' other coast, with all their weapons arm'd.
They, to their post on each side speedily
Descending, stretch'd their hooks towards the fiends,
Who flounder'd, inly burning from their scars:
And we departing left them to that broil.

## CANTO XXIII.

### ARGUMENT.

The enraged Demons pursue Dante, but he is preserved from them by Virgil. On reaching the sixth gulf, he beholds the punishment of the hypocrites; which is to pace continually round the gulf under the pressure of caps and hoods, that are guilt on the outside but leaden within. He is addressed by two of these, Catalano and Loderingo, knights of Saint Mary, otherwise called Joyous Friars of Bologna. Caiaphas is seen fixed to a cross on the ground, and lies so stretched along the way, that all tread on him in passing.

In silence and in solitude we went,
One first, the other following his steps,
As minor friars journeying on their road.
The present fray had turn'd my thoughts to muse
Upon old Æsop's fable,* where he told
What fate unto the mouse and frog befel.
For language hath not sounds more like in sense,
Than are these chances, if the origin
And end of each be heedfully compar'd.
And as one thought bursts from another forth, 10
So afterward from that another sprang,

* *Æsop's fable.*] The fable of the frog, who offerred to carry the mouse across a ditch, with the intention of drowing him, when both were carried off by a kite. It is not among those Greek fables which go under the name of Æsop.

Which added doubly to my former fear.
For thus I reason'd: "These through us have been
So foil'd, with loss and mock'ry so complete,
As needs must sting them sore. If anger then
Be to their evil will conjoin'd, more fell
They shall pursue us, than the savage hound
Snatches the leveret panting 'twixt his jaws."
Already I perceiv'd my hair stand all
On end with terror, and look'd eager back. 20
"Teacher," I thus began, "if speedily
Thyself and me thou hide not, much I dread
Those evil talons. Even now behind
They urge us: quick imagination works
So forcibly, that I already feel them."
He anrwer'd: "Were I form'd of leaded glass,
I should not sooner draw unto myself
Thy outward image, than I now imprint
That from within. This moment came thy thoughts
Presented before mine, with similar act 30
And count'nance similar, so that from both
I one design have fram'd. If the right coast
Incline so much, that we may thence descend
Into the other chasm, we shall escape
Secure from this imagined pursuit."
He had not spoke his purpose to the end,
When I from far beheld them with spread wings
Approach to take us. Suddenly my guide
Caught me, ev'n as a mother that from sleep
Is by the noise arous'd, and near her sees 40
The climbing fires, who snatches up her babe
And flies ne'er pausing, careful more of him
Than of herself, that but a single vest
Clings round her limbs. Down from the jutting beach
Supine he cast him, to that pendent rock,
Which closes on one part the other chasm.

Never ran water with such hurrying pace
Adown the tube to turn a land-mill's wheel,
When nearest it approaches to the spokes,
As then along that edge my master ran, 50
Carrying me in his bosom, as a child,
Not a companion. Scarcely had his feet
Reach'd to the lowest of the bed beneath,
When over us the steep they reach'd : but fear
In him was none ; for that high Providence,
Which plac'd them ministers of the fifth foss,
Power of departing thence took from them all.
There in the depth we saw a painted tribe,
Who pac'd with tardy steps around, and wept,
Faint in appearance and o'ercome with toil. 60
Caps had they on, with hoods, that fell low down
Before their eyes, in fashion like to those
Worn by the monks in Cologne.* Their outside
Was overlaid with gold, dazzling to view,
But leaden all within, and of such weight,
That Frederick's† compar'd to thase were straw.
Oh, everlasting wearisome attire !
We yet once more with them together turn'd
To leftward, on their dismal moan intent.
But by the weight oppress'd, so slowly came 70
The fainting people, that our company
Was chang'd at every movement of the step.
Whence I my guide address'd : See that thou find
Some spirit, whose name may by his deeds be known ;
And to that end look round thee as thou go'st."
Then one, who understood the Tuscan voice,
Cried after us aloud : " Hold in your feet,

* *Monks in Cologne.*] They wore their cowls unusually large.

† *Frederick's.*] The Emperor Frederick II. is said to have punished those who were guilty of high treason, by wrapping them up in lead, and casting them into a furnace.

Ye who so swiftly speed through the dusk air.
Perchance from me thou shalt obtain thy wish."
Whereat my leader, turning, me bespake:
"Pause, and then onward at their pace proceed."
I staid, and saw two spirits in whose look
Impatient eagerness of mind was mark'd
To overtake me; but the load they bare
And narrow path retarded their approach.
Soon as arriv'd, they with an eye askance
Perus'd me, but spake not: then turning, each
To other thus conferring said: "This one
Seems, by the action of his throat, alive;
And, be they dead, what privilege allows
They walk unmantled by the cumbrous stole?"
Then thus to me: "Tuscan, who visitest
The college of the mourning hypocrites,
Disdain not to instruct us who thou art."
"By Arno's pleasant stream," I thus replied,
"In the great city I was bred and grew,
And wear the body I have ever worn.
But who are ye, from whom such mighty grief,
As now I witness, courseth down your cheeks?
What torment breaks forth in this bitter woe?"
"Our bonnets gleaming bright with orange hue,
One of them answer'd, "are so leaden grose,
That with their weight they make the balances
To crack beneath them. Joyous friars† we were.

* *Our bonnets gleaming bright with orange hue.*] It is observed by Venturi, that the word "rance" does not here signify "rancid, disgustful," as it is explained by the old commentators, but "orange coloured," in which sense it occurs in the Purgatory, Canto [illegible]. By the erroneous interpretation Milton appears to have been misled: "Ever since the day peepe, till now the sun was grown somewhat *ranke*." *Prose Works*, v. i. p. 160. ed. 1753.

† *Joyous friars.*] "Those who ruled the city of Florence on the part of the Ghibellines, perceiving this discontent and murmurs

logna's natives; Catalano I,
: Loderingo nam'd; and by thy land
gether taken, as men use to take
single and indifferent arbiter.
reconcile their strifes. How there we sped,
rdingo's vicinage* can best declare." 110
"O friars!" I began, "your miseries—"
it there brake off, for one had caught mine eye,
g'd to a cross with three stakes on the ground:
:, when he saw me, writh'd himself, throughout
storted, ruffling with deep sighs his beard,
id Catalano, who thereof was 'ware,

ich they were fearful might produce a rebellion against them-
ves, in order to satisfy the people, made choice of two knights,
ati Godendi (joyous friars) of Bologna, on whom they conferred
chief power in Florence, one named M. Catalano de' Malavolti,
other M. Loderingo di Liandolo; one an adherent of the Guelph
other of the Ghibelline party. It is to be remarked, that the
ous Friars were called Knights of St. Mary, and became knights
taking that habit; their robes were white, the mantle sable, and
arms a white field and red cross with two stars: their office was
defend widows and orphans; they were to act as mediators; they
l internal regulations like other religious bodies. The above
ationed M. Loderingo was the founder of that order. But it was
t long before they too well deserved the appellation given them,
l were found to be more bent on enjoying themselves than on any
er object. These two friars were called in by the Florentines,
d had a residence assigned them in the palace belonging to the
ople, over against the Abbey. Such was the dependence placed
the character of their order, that it was expected they would be
partial, and would save the commonwealth any unnecessary ex-
nse; instead of which, though inclined to opposite parties, they
rectly and hypocritically concurred in promoting their own ad-
ntage rather than the public good." *G. Villani*, b. vii. c. 13. This
ppened in 1266.

* *Gardingo's vicinage.*] The name of that part of the city which
s inhabited by the powerful Ghibelline family of the Uberti, and
stroyed under the partial and inquitous administration of Cata
no and Loderingo.

Thus spake: "That pierced spirit,* whom intent
Thou view'st, was he who gave the Pharisees
Counsel, that it were fitting for one man
To suffer for the people. He doth lie 120
Transverse; nor any passes, but him first
Behoves make feeling trial how each weighs.
In straights like this along the foss are plac'd
The father of his consort,† and the rest
Partakers in that council, seed of ill
And sorrow to the Jews." I noted then,
How Virgil gaz'd with wonder upon him,
Thus abjectly extended on the cross
In banishment eternal. To the friar
He next his words address'd: "We pray ye tell, 130
If so be lawful, whether on our right
Lies any opening in the rock, whereby
We both may issue hence, without constraint
On the dark angels, that compell'd they come
To lead us from this depth." He thus replied:
"Nearer than thou dost hope, there is a rock
From the next circle moving, which o'ersteps
Each vale of horror, save that here his cope
Is shatter'd. By the ruin ye may mount:
For on the side it slants, and most the height 140
Rises below." With head bent down awhile
My leader stood, then spake: "He warn'd us ill,‡
Who yonder hangs the sinners on his hook."
To whom the friar: "At Bologna erst
I many vices of the devil heard;

* *That pierced spirit.*] Caiaphas.

† *The father of his consort.*] Annas, father-in-law to Caiaphas.

‡ *He warn'd us ill.*] He refers to the falsehood told him by the demon. Canto xxi. 108.

Among the rest was said, 'He is a liar,*
'And the father of lies!'" When he had spoke,
My leader with large strides proceeded on,
Somewhat disturb'd with anger in his look.
I therefore left the spirits heavy laden, 150
And following, his beloved footsteps mark'd.

* *He is a liar.*] "He is a liar and the father of it." *John*, c. viii. 44. Dante had perhaps heard this text from one of the pulpits in Bologna.

## CANTO XXIV.

### ARGUMENT.

he escort of his faithful master, Dante not without difficul-
kes his way out of the sixth gulf; and in the seventh, sees
bbers tormented by venomous and pestilent serpents. The
f Vanni Fucci, who had pillaged the sacristy of St. James
toia, predicts some calamities that impended over that city,
ver the Florentines.

r's early nonage,* when the sun
ers his tresses in Aquarius' urn,
ow towards equal day the nights recede
as the rime upon the earth puts on
azzling sister's image, but not long
ilder sway endures; then riseth up
illage hind, whom fails his wintry store,†
ooking out beholds the plain around

*the year's early nonage.*] "At the latter part of January, he sun enters into Aquarius, and the equinox is drawing hen the hoar-frosts in the morning often wear the appear- snow, but are melted by the rising sun.

*om fails his wintry store.*]

A cui la roba manca.

he Purgatorio, c. xiii. 61.

Così gli ciechi a cui la roba manca.

All whiten'd; whence impatiently he smites
His thighs, and to his hut returning in, 1
There paces to and fro, wailing his lot,
As a discomfited and helpless man;
Then comes he forth again, and feels new hope
Spring in his bosom, finding e'en thus soon
The world hath chang'd its count'nance, grasps his
crook,
And forth to pasture drives his little flock:
So me my guide dishearten'd, when I saw
His troubled forehead; and so speedily
That ill was cur'd; for at the fallen bridge
Arriving, towards me with a look as sweet, 20
He turn'd him back, as that I first beheld
At the steep mountain's foot. Regarding well
The ruin, and some counsel first maintain'd
With his own thought, he open'd wide his arm
And took me up. As one, who, while he works,
Computes his labour's issue, that he seems
Still to foresee the' effect; so lifting me
Up to the summit of one peak, he fix'd
His eye upon another. "Grapple that,"
Said he, "but first make proof, if it be such 30
As will sustain thee. For one capp'd with lead
This were no journey. Scarcely he, thought light,
And I, though onward push'd from crag to crag,
Could mount. And if the precinct of this coast
Were not less ample than the last, for him
I know not, but my strength had surely fail'd.
But Malebolge all toward the mouth
Inclining of the nethermost abyss,
The site of every valley hence requires,
That one side upward slope, the other fall. 40
At length the point of our descent we reach'd
From the last flag: soon as to that arriv'd,

e breath exhausted from my lungs,
further, but did seat me there.
needs thy best of man;" so spake my
de:
on downy plumes, nor under shade
r reposing, fame is won;
which whosoe'er consumes his days,
ach vestige of himself on earth,
in air or foam upon the wave. 50
efore rise; vanquish thy weariness
nd's effort, in each struggle form'd
sh, if she suffer not the weight
rporeal frame to crush her down.
adder yet remains to scale.
e to have escap'd sufficeth not.
u note me, profit by my words."
itway rose, and show'd myself less spent
truth did feel me. "On," I cried,
stout and fearless." Up the rock 60
ve held, more rugged than before,
and steeper far to climb. From talk
ot, as we journey'd, so to seem
:; whereat a voice from the other foss
forth, for utt'rance suited ill.
n the arch that crosses there I stood,
e the words I knew not, but who spake
ov'd in anger. Down I stoop'd to look;
ick eye might reach not to the depth
ling darkness; wherefore thus I spake: 70
next circle, Teacher, bend thy steps,
the wall dismount we; for as hence
understand not, so I see
nd nought discern."—"I answer not,"
but by the deed. To fair request
formance maketh best return."

We from the bridge's head descended, where
To the eighth mound it joins; and then, the chasm
Opening to view, I saw a crowd within
Of serpents terrible, so strange of shape
And hideous, that remembrance in my veins
Yet shrinks the vital current. Of her sands
Let Lybia vaunt no more: if Jaculus,
Pareas and Chelyder be her brood,
Cenchris and Amphisbœna, plagues so dire
Or in such numbers swarming ne'er she shew'd,
Not with all Ethiopia, and whate'er
Above the Erythræan sea is spawn'd.
Amid this dread exuberance of woe
Ran naked spirits wing'd with horrid fear,
Nor hope had they of crevice where to hide,
Or heliotrope* to charm them out of view.
With serpents were their hands behind them bou
Which through their reins infix'd the tail and hea
Twisted in foals before. And lo! on one
Near to our side, darted an adder up,
And, where the neck is on the shoulders tied,
Transpiere'd him. Far more quickly than e'er p
Wrote O or I, he kindled, burn'd, and chang'd
To ashes all, pour'd out upon the earth. 1
When there dissolv'd he lay, the dust again
Uproll'd spontaneous, and the self same form
Instant resum'd. So mighty sages tell,
The' Arabian Phœnix,† when five hundred years

* *Heliotrope.*] "A stone," says Boccaccio, in his humorous ta Calandrino, "which we lapidaries call heliotrope, of such extra nary virtue, that the bearer of it is effectually concealed from sight of all present." *Decam.* G. viii. N. 3.

† *The' Arabian Phœnix.*] This is translated from Ovid, Metam. xv.

Have well nigh circled, dies, and springs forthwith
Renascent: blade nor herb throughout his life
He tastes, but tears of frankincense alone
And odorous amomum: swaths of nard
And myrrh his funeral shroud. As one that falls,
He knows not how, by force demoniac dragg'd 110
To earth, or through obstruction fettering up
In chains invisible the powers of man,
Who, risen from his trance, gazeth around,
Bewilder'd with the monstrous agony
He hath endur'd, and wildly staring sighs;
So stood aghast the sinner when he rose.
Oh, how severe God's judgment, that deals out
Such blows in stormy vengeance. Who he was
My teacher next inquir'd, and thus in few
He answer'd: "Vanni Fucci* am I call'd, 120
Not long since rained down from Tuscany
To this dire gullet. Me the bestial life
And not the human pleas'd, mule that I was,
Who in Pistoia found my worthy den."
I then to Virgil: "Bid him stir not hence,
And ask what crime did thrust him hither: once
A man I knew him, choleric and bloody."
The sinner heard and feign'd not, but towards me
His mind directing and his face, wherein
Was dismal shame depictur'd, thus he spake: 130
"It grieves me more to have been caught by thee
In this sad plight, which thou beholdest, than
When I was taken from the other life.

* *Vanni Fucci.*] He is said to have been an illegitimate offspring of the family of Lazari in Pistoia, and having robbed the sacristy of the church of St. James in that city, to have charged Vanni della Nona with the sacrilege, in consequence of which accusation the latter suffered death.

I have no power permitted to deny
What thou inquirest. I am doom'd thus low
To dwell, for that the sacristy by me
Was rifled of its goodly ornaments,
And with the guilt another falsely charg'd.
But that thou may'st not joy to see me thus,
So as thou e'er shalt 'scape this darksome realm 140
Open thine ears and hear what I forebode.
Reft of the Neri first Pistoia* pines;
Then Florence† changeth citizens and laws;
From Valdimagra,‡ drawn by wrathful Mars,
A vapour rises, wrapt in turbid mists,
And sharp and eager driveth on the storm
With arrowy hurtling o'er Viceno's field,
Whence suddenly the cloud shall burst, and strike
Each helpless Bianco prostrate to the ground.
This have I told, that grief may rend thy heart." 150

* *Pistoia.*] "In May 1301, the Bianchi party of Pistoia, with the assistance and favour of the Bianchi who ruled Florence, drove out the party of the Neri from the former place, destroying their houses, palaces, and farms." *Giov. Villani, Hist.* lib. viii. c. xliv.

† *Then Florence.*] "Soon after the Bianchi will be expelled from Florence, the Neri will prevail, and the laws and people will be changed."

‡ *From Valdimagra.*] The commentators explain this prophetical threat to allude to the victory obtained by the Marquis Morello Malaspina of Valdimagra (a tract of country now called the Lunigiana,) who put himself at the head of the Neri, and defeated their opponents, the Bianchi, in the Campo Picceno near Pistoia, soon after the occurrence related in the preceding note on v. 142. Of this engagement I find no mention of Villani. Currado Malaspina is introduced in the eighth Canto of the Purgatory; where it appears that although on the present occasion they espoused contrary sides, some important favours were nevertheless conferred by that family on our poet, at a subsequent period of his exile, in 1307.

## CANTO XXV.

### ARGUMENT.

The sacrilegious Fucci vents his fury in blasphemy, is seized by serpents, and flying, is pursued by Cacus in the form of a Centaur, who is described with a swarm of serpents on his haunch, and a dragon on his shoulders breathing forth fire. Our Poet then meets with the spirits of three of his countrymen, two of whom undergo a marvellous transformation in his presence.

When he had spoke the sinner rais'd his hands*
Pointed in mock'ry, and cried: "Take them, God!
I level them at thee." From that day forth
The serpents were my friends; for round his neck
One of them rolling twisted, as it said,
"Be silent, tongue!" Another, to his arms
Upgliding, tied them, riveting itself
So close, it took from them the power to move.
Pistoia! ah, Pistoia! why dost doubt
To turn thee into ashes, cumb'ring earth 10

* *His hands.*]
"The practice of thrusting out the thumb between the first and second fingers, to express the feelings of insult and contempt, has prevailed very generally among the nations of Europe, and for many ages had been denominated 'making the fig,' or described at least by some equivalent expression." *Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. i. p. 492 ed. 1807. The passage in the original text has not escaped this diligent commentator.

No longer, since an evil act so far
Thou hast outdone thy seed?* I did not mark,
Through all the gloomy circles of th' abyss,
Spirit, that swell'd so proudly 'gainst his God;
Not him,† who headlong fell from Thebes. He fled,
Nor utter'd more; and after him there came
A centaur full of fury, shouting, "Where,
Where is the caitiff?" On Maremma's marsh‡
Swarm not the serpent tribe, as on his haunch
They swarm'd, to where the human face begins. 20
Behind his head, upon the shoulders, lay
With open wings a dragon, breathing fire
On whomsoe'er he met. To me my guide:
"Cacus§ is this, who underneath the rock
Of Aventine spread oft a lake of blood.
He, from his brethren parted, here must tread
A different journey, for his fraudful theft
Of the great herd that near him stall'd; whence found
His felon deeds their end, beneath the mace
Of stout Alcides, that perchance laid on 30
A hundred blows,‖ and not the tenth was felt."
While yet he spake, the centaur sped away:
And under us three spirits came, of whom
Nor I nor he was ware, till they exclaim'd
"Say who are ye?" We then brake off discourse,
Intent on these alone. I knew them not:
But, as it chanceth oft, befel, that one

* *Thy seed.*] Thy ancestry.

† *Not him.*] Capaneus. Canto xiv.

‡ *On Maremma's Marsh.*] An extensive tract near the sea-shore Tuscany.

§ *Cacus.*] Virgil Æn. lib. viii. 193.

‖ *A hundred blows.*] Less than ten blows, out of the hundred Hercules gave him, had deprived him of feeling.

:ed to name another. "Where," said he,
ı Cianfa* lurk?" I, for a sign my guide
. stand attentive, plac'd against my lips 40
ıger lifted. If, O reader! now
ıe not apt to credit what I tell,
rvel; for myself do scarce allow
itness of mine eyes. But as I look'd
d them, lo! a serpent with six feet
s forth on one, and fastens full upon him:
dmost grasp'd the belly, a forefoot
on each arm (while deep in either cheek
ıh'd his fangs;) the hinder on the thighs
spread, 'twixt which the tail inserted curl'd 50
he reins behind. Ivy ne'er clasp'd
ler'd oak, as round the other's limbs
deous monster intertwin'd his own.
as they both had been of burning wax,
ıelted into other, mingling hues,
hich was either now was seen no more.
p the shrinking paper,† ere it burns,
wn tint glides, not turning yet to black,
ıe clean white expires. The other two
l on, exclaiming, "Ah! how dost thou
ange, 60

*fa.*] He is said to have been of the family of Donati at
.
*s up the shrinking paper.*] Many of the commentators sup-
t by "papiro" is here meant the wick of a lamp or can-
Lombardi adduces an extract from Pier Crescenzio, (Agri-
vi. cap. ix. to show that this use was then made of the
But Tiraboschi has proved that paper made of linen came
towards the latter half of the fourteenth century, and that
ntor of it was Pier da Fabiano, who carried on his manu-
n the city of Trevigi; whereas paper of cotton, with,
, some linen mixed, was used during the twelfth century,
*la. Lett. Ital.* tom. v. lib. i. cap. iv. sect. 4.

Agnello.* See, Thou art nor double now,
Nor only one." The two heads now became
One, and two figures blended in one form
Appear'd, where both were lost. Of the four leng
Two arms were made: the belly and the chest,
The thighs and legs, into such members chang'd
As never eye hath seen. Of former shape
All trace was vanish'd. Two, yet neither, seem'd
That image miscreate, and so pass'd on
With tardy steps. As underneath the scourge
Of the fierce dog star that lays bare the fields,
Shifting from brake to brake the lizard seems
A flash, of lightning, if he thwart the road;
So toward the' entrails of the other two
Approaching seem'd an adder all on fire,
As the dark pepper-grain livid and swart.
In that part,† whence our life is nourish'd first,
One he transpierc'd; then down before him fell
Stretch'd out. The pierced spirit look'd on him
But spake not; yea, stood motionless and yawn'd,
As if by sleep or fev'rous fit assail'd.
He ey'd the serpent, and the serpent him.
One from the wound, the other from the mouth
Breath'd a thick smoke, whose vap'ry colur
join'd.
Lucan‡ in mute attention now may hear,
Nor thy disastrous fate, Sabellus, tell,
Nor thine, Nasidius. Ovid§ now be mute.
What if in warbling fiction he record
Cadmus and Arethusa, to a snake

* *Agnello.*] Agnello Brunelleschi.
† *In that part.*] The navel.
‡ *Lucan.*] Phars. lib. ix. 766 and 793.
§ *Ovid.*] Metam. lib. iv. and v.

Him chang'd, and her into a fountain clear, 90
I envy not; for never face to face
Two natures thus transmuted did he sing,
Wherein both shapes were ready to assume
The other's substance. They in mutual guise
So answer'd, that the serpent split his train
Divided to a fork, and the pierc'd spirit
Drew close his steps together, legs and thighs
Compacted, that no sign of juncture soon
Was visible: the tail, disparted, took
The figure which the spirit lost; its skin 100
Soft'ning, his, indurated to a rind.
The shoulders next I mark'd, that ent'ring join'd
The monster's arm-pits, whose two shorter feet
So lengthen'd as the others dwindling shrunk.
The feet behind then twisting up became
That part that man conceals, which in the wretch
Was cleft in twain. While both the shadowy smoke
With a new colour veils, and generates
The' excrescent pile on one, peeling it off
From the' other body, lo! upon his feet 110
One upright rose, and prone the other fell.
Nor yet their glaring and malignant lamps
Were shifted, though each feature chang'd beneath.
Of him who stood erect, the mounting face
Retreated towards the temples, and what there
Superfluous matter came, shot out in ears
From the smooth cheeks; the rest, not backward dragg'd,
Of its excess did shape the nose; and swell'd
Into due size protuberant the lips.
He, on the earth who lay, meanwhile extends 120
His sharpen'd visage,* and draws down the ears

* *His sharpen'd visage.*] Compare Milton, P. L. b. x. 511. &c.

Into the head, as doth the slug his horns.
His tongue, continuous before and apt
For utt'rance, severs; and the other's fork
Closing unites. That done the smoke was laid.
The soul, transform'd into the brute, glides off,
Hissing along the vale, and after him
The other talking sputters; but soon turn'd
His new-grown shoulders on him, and in few
Thus to another spake: "Along this path 130
Crawling, as I have done, speed Buoso* now!"
So saw I fluctuate in successive change
The' unsteady ballast of the seventh hold:
And here if aught my pen have swerv'd, events
So strange may be its warrant. O'er mine eyes
Confusion hung, and on my thoughts amaze.
Yet scap'd they not so covertly, but well
I mark'd Sciancato:† he alone it was
Of the three first that came, who chang'd not: thou
The other's fate, Gaville!‡ still dost rue. 140

* *Buoso.*] He is also said to have been of the Donati family.

† *Sciancato.*] Puccio Sciancato, a noted robber, whose family, Venturi says, he has not been able to discover. The Latin annotator on the Monte Casino MS. informs us that he was one of the Galigai of Florence, the decline of which house is mentioned in the Paradise, Canto xvi. 96.

‡ *Gaville.*] Francesco Guercio Cavalcante was killed at Gaville, near Florence; and in revenge of his death several inhabitants of that district were put to death

## CANTO XXVI.

### ARGUMENT.

ıounting by the steps, down which they had descended to the venth gulf, they go forward to the arch that stretches over the gth, and from thence behold numberless flames wherein are ınished the evil counsellors, each flame containing a sinner. ve one, in which were Diomede and Ulysses, the latter of whom lates the manner of his death.

ɔrence! exult: for thou so mightily
ɜt thriven, that o'er land and sea thy wings
ou beatest, and thy name spreads over hell.
ıong the plund'rers, such the three I found
y citizens; whence shame to me thy son,
d no proud honour to thyself redounds.
But if our minds, when dreaming near the dawn,
: of the truth presageful, thou ere long
ılt feel what Prato* (not to say the rest)

*Shalt feel what Prato.*] The poet prognosticates the calamities ɔh were soon to befal his native city, and which he says even her ɜst neighbour Prato would wish her. The calamities more parlarly pointed at, are said to be the fall of a wooden bridge over Arno, in May, 1304, where a large multitude were assembled to ıess a representation of hell and the infernal torments; in conse, ɔee of which accident many lives were lost; and a conflagration, in the following month destroyed more than seventeen hundred ıes, many of them sumptuous buildings. See G. Villani, Hist. viii. c. lxx. and lxxi.

Would fain might come upon thee; and that chanc
Were in good time, if it befel thee now.
Would so it were, since it must needs befal!
For as time* wears me, I shall grieve the more.
We from the depth departed; and my guide
Remounting scal'd the flinty steps,† which late
We downward trac'd, and drew me up the steep.
Pursuing thus our solitary way
Among the crags and splinters of the rock,
Sped not our feet without the help of hands.
Then sorrow siez'd me, which e'en now revives,
As my thought turns again to what I saw,
And, more than I am wont,‡ I reign and curb
The powers of nature in me, lest they run
Where Virtue guides not; that if aught of good
My gentle star, or something better gave me,
I envy not myself the precious boon.
As in that season, when the sun least veils
His face that lightens all, what time the fly
Gives way to the shrill gnat, the peasant then,
Upon some cliff reclin'd, beneath him sees

* *As time.*] "I shall feel all calamities more sensibly as I
further advanced in life."

† *The flinty steps.*] Venturi, after Daniello and Volpi, expla
the word in the original, "borni," to mean the stones that proj
from a wall for other buildings to be joined to, which the vulg
call "toothings."

‡ *More than I am wont.*] "When I reflect on the punishm
allotted to those who do not give sincere and upright advice
others, I am more anxious than ever not to abuse to so bad a p
pose those talents, whatever they may be, which Nature, or rat
Providence, has conferred on me." It is probable that this dect
tion was the result of real feeling in the mind of Dante, wh
political character would have given great weight to any opinion
party he had espoused, and to whom indigence and exile mig
have offered strong temptations to deviate from that line of c
duct which a strict sense of duty prescribed.

Fire-flies innumerous spangling o'er the vale,
Vineyard or tilth, where his day-labour lies;
With flames so numberless throughout its space
Shone the eighth chasm, apparent, when the depth
Was to my view expos'd. As he, whose wrongs*
The bears aveng'd, at its departure saw
Elijah's chariot, when the steeds erect
Rais'd their steep flight for heav'n; his eyes, meanwhile,
Straining pursu'd them, till the flame alone,
Upsoaring like a misty speck, he kenn'd: 40
E'en thus along the gulf moves every flame;
A sinner so enfolded close in each,
That none exhibits token of he theft.
Upon the bridge I forward bent to look,
And grasp'd a flinty mass, or else had fall'n,
Though push'd not from the height. The guide, who mark'd
How I did gaze attentive, thus began:
"Within these ardours are the spirits, each
Swath'd in confining fire."—"Master! thy word,"
I answer'd, "hath assur'd me; yet I deem'd 50
Already of the truth, already wish'd
To ask thee who is in yon fire, that comes
So parted at the summit, as it seem'd
Ascending from that funeral pile† where lay
The Theban brothers." He replied: "Within,
Ulysses there and Diomede endure
Their penal tortures, thus to vengeance now
Together hasting, as erewhile to wrath.

* *As he, whose wrongs.*] Kings, b. ii. c. ii.

† *Ascending from that funeral pile.*] The flame is said to have divided on the funeral pile, which consumed the bodies of Eteocles and Polynices, as if conscious of the enmity that actuated them while living.

These in the flame with ceaseless groans deplore
The ambush of the horse,* that open'd wide 60
A portal for that goodly seed to pass,
Which sow'd imperial Rome; nor less the guile
Lament they, whence, of her Achilles 'reft
Deidamia yet in death complains.
And there is rued the stratagem, that Troy
Of her Palladium spoil'd."—"If they have power
Of utt'rance from within these sparks," said I,
"O Master! think my prayer a thousand fold
In repetition urg'd, that thou vouchsafe
To pause, till here the horned flame arrive. 70
See, how toward it with desire I bend."
He thus: "Thy prayer is worthy of much praise,
And I accept it therefore; but do thou
Thy tongue refrain: to question them be mine,
For I divine thy wish; and they perchance,
For they were Greeks,† might shun discourse with thee."

When there the flame had come, where time and place
Seem'd fitting to my guide, he thus began:
"O ye, who dwell two spirits in one fire!
If living I of you did merit aught, 80
Whate'er the measure were of that desert,
When in the world my lofty strain I pour'd,
Move ye not on, till one of you unfold
In what clime death o'ertook him self-destroy'd."

* *The ambush of the horse.*] "The ambush of the wooden horse, that caused Æneas to quit the city of Troy and seek his fortune in Italy, where his descendants founded the Roman empire."

† *For they were Greeks.*] By this it is, perhaps, implied that they were haughty and arrogant. So in our Poets twenty-fourth Sonnet of which a translation is inserted in the Life prefixed, he says—

Ed ella mi rispose, come un greco.

Of the old flame forthwith the greater horn
Began to roll, murmuring, as a fire
That labours with the wind, then to and fro
Wagging the top, as a tongue uttering sounds,
Threw out its voice, and spake: "When I escap'd
From Circe, who beyond a circling year 90
Had held me near Caieta* by her charms,
Ere thus Æneas yet had nam'd the shore;
Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence
Of my old father, nor return of love,
That should have crown'd Penelope with joy,
Could overcome in me the zeal I had
To' explore the world, and search the ways of life,
Man's evil and his virtue. Forth I sail'd
Into the deep illimitable main,
With but one bark, and the small faithful band 100
That yet cleav'd to me. As Iberia far,
Far as Marocco either shore I saw,
And the Sardinian and each isle beside
Which round that ocean bathes. Tardy with age
Were I and my companions, when we came
To the strait pass,† where Hercules ordain'd
The bound'ries not to be o'erstep'd by man.
The walls of Seville to my right I left,
On the' other hand already Ceuta past.
'O brothers!' I began, 'who to the west 110
'Through perils without number now have reach'd,
'To this the short remaining watch, that yet
'Our senses have to wake, refuse not proof
'Of the unpeopled world, following the track
'Of Phœbus. Call to mind from whence ye sprang:
'Ye were not form'd to live the life of brutes,

* *Caieta.*] Virgil, Æneid, lib. vii. 1.
† *The strait pass.*] The straits of Gibraltar.

'But virtue to pursue and knowledge high.'
With these few words I sharpened for the voyag
The mind of my associates, that I then
Could scarcely have withheld them. To the dawn
Our poop we turn'd, and for the witless flight
Made our oars wings, still gaining on the left.
Each star of the' other pole night now beheld,
And ours so low, that from the ocean-floor
It rose not. Five times re-illum'd, as oft
Vanish'd the light from underneath the moon,
Since the deep way we enter'd, when from far
Appear'd a mountain dim,* loftiest methought
Of all I e'er beheld. Joy seiz'd us straight,
But soon to mourning chang'd. From the n
land
A whirlwind sprung, and at her foremost side
Did strike the vessel. Thrice it whirl'd her ro
With all the waves, the fourth time lifted up
The poop, and sank the prow: so fate decreed:
And over us the booming billow clos'd."†

* *A mountain dim.*] The mountain of Purgatory.—Amongs various opinions of theologians respecting the situation of the restrial paradise, Pietro Lombardo relates that "it was separ by a long space, either of sea or land, from the regions inhab by men, and placed in the ocean, reaching as far as to the l circle, so that the waters of the deluge did not reach it." Sent ii. dist. 17. Thus Lombardi.

† *Clos'd.*] Venturi refers to Pliny and Solinus for the opi that Ulysses was the founder of Lisbon, from whence he th it was easy for the fancy of a poet to send him on yet further terprises. Perhaps the story (which it is not unlikely that author will be found to have borrowed from some legend of middle ages) may have taken its rise partly from the obscure ale returned by the ghost of Tiresias to Ulysses (see the eleve book of the Odyssey,) and partly from the fate which there reason to suppose had befallen some adventurous explorers of Atlantic ocean.

## CANTO XXVII.

### ARGUMENT.

**eating of the same punishment as in the last Canto. t he turned towards a flame in which was the Count Montefeltro, whose enquiries respecting the state of he answers; and Guido is thereby induced to declare and why condemned to that torment.**

'ard rose the flame, and still'd its light
no more, and now pass'd on with leave
mild poet gain'd; when following came
from whose top a sound confus'd,
ing, drew our eyes that way to look.
Sicilian bull,* that rightfully
irst echoed who had shap'd its mould,
bellow, with the voice of him
d, that the brazen monster seem'd
rough with pain; thus, while no way they
nd, 10
e immediate through the flame,
nguage turn'd the dismal words:
as they had won their passage forth,
he point, which vibrating obey'd

*lian bull*] The engine of torture invented by Perillus it Phalaris.

Their motion at the tongue, these sounds we heard
" O thou! to whom I now direct my voice,
That lately didst exclaim in Lombard phrase,
'Depart thou, I solicit thee no more;'
Though somewhat tardy I perchance arrive,
Let it not irk thee here to pause awhile,
And with me parley: lo! it irks not me,
And yet I burn. If but e'en now thou fall
Into this blind world, from that pleasant land
Of Latium whence I draw my sum of guilt,
Tell me if those, who in Romagna dwell,
Have peace or war. For of the mountains there*
Was I, betwixt Urbino and the height
Whence Tyber first unlocks his mighty flood."
Leaning I listen'd yet with heedful ear,
When, as he touch'd my side, the leader thus:
" Speak thou: he is a Latian." My reply
Was ready, and I spake without delay:
" O spirit! who art hidden here below,
Never was thy Romagna without war
In her proud tyrant's bosoms, nor is now:
But open war there left I none. The state,
Ravenna hath maintain'd this many a year,
Is steadfast. There Polenta's eaglet† broods,

* *Of the mountains there.*] Montefeltro.

† *Polenta's eagle.*] Guido Novello da Polenta, who bore an eag for his coat of arms. The name of Polenta was derived from a cast so called, in the neighbourhood of Brittonoro. Cervia is a sma maritime city, about fifteen miles to the south of Ravenna. Guid was the son of Ostasio da Polenta, and made himself master o Ravenna in 1265. In 1322 he was deprived of his sovereignty, an died at Bologna in the year following. This last and most munificen patron of Dante is himself enumerated, by the historian of Italia literature, among the poets of his time. Tiraboschi, Storia dell Lett. Ital. tom. v. lib. iii. c. ii. sect. 13. The passage in the tex might have removed the uncertainty which Tiraboschi expresse

his broad circumference of plume
dows Cervia. The green talons grasp 40
d,* that stood erewhile the proof so long,
'd in bloody heap the host of France.
e' old mastiff of Verruchio and the young,†
e Montagna‡ in their wrath, still make,
they are wont, an augre of their fangs.
none's city, and Santerno's§ range
the lion of the snowy lair,‖
ant partisan, that changeth sides,
r summer yields to winter's frost.
e, whose flank is wash'd of Savio's wave,¶ 50

g the duration of Guido's absence from Ravenna, when he n from that city in 1295, by the arms of Pietro, archbishop ile. It must evidently have been very short, since his nt is here represented (in 1300) as not having suffered rial disturbance for many years.

*nd.*] The territory of Forli, the inhabitants of which, in e enabled, by the stratagem of Guido da Montefeltro, who rned it, to defeat with great slaughter the French army by had been besieged. See G. Villani, lib. vii. c. 81. The me Guido, its former ruler, that it is now in the possession do Ordolaffi, or Ordelaffi whom he designates by his coat a lion vert.

*old mastiff of Verruchio and the young.*] Malatesta and no his son, lords of Rimini, called from their ferocity, the f Verruchio, which was the name of their castle. Malas, perhaps, the husband of Francesca, daughter of Guido la Polenta. See Notes to Canto v. 113.

*gna.*] Montagna de' Parcitati, a noble knight, and leader ibelline party at Rimini, murdered by Malatestino.

*ne's city and Santerno's.*] Lamone is the river at Faenza, erno at Imola.

*on of the snowy lair.*] Machinardo Pagano, whose arms n azure on a field argent; mentioned again in the Purgato xiv. 122. See G. Villani passim, where he is called do da Susinana.

*e flank is wash'd of Savio's wave.*] Cesena, situated at the mountain, and washed by the river Savio, that often ue th a swoln and rapid stream from the Apennine.

As 'twixt the level and the steep she lies,
Lives so 'twixt tyrant pow'r and liberty.
" Now tell us, I entreat thee, who art thou:
Be not more hard than others. In the world,
So may thy name still rear its forehead high."
Then roar'd awhile the fire, its sharpen'd point
On either side wav'd, and thus breath'd at last:
"If I did think my answer were to one,
Who ever could return unto the world,
This flame should rest unshaken. But since ne'er, 60
If true be told me, any from this depth
Has found his upward way, I answer thee,
Nor fear lest infamy record the words.
" A man of arms* at first I cloth'd me then
In good Saint Francis' girdle hoping so
To' have made amends. And certainly my hope
Had fail'd not, but that he, whom curses light on,
The' high priest† again seduced me into sin.
And how, and wherefore, listen while I tell.
Long as this spirit mov'd the bones and pulp 70
My mother gave me, less my deeds bespake
The nature of the lion than the fox.
All ways of winding subtlety I knew,
And with such art conducted, that the sound
Reach'd the world's limit. Soon as to that part
Of life I found me come, when each behoves
To lower sails and gather in the lines;
That, which before had pleas'd me, then I rued,
And to repentance and confession turn'd,
Wretch that I was; and well it had bested me. 80
The chief of the new Pharisees‡ meantime,

* *A man of arms.*] Guido da Montefeltro.
† *The' high priest.*] Boniface VIII.
‡ *The chief of the new Pharisees.*] Boniface VIII. whose enmity to the family of Colonna prompted him to destroy their house near

Waging his warfare near the Lateran,
Not with Saracens or Jews, (his foes
All Christians were, nor against Acre one
Had fought,* nor traffick'd in the Soldan's land,)
He, his great charge nor sacred ministry,
In himself rev'renc'd, nor in me that cord
Which us'd to mark with leanness whom it girded.
As in Soracte, Constantine besought,
To cure his leprosy, Sylvester's aid; 90
So me, to cure the fever of his pride,
This man besought: my counsel to that end
He ask'd; and I was silent, for his words
Seem'd drunken: but forthwith he thus resum'd:

the Lateran. Wishing to obtain possession of their other seat Penestrino, he consulted with Guido da Montefeltro how he might accomplish his purpose, offering him at the same time absolution for his past sins, as well as for that which he was then tempting him to commit. Guido's advice was, that kind words and fair promises would put his enemies into his power; and they accordingly soon afterwards fell into the snare laid for them, A. D. 1298. See G. Villani, lib. viii. c. 23.

* ——— *Nor against Acre one*
*Had fought.*] He alludes to the renegade Christians, by whom the Saracens, in April, 1291, were assisted to recover St. John d'Acre, the last possession of the Christians in the Holy Land. The regret expressed by the Florentine annalist, G. Villani, for the loss of this valuable fortress, is well worthy of observation, lib. vii. c. 144. "From this event Christendom suffered the greatest detriment: for by the loss of Acre, there no longer remained in the Holy Land any footing for the Christians; and all our good maritime places of trade never afterwards derived half the advantage from their merchandize and manufactures; so favourable was the situation of the city of Acre, in the very front of our sea, in the middle of Syria, and as it were in the middle of the inhabited world, seventy miles from Jerusalem, both source and receptacle of every kind of merchandize, as well from the east as from the west, the resort of all people from all countries, and of the eastern nations of every different tongue, so that it might be considered as the aliment of the world."

'From thy heart banish fear: of all offence
'I hitherto absolve thee. In return,
'Teach me my purpose so to execute,
'That Penestrino cumber earth no more.
'Heav'n, as thou knowest, I have power to shut
'And open: and the keys are therefore twain, 100
'The which my predecessor* meanly priz'd.'
Then, yielding to the forceful arguments,
Of silence as more perilous I deem'd,
And answer'd: 'Father! since thou washest me
'Clear of that guilt wherein I now must fall,
'Large promise with performance scant, be sure,
'Shall make thee triumph in thy lofty seat.'
"When I was number'd with the dead, then came
Saint Francis for me; but a cherub dark
He met, who cried: 'Wrong me not; he is mine,
'And must below to join the wretch'd crew, 110
'For the deceitful counsel which he gave.
'E'er since I watch'd him, hov'ring at his hair.
'No power can the impenitent absolve;
'Nor to repent, and will, at once consist,
'By contradiction absolute forbid.'
Oh mis'ry! how I shook myself, when he
Seiz'd me, and cried, 'Thou haply thought'st not
'A disputant in logic so exact.'
To Minos down he bore me; and the judge
Twin'd eight times round his callous back the tail,
Which biting with excess of rage, he spake:
'This is a guilty soul, that in the fire
'Must vanish.' Hence, perdition doom'd, I ro
A prey to rankling sorrow, in this garb."
When he had thus fulfill'd his words, the fla

* *My predecessor.*] Celestine V. See Notes to Canto iii

lour parted, beating to and fro,
vrithing its sharp horn We on ward went,
my leader, up along the rock,
› another arch, that overhangs
oss, wherein the penalty is paid 130
ose, who load them with committed sin.

## CANTO XXVIII.

### ARGUMENT.

They arrive in the ninth gulf, where the sowers of scandal, schismatics, and heretics, are seen with their limbs miserably maimed or divided in different ways. Among these, the Poet finds Mahomet, Piero da Medicina, Curio, Mosca, and Bertrand de Born.

WHO, e'en in words unfetter'd, might at full
Tell of the wounds and blood that now I saw,
Though he repeated oft the tale? No tongue
So vast a theme could equal, speech and thought
Both impotent alike. If in one band
Collected, stood the people all, who e'er
Pour'd on Apulia's happy soil their blood,
Slain by the Trojans, and in that long war,*
When of the rings the measur'd booty made
A pile so high, as Rome's historian writes 10
Who errs not; with the multitude, that felt
The griding force of Guiscard's Norman steel,†

* *In that long war.*] The war of Hannible in Italy. "When Mago brought news of his victories to Carthage, in order to make his successes more easily credited, he commanded the golden rings to be poured out in the senate-house, which made so large a heap, that, as some relate, they filled three *modii* and a half. A more probable account represents them not to have exceeded one *modius.*" *Livy. Hist.* lib. xxiii. 12.

† *Guisard's Norman steel.*] Robert Guiscard, who conquered the kingdom of Naples, and died in 1110. G. Villani. lib. iv. cap. 18. He is introduced in the Paradise, Canto xviii.

And those the rest*, whose bones are gather'd yet
At Ceperano, there where treachery
Branded th' Apulian name, or where beyond
Thy walls, O Tagliacozzo † without arms
Tho old Alardo conquer'd; and his limbs
One were to show transpiere'd, another his
Clean lopt away; a spectacle like this
Were but a thing of nought, to the' hideous sight 20
Of the ninth chasm. A rundlet, that hath lost
Its middle or side stave, gapes not so wide,
As one I mark'd, torn from the chin throughout
Down to the hinder passage; 'twixt the legs
Dangling his entrails hung, the midriff lay
Open to the view, and wretched ventricle,
That turns the' englutted aliment to dross.
Whilst eagerly I fix on him my gaze,
He ey'd me, with his hands laid his breast bare,
And cried, "Now mark how I do rip me: lo! 30
How is Mohammed mangled: before me
Walks Ali ‡ weeping, from the chin his face
Cleft to the forelock; and the others all,
Whom here thou seest, while they liv'd, did sow
Scandal and schism, and therefore thus are rent.
A fiend is here behind, who with his sword
Hacks us thus cruelly, slivering again
Each of this ream, when we have compast round

* *And those the rest.*] The army of Manfredi, which through the treachery of the Apulian troops, was overcome by Charles of Anjou in 1268, and fell in such numbers, that the bones of the slain were still gathered near Ceperano. G. Villani. lib. vii. cap. 9. See the Purgatory, Canto iii.

† *Of Tagliacozzo.*] He alludes to the victory which Charles gained over Conradino, by the sage advice of the Sieur de Valery in 1268. G. Villani. lib. vii. c. 27.

‡ *Ali.*] The disciple of Mohammed.

he dismal way; for first our gashes close
re we repass before him. But say who 40
rt thou, that standest musing on the rock,
aply so lingering to delay the pain
ntenc'd upon thy crimes."—"Him death not yet,"
y guide rejoin'd, "hath overta'en, nor sin
onducts to torment: but, that he may make
ll trial of your state, I who am dead
ust through the depths of hell, from orb to orb,
onduct him. Trust my words; for they are true."
More than a hundred spirits, when that they heard,
ood in the foss to mark me, through amaze 50
orgetful of their pangs. "Thou, who perchance
nall shortly view the sun, this warning thou
ear to Dolcino *; bid him, if he wish not
ere soon to follow me, that with good store
food he arm him, lest impris'ning snows

*Dolcino.*] "In 1305, a friar, called Dolcino, who belonged to
egular order, contrived to raise in Novara, in Lombardy, a large
many of the meaner sort of people, declaring himself to be a
apostle of Christ, and promulgating a community of proper-
d of wives, with many other such heretical doctrines. He
d the pope, cardinals, and other prelates of the holy church,
t observing their duty, nor leading the angelic life, and af-
that he ought to be pope. He was followed by more than
housand men and women, who lived promiscuously on the
ains together, like beasts, and when they wanted provisions,
d themselves by depredation and rapine. This lasted for
ars, till many, being struck with compunction at the disso-
they led, his sect was much diminished; and through fail-
ood, and the severity of the snows, he was taken by the
f Novara, and burnt, with Margarita his companion, and
ner men and women whom his errors had seduced." *G. Vil-*
viii. c. 84.

o observes, that he was possessed of singular eloquence,
oth he and Margarita endured their fate with a firm-
y of a better cause. For a further account of him, see
Rer. Ital. Script. tom. ix. p. 427.

Yield him a victim to Novara's power,
No easy conquest else:" with foot uprais'd
For stepping, spake Mohammed, on the ground
Then fix'd it to depart. Another shade,
Pierc'd in the throat, his nostrils mutilate
E'en from beneath the eyebrows, and one ear
Lopt off, who, with the rest, through wonder sto
Gazing, before the rest advanc'd, and bar'd
His wind-pipe, that without was all o'ersmear'd
With crimson stain. "O thou!" said he, "whom
Condemns not, and whom erst (unless too near
Resemblance do deceive me) I aloft
Have seen on Latian ground, call thou to mind
Piero of Medicina *, if again
Returning, thou behold'st the pleasant land †
That from Vercelli slopes to Mercabo;
And there instruct the twain ‡, whom Fano boasts
Her worthiest sons, Guido and Angelo,
That if 't is giv'n us here to scan aright
The future, they out of life's tenement §
Shall be cast forth, and whelm'd under the waves

* *Medicina.*] A place in the territory of Bologna. Piero fomented dissentions among the inhabitants of that city, and among the leaders of the neighbouring states.

† *The pleasant land.*] Lombardy.

‡ *The twain.*] Guido del Cassero and Angiolello da Cagnano, two of the worthiest and most distinguished citizens of Fano, were invited by Malatestino da Rimini to an entertainment, on pretence that he had some important business to transact with them; and according to instructions given by him, they were drowned in the passage near Cattolica, between Rimini and Fano.

§ *Out of life's tenement.*] "Fuor di lor vasello," is construed by the old Latin annotator on the Monte Cassino MS. and by Lombardi, "out of the ship." Volpi understands "vasello" to mean "the city or country." Others take the word in the sense, according to which, though not without some doubt, it is rendered in this translation.

Near to Cattolica, through perfidy
Of a fell tyrant. 'Twixt the Cyprian isle
And Balearic, ne'er hath Neptune seen
An injury so foul, by pirates done, 80
Or Argive crew of old. That one-ey'd traitor
Whose realm, there is a spirit here were fain
His eye had still lack'd sight of) them shall bring
To conf'rence with him, then so shape his end,
That they shall need not 'gainst Focara's wind *
Offer up vow nor pray'r." I answering thus:
"Declare, as thou dost wish that I above
May carry tidings of thee, who is he,
On whom that sight doth wake such sad remembrance."

Forthwith he laid his hand on the cheek bone 90
Of one, his fellow-spirit, and his jaws
Expanding, cried: "Lo! this is he I wot of:
He speaks not for himself: the outcast this,
Who overwhelm'd the doubt in Cæsar's mind †,
Affirming that delay to men prepar'd
Was ever harmful." Oh! how terrified
Methought was Curio, from whose throat was cut
The tongue, which spake that hardy word. Then one,
Maim'd of each hand, uplifted in the gloom
The bleeding stumps, that they with gory spots 100
Sullied his face, and cried; "Remember thee

* *Focara's wind.*] Focara is a mountain, from which a wind blows that is peculiarly dangerous to the navigators of that coast.

† *The doubt in Cæsar's mind.*] Curio, whose speech (according to Lucan) determined Julius Cæsar to proceed when he had arrived at Rimini (the ancient Ariminum,) and doubted whether he should execute the civil war.

Tolle moras: semper nocuit differre paratis.

*Pharsal.* l. i. 281.

Haste then thy towering eagles on their way;
When fair occasion calls, 'tis fatal to delay.

Rowe.

Of Mosca* too, I who, alas! exclaim'd,
'The deed once done there is an end,' that prov
A seed of sorrow to the Tuscan race."
I added: "Ay, and death to thine own tribe."
Whence, heaping woe on woe, he hurried off
As one grief-stung to madness. But I there
Still linger'd to behold the troop, and saw
Thing, such as I may fear without more proof
To tell of, but that conscience makes me firm,
The boon companion, who her strong breast-pl
Buckles on him, that feels no guilt within,
And bids him on and fear not. Without doubt
I saw, and yet it seems to pass before me,
A headless trunk, that even as the rest
Of the sad flock pac'd onward. By the hair
It bore the sever'd member, lantern-wise
Pendent in hand, which look'd at us and said,
"Woe's me!" The spirit lighted thus himself;
And two there were in one, and one in two.
How that may be, he knows who ordereth so.
When at the bridge's foot direct he stood,
His arm aloft he rear'd, thrusting the head
Full in our view, that nearer we might hear
The words, which thus it utt r'd: "Now behol

* *Mosca.*] Buondelmonte was engaged to marry a lady of Amidei family, but broke his promise, and united himself to of the Donati. This was resented so much by the former, th meeting of themselves and their kinsmen was held, to consid the best means of revenging the insult. Mosca degli Ub rti de' Lamberti, persuaded them to resolve on the assassinat of Buondelmonte exclaiming to them, "the thing once done, t is an end." The counsel and its effects were the source of m terrible calamities to the state of Florence. "This murd r," G. Villani, lib. v. cap. 38, "was the cause and beginning of accursed Guelph and Ghibelline parties in Florence." It happ d in 1215. See the Paradise, Canto xvi. [illegible]

rievous torment, thou, who breathing go'st
y the dead: behold if any else
rible as this. And that on earth
mayst bear tidings of me, know that I
ertrand*, he of Born, who gave king John 130
ounsel mischievous. Father and son
t mutual war. For Absalom
avid more did not Ahitophel,
ng them on maliciously to strife.
rting those so closely knit, my brain
l, alas! I carry from its source,
n this trunk inhabits. Thus the law
ribution fiercely works in me."

*rand.*] Bertrand de Born Vicomte de Hautefort, near Pe-
in Guienne, who incited John to rebel against his father,
I. of England. Bertrand holds a distinguished place among
enscal poets. He is quoted in Dante de Vulg. Eloq. lib. ii.
here it is said "that he treated of war, which no Italian
yet done." "Arma vero nullum Italum adhuc poetasse
" The triple division of subjects for poetry, made in this
of the de Vulg. Eloq. is very remarkable. It will be found
on the Purgatory, Canto xxvi. 113. For the translation of
tracts from Bertrand de Born's poems, see Millot. Hist.
e des Troubadours, tom. i. p. 210; but the historical parts
ork are, I believe, not to be relied on. Bertrand had a son
me name, who wrote a poem against John, king of England.
species of composition called the serventese; and is in the
a MS. in Cod. 3204. See Bastero. La Crusca Provenzale.
724. p. 80.

## CANTO XXIX.

### ARGUMENT.

**Dante, at the desire of Virgil, proceeds onward to the bridge that crosses the tenth gulf, from whence he hears the cries of the alchemists and forgers, who are tormented therein; but not being able to discern any thing on account of the darkness, they descend the rock, that bounds this the last of the compartments in which the eighth circle is divided, and then behold the spirits who are afflicted by divers plagues and diseases. Two of them, namely, Grifolino of Arezzo and Capocchio of Sienna, are introduced speaking.**

So were mine eyes inebriate with the view
Of the vast multitude, whom various wounds
Disfigur'd, that they long'd to stay and weep,
  But Virgil rous'd me: "What yet gazest on?
Wherefore doth fasten yet thy sight below
Among the maim'd and miserable shades?
Thou hast not shown in any chasm beside
This weakness. Know, if thou wouldst number them
That two and twenty miles the valley winds
Its circuit, and already is the moon 10
Beneath our feet: the time permitted now
Is short; and more, not seen, remains to see."
  "If thou," I straight replied, "hadst weigh'd the cause,
For which I look'd, thou hadst perchance excus'd

The tarrying still," My leader part pursu'd
His way, the while I follow'd, answering him,
And adding thus; "Within that cave I deem,
Whereon so fixedly I held my ken,
There is a spirit dwells, one of my blood,
Wailing the crime that costs him now so dear."
Then spake my master: "Let thy soul no mo
Afflict itself for him. Direct elsewhere
Its thought, and leave him. At the bridge's foot
I mark'd how he did point with menacing look
At thee, and heard him by the others nam'd
Geri of Bello*. Thou so wholly then
Wert busied with his spirit, who once rul'd
The towers of Hautefort, that thou lookedst not
That way, ere he was gone."—"O guide belov'd
His violent death yet unaveng'd," said I,
"By any, who are partners in his shame,
Made him contemptuous; therefore, as I think,
He pass'd me speechless by; and, doing so,
Hath made me more compassionate his fate."
So we discours'd to where the rock first show
The other valley, had more light been there,
E'en to the lowest depth. Soon as we came
O'er the last cloister in the dismal rounds
Of Malebolge, and the brotherhood
Were to our view expos'd, then many a dart
Of sore lament assail'd me, headed all
With points of thrilling pity, that I clos'd

* *Geri of Bello.*] A kinsman of the Poet's, who was murdered one of the Sacchetti family. His being placed here, may be c sidered as a proof that Dante was more impartial in the allotm of his punishments than has generally been supposed. He was son of Bello, who was brother to Bellincione, our Poet's gran ther. Pelli Mem. per la Vita di Dante. Opere di Dante. Z edizz. tom. iv. part ii. p. 23.

Both ears against the volley with mine hands.
As were the torment, if each lazar-house
Of Valdichiana*, in the sultry time
'Twixt July and September, with the isle
Sardinia and Maremma's pestilent fen †,
Had heap'd their maladies all in one foss
Together; such was here the torment: dire
The stench, as issuing steams from fester'd limbs. 50
We on the utmost shore of the long rock
Descended still to leftward. Then my sight
Was livelier to explore the depth, wherein
The minister of the most mighty Lord,
All-searching Justice, dooms to punishment
The forgers noted on her dread record.
More rueful was it not methinks to see
The nation in Ægina ‡ droop, what time
Each living thing, e'en to the little worm,
All fell, so full of malice was the air, 60
(And afterward, as bards of yore have told,
The ancient people were restor'd anew
From seed of emmets) than was here to see
The spirits, that languish'd through the murky vale,
Up-pil'd on many a stack. Confus'd they lay,
One o'er the belly, o'er the shoulders one
Roll'd of another; sideling crawl'd a third
Along the dismal pathway. Step by step
We journey'd on, in silence looking round

* *Of Valdichiana.*] The valley through which passes the river Chiana, bounded by Arezzo, Cortona, Montepulciano, and Chiusi. In the hear of autumn it was formerly rendered unwholesome by the stagnation of the water, but has since been drained by the Emperor Leopold II. The Chiana is mentioned as a remarkably sluggish stream, in the Paradise, Canto xiii. 21.

† *Maremma's pestilent fen.*] See Note to Canto xxv. v. 18.

‡ *In Ægina.*] He alludes to the fable of the ants changed into Myrmidons. *Ovid. Met.* lib. vii.

And list'ning those diseas'd, who strove in vain 70
To lift their forms. Then two I mark'd, that sat
Propp'd 'gainst each other, as two brazen pans
Set to retain the heat. From head to foot,
A tetter bark'd them round. Nor saw I e'er
Groom currying so fast, for whom his lord
Impatient waited, or himself perchance
Tir'd with long watching, as of these each one
Plied quickly his keen nails, through furiousness
Of ne'er abated pruriency. The crust
Came drawn from underneath in flaks, like scales 80
Scrap'd from the bream or fish of broader mail.
"O thou, who with thy fingers rendest off
Thy coat of proof," thus spake my guide to one,
"And sometimes makest tearing pincers of them,
Tell me if any born of Latian land
Be among these within: so may thy nails
Serve thee for everlasting to this toil."
"Both are of Latium," weeping he replied,
"Whom tortur'd thus thou seest: but who art thou
That hast inquir'd of us?" To whom my guide: 90
"One that descend with this man, who yet lives,
From rock to rock, and show him hell's abyss."
Then started they asunder, and each turn'd
Trembling toward us, with the rest, whose ear
Those words redounding struck. To me my liege
Address'd him: "Speak to them whate'er thou list."
And I therewith began: "So may no time
Filch your remembrance from the thoughts of men
In the' upper world, but after many suns
Survive it, as ye tell me, who ye are, 100
And of what race ye come. Your punishment,
Unseemly and disgustful in it's kind,
Deter you not from opening thus much to me."

"Arezzo was my dwelling*," answer'd one,
"And me Albero of Sienna brought
To die by fire: but that, for which I died,
Leads me not here. True is in sport I told him,
That I had learn'd to wing my flight in air.
And he admiring much, as he was void
Of wisdom, will'd me to declare to him 110
The secret of mine art: and only hence,
Because I made him not a Dædalus,
Prevail'd on one suppos'd his sire to burn me.
But Minos to this chasm last of the ten,
For that I practis'd alchemy on earth,
Has doom'd me. Him no subterfuge eludes."
Then to the bard I spake: "Was ever race
Light as Sienna's† ? Sure not France herself
Can show a tribe so frivolous and vain."
The other leprous spirit heard my words, 120
And thus return'd: "Be Stricca‡ from this charge

* *Arezzo was my dwelling.*] Grifolino of Arezzo, who promised Albero, son of the Bishop of Sienna, that he would teach him the art of flying; and, because he did not keep his promise, Albero prevailed on his father to have him burnt for a necromancer.

† ——— *Was ever race*
*Light as Sienna's?*] The same imputation is again cast on the Siennese, Purg. Canto xiii. 141.

‡ *Stricca.*] This is said ironically. Stricca, Niccolo Salimbeni Caccia of Asciano, and Abbagliato or Meo de' Folcacchieri, belonged to a company of prodigal and luxurious young men in Sienna, called the "*brigata goderecciа.*" Nicolo was the inventor of a new manner of using cloves in cookery, not very well understood by the commentators, and which was termed the "*costuma ricca.*"

Pagliarini in his Historical Observations on the Quadriregio, lib. iii. cap. 13, adduces a passage from a MS. History of Sienna, in which it is told that these spendthrifts, out of the sum raised from the sale of their estates, built a palace, which they inhabited in common, and made the receptacle of their aparatus for luxurious enjoyment; and that, amongst their other extravagancies, they had their horses shed with silver, and forbade their servants to

Exempted, he who knew so temp'rately
To lay out fortune's gifts; and Niccolo,
Who first the spice's costly luxury
Discover'd in that garden*, where such seed
Roots deepest in the soil: and be that troop
Exempted, with whom Caccia of Asciano
Lavish'd his vineyards and wide-spreading woods,
And his rare wisdom Abbagliato show'd
A spectacle for all. That thou mayst know 130
Who seconds thee against the Siennese
Thus gladly, bend this way thy sharpen'd sight,
That well my face may answer to thy ken;
So shalt thou see I am Capocchio's ghost†,
Who forg'd transmuted metals by the power
Of alchemy; and if I scan thee right,
Thou needst must well remember how I ap'd
Creative nature by my subtle art."

pick up the precious shoes if they dropped off. The end was, as might be expected, extreme poverty and wretchedness. Landino says they spent two hundred thousand florins in twenty months.

* *In that garden.*] Sienna.

† *Capocchio's ghost.*] Capocchio of Sienna, who is said to have been a fellow-student of Dante's in natural philosophy.

## CANTO XXX.

### ARGUMENT.

e gulf, other kinds of impostors, as those who have coun
the persons of others, or debased the current coin, or
by speech under false pretences, are described as suf
rious diseases. Sinon of Troy and Adamo of Brescia
reproach each other with their several impostures.

ne resentment burn'd in Juno's breast
ele against the Theban blood,
than once in dire mischance was rued;
d frenzy seiz'd on Athamas*,
his spouse beholding with a babe
1 either arm, "Spread out," he cried,
eshes, that I take the lioness
young lions at the pass:" then forth
l he his merciless talons, grasping one,
less innocent, Lerchus nam'd, 10
winging down he dash'd upon a rock;
1 her other burden, self-destroy'd,
less mother plung'd. And when the pride
suming Troy fell from its height,
ie overwhelm'd, and the old king

s.] From Ovid, Metam. lib. iv.
Protinus Æolides, &c.

With his realm perish'd; then did Hecuba*,
A wretch forlorn and captive, when she saw
Polyxena first slaughter'd, and her son,
Her Polydorus†, on the wild sea-beach
Next met the mourner's view, then reft of sense 20
Did she run barking even as a dog:
Such mighty power had grief to wrench her soul.
But ne'er the Furies, or of Thebes, or Troy,
With such fell cruelty were seen, their goads
Infixing in the limbs of man or beast,
As now two pale and naked ghosts I saw,
That gnarling wildly scamper'd, like the swine
Excluded from his stye. One reach'd Capocchio,
And in the neck-joint sticking deep his fangs,
Dragg'd him, that o'er the solid pavement rubb'd 30
His belly stretch'd out prone. The other shape,
He of Arezzo, there left trembling, spake:
"That sprite of air is Schicchi‡; in like mood
Of random mischief vents he still his spite."
To whom I answ'ring: "Oh! as thou dost hope
The other may not flesh its jaws on thee,
Be patient to inform us, who it is,
Ere it speed hence."—"That is the ancient soul
Of wretched Myrrha§," he replied, "who burn'd
With most unholy flame for her own sire, 40

* *Hecuba.*] See Euripides, Hecuba; and Ovid, Metam. lib. xiii.

† *Her Polydorus.*]

Aspicit ejectum Polidori in littore corpus.

*Ovid Ibid.*

‡ *Schicchi.*] Gianni Schicchi, who was of the family of Cavalcanti, possessed such a faculty of moulding his features to the resemblance of others, that he was employed by Simon Donati to personate Buoso Donati, then recently deceased, and to make a will leaving Simon his heir; for which service he was remunerated with a mare of extraordinary value, here called "the lady of the herd."

§ *Myrrha.*] See Ovid, Metam. lib. x.

lse shape assuming, so perform'd
d of sin; e'en as the other there,
ward passes, dar'd to counterfeit
features, to feign'd testament
affixing, that himself might gain,
wn share, the lady of the herd."
vanish'd the two furious shades, on whom
was held, I turn'd it back to view
er cursed spirits. One I saw
like a lute, had but the groin 50
er'd where it meets the forked part.
opsy, disproportioning the limbs
converted moisture, that the paunch
the visage, open'd wide his lips,
as in the hectic man for draught,
ards the chin, the other upward curl'd.
' who in this world of misery,
re I know not, are exempt from pain,"
began, "attentively regard
woe*. When living, full supply 60
k'd me of what most I coveted;
of water now, alas! I crave.
, that glitter down the grassy slopes
tino†, making fresh and soft
ts whereby they glide to Arno's stream,
er in my view; and not in vain;
the pictur'd semblance dries me up,
re than the disease, which makes the flesh
ese shrivel'd cheeks. So from the place,

*'s woe.*] Adamo of Brescia, at the instigation of Guido, and their brother Aghinulfo, lords of Romena, coun- coin of Florence; for which crime he was burnt. Lan hat in his time the peasants still pointed out a pile of Romena, as the place of his execution.

*no.*] Romena is a part of Casentino.

Where I transgress'd, stern justice urging me, 7
Takes means to quicken more my lab'ring sighs.
There is Romena, where I falsified
The metal with the Baptist's form imprest,
For which on earth I left my body burnt.
But if I here might see the sorrowing soul
Of Guido, Alessandro, or their brother,
For Branda's limpid spring* I would not change
The welcome sight. One is e'en now within,
If truly the mad spirits tell, that round
Are wand'ring. But wherein besteads me that? 8
My limbs are fetter'd. Were I but so light,
That I each hundred years might move one inch,
I had set forth already on this path,
Seeking him out amidst the shapeless crew,
Although eleven miles it wind, not less†
Than half of one across. They brought me down
Among this tribe; induc'd by them, I stamp'd
The florens with three carats of alloy‡."
"Who are that abject pair," I next inquir'd,
"That closely bounding thee upon thy right 9
Lie smoking, like a hand in winter steep'd
In the chill stream?"—"When to this gulf I dropt,"
He answer'd, "here I found them; since that hour
They have not turn'd, nor ever shall, I ween,

* *Branda's limpid spring.*] A fountain in Sienna.

† *Less.*] Lombardi justly concludes that as Adamo wishes to exaggerate the difficulty of finding the spirit whom he wished to see, "men," and not "piu," ("less," and not "more" than the half of a mile,) is probably the true reading; for there are authorities for both.

‡ *The florens with three carats of alloy.*] The floren was a coin that ought to have had twenty-four carats of pure gold. Villani relates that it was first used at Florence in 1252, an era of great prosperity in the annals of the republic; before which time their most valuable coinage was of silver. Hist. lib. vi. c. liv.

Till time hath run his course. One is that dame,
The false accuser* of the Hebrew youth;
Sinon the other, that false Greek from Troy.
Sharp fever drains the reeky moistness out,
In such a cloud upsteam'd." When that he heard,
One, gall'd perchance to be so darkly nam'd, 100
With clench'd hand smote him on the braced paunch,
That like a drum resounded: both forthwith
Adamo smote him on the face, the blow
Returning with his arm, that seem'd as hard.
"Though my o'erweighty limbs have ta'en from me
The power to move," said he, "I have an arm
At liberty for such employ." To whom
Was answer'd: "When thou wentest to the fire,
Thou hadst it not so ready at command,
Then readier when it coin'd the' impostor gold." 110
And thus the dropsied: "Ay, now speak'st thou true:
But there thou gav'st not such true testimony,
When thou wast question'd of the truth, at Troy."
"If I spake false, thou falsely stamp'dst the coin,"
Said Sinon; "I am here for but one fault,
And thou for more than any imp beside."
"Remember," he replied, "O perjur'd one!
The horse remember, that did teem with death;
And all the world be witness to thy guilt."
"To thine," return'd the Greek, "witness the thirst 120
Whence thy tongue cracks, witness the fluid mound
Rear'd by thy belly up before thine eyes,
A mass corrupt." To whom the coiner thus:
"Thy mouth gapes wide as ever to let pass

* *The false accuser.*] Potiphar's wife.

Its evil saying. Me if thirst assails,
Yet I am stuff'd with moisture. Thou art parch'd:
Pains rack thy head: no urging wouldst thou need
To make thee lap Narcissus' mirror up."
I was all fix'd to listen, when my guide
Admonish'd: "Now beware. A little more, 130
And I do quarrel with thee." I perceiv'd
How angrily he spake, and towards him turn'd
With shame so poignant, as remember'd yet
Confounds me. As a man that dreams of harm
Befall'n him, dreaming wishes it a dream,
And that which is, desires as if it were not;
Such then was I, who, wanting power to speak,
Wish'd to excuse myself, and all the while
Excus'd me, though unweeting that I did.
"More grievous fault than thine has been, less shame," 140
My master cried, "might expiate. Therefore cast
All sorrow from thy soul; and if again
Chance bring thee, where like conference is held,
Think I am ever at thy side. To hear
Such wrangling is a joy for vulgar minds."

## CANTO XXXI.

### ARGUMENT.

The Poets, following the sound of a loud horn, are led by it to the ninth circle, in which there are four rounds, one enclosed within the other, and containing as many sorts of Traitors; but the present Canto shows only that the circle is incompassed with Giants, one of whom, Antæus, takes them both in his arms and places them at the bottom of the circle.

The very tongue, whose keen reproof before
Had wounded me, that either cheek was stain'd,
Now minister'd my cure. So have I heard,
Achilles' and his father's javelin caus'd
Pain first, and then the boon of health restor'd.
  Turning our back upon the vale of woe,
We cross'd the' encircled mound in silence. There
Was less than day and less than night, that far
Mine eye advanc'd not: but I heard a horn
Sounded so loud, the peal it rang had made 10
The thunder feeble. Following its course
The adverse way, my strained eyes were bent
On that one spot. So terrible a blast
Orlando blew not, when that dismal rout
O'erthrew the host of Charlemain, and quench'd
His saintly warfare. Thitherward not long
My head was rais'd, when many a lofty tower
Methought I spied. "Master," said I, "what land

Is this?" He answer'd straight: "Too long a space
Of intervening darkness has thine eye 20
To traverse: thou hast therefore widely err'd
In thy imagining. Thither arriv'd
Thou well shalt see, how distance can delude
The sense. A little therefore urge thee on."
Then tenderly he caught me by the hand;
"Yet know," said he, "ere farther we advance,
That it less strange may seem, these are not towers,
But giants. In the pit they stand immers'd,
Each from his navel downward, round the bank."
As when a fog disperseth gradually, 38
Our vision traces what the mist involves
Condens'd in air; so piercing through the gross
And gloomy atmosphere, as more and more
We near'd toward the brink, mine error fled,
And fear came o'er me. As with circling round
Of turrets, Montereggion* crowns his walls;
E'en thus the shore, encompassing the' abyss,
Was turretted with giants,† half their length
Uprearing, horrible, whom Jove from heav'n
Yet threatens, when his mutt'ring thunder rolls. 48
Of one already I descried the face,
Shoulders, and breast, and of the belly huge
Great part, and both arms down along his ribs.
All teeming Nature, when her plastic hand
Left framing of these monsters, did display
Past doubt her wisdom, taking from mad War
Such slaves to do his bidding; and if she
Repent her not of the elephant and whale,
Who ponders well confesses her therein

* *Montereggion.*] A castle near Sienna.

† *Giants.*] The giants round the pit, it is remarked by Warton, are in the Arabian vein of fabling. See D'Herbelot, Bibl. Orient. tale. V. Rocail. p. 717. a.

Wiser and more discreet; for when brute force 50
And evil will are back'd with subtlety,
Resistance none avails. His visage seem'd
In length and bulk, as doth the pine* that tops
Saint Peter's Roman fane; and the' other bones
Of like proportion, so that from above
The bank, which girdled him below, such height
Arose his statue, that three Friezelanders
Had striv'n in vain to reach but to his hair.
Full thirty ample palms was he expos'd
Downward from whence a man his garment loops. 60
"Raphel† bai ameth, sabi almi:"
So shouted his fierce lips, which sweeter hymns
Became not; and my guide address'd him thus:
"O senseless spirit! let thy horn for thee
Interpret: therewith vent thy rage, if rage
Or other passion wring thee. Search thy neck,
There shalt thou find the belt that binds it on.
Wild spirit! lo, upon thy mighty breast
Where hangs the baldrick!" Then to me he spake:
"He doth accuse himself. Nimrod is this, 70
Through whose ill counsel in the world no more
One tongue prevails. But pass we on, nor waste
Our words; for so each language is to him,
As his to others, understood by none."

* *The pine.*] "The large pine of bronze, which once ornamented the top of the mole of Adrian, was afterwards employed to decorate the top of the belfry of St. Peter; and having (according to Buti) been thrown down by lightning, it was, after lying some time on the steps of this palace, transferred to the place where it now is, in the Pope's garden, by the side of the great corridore of Belvedere. In the time of our Poet, then the pine was either on the belfry or on the steps of St. Peter." *Lombardi.*

† *Raphel, &c.*] These unmeaning sounds, it is supposed, are meant to express the confusion of languages at the building of the tower of Babel.

Then to the leftward turning sped we forth,
And at a sling's throw found another shade
Far fiercer and more huge. I cannot say
What master hand had girt him; but he held
Behind the right arm fetter'd, and before,
The other, with a chain, that fasten'd him
From the neck down; and five times round his
Apparent met the wreathed links. "This proud
Would of his strength against almighty Jove
Make trial," said my guide: "whence he is thu
Requited: Ephialtes him they call.
Great was his prowess, when the giants brough
Fear on the gods: those arms, which then he p
Now moves he never." Forthwith I return'd:
"Fain would I, if 't were possible, mine eyes,
Of Briareus immeasurable, gain'd
Experience next." He answer'd: "Thou shal
Not far from hence Antæus, who both speak
And is unfetter'd, who shall place us th
Where guilt is at its depth. Far onward
Whom thou wouldst fain behold, in chains, and
Like to this spirit, save that in his looks
More fell he seems." By violent earthquake r
Ne'er shook a tow'r, so reeling to its base,
As Ephialtes. More than ever then
I dreaded death; nor than the terror more
Had needed, if I had not seen the cords
That held him fast. We, straightway journeying
Came to Antæus, who, five ells complete
Without the head, forth issued from the cave.
"O thou, who in the fortunate vale,* that m

* *The fortunate vale.*] The country near Carthage. See Hist. l. xxx. and Lucan, Phars. l. iv. 590, &c. Dante has kept latter of these writers in his eye throughout all this passage.

:ipio heir of glory, when his sword
ıck the troop of Hannibal in flight,
:nce of old didst carry for thy spoil
lred lions; and if thou hadst fought
gh conflict on thy brethren's side, 110
ı men yet believ'd, that through thine arm
ı of earth had conquer'd; now vouchsafe
us down beneath, where numbing cold
› Cocytus. Force not that we crave
s' help or Typhon's. Here is one
what in this realm ye covet. Stoop
e, nor scornfully distort thy lip.
ɛ upper world can yet bestow
on thee; for he doth live, and looks
ret longer, if before the time 120
ll him not unto herself." Thus spake
her. He in haste forth stretch'd his hands,
ght my guide. Alcides* whilom felt
pple, straiten'd sore. Soon as my guide
it, he bespake me thus: "This way,
ay clasp thee;" then so caught me up,
were both one burden. As appears
er of Carisenda,† from beneath
doth lean, if chance a passing cloud
ross, that opposite it hangs; 130
n Antæus seem'd, as at mine ease
him stooping. I were fain at times

] The combat between Hercules and Antæus is adduced by Dante in his treatise "De Monarchia." lib. ii. as a proof of the judgment of God displayed in the *duel*, according to the superstition of those times.

*ower of Carisenda.*] The leaning tower at Bologna.

To' have pass'd another way. Yet in the' abyss,
That Lucifer with Judas low ingulfs,
Lightly he plac'd us; nor, there leaning, stay'd;
But rose, as in a bark the stately mast.

## CANTO XXXII.

### ARGUMENT.

nto treats of the first, and, in part, of the second of those
, into which the ninth and last, or frozen circle, is divided.
: former called Caina, Dante finds Camiccione de Pazzi,
ives him an account of other sinners who are there pun-
and in the next, named Antenora, he hears in like man-
m Bocca degli Abbati who his fellow-sufferers are.

I command rough rhimes and hoarse, to suit
ole of sorrow o'er which ev'ry rock
n abutment rears, then might the vein
y rise full springing: but not mine
easures, and with falt'ring awe I touch
ighty theme; for to describe the depth
he universe, is no emprize
with, and demands a tongue not us'd
nt babbling. But let them assist
g, the tuneful maidens, by whose aid 10
on wall'd in Thebes; so with the truth
ech shall best accord. Oh ill-starr'd folk,
all others wretched! who abide
a mansion, as scarce thought finds words
ak of, better had ye here on earth
ocks, or mountain goats. As down we stood
ark pit beneath the giants' feet,

But lower far than they, and I did gaze
Still on the lofty battlement, a voice
Bespake me thus: "Look how thou walkest. Take
Good heed, thy soles do tread not on the heads 21
Of my poor brethren." Thereupon I turn'd,
And saw before and underneath my feet
A lake, whose frozen surface liker seem'd
To glass than water. Not so thick a veil
In winter o'er hath Austrian Danube spread
O'er his still course, nor Tanais far remote
Under the chilling sky. Roll'd o'er that mass
Had Tabernich or Pietrapana* fall'n,
Not e'en its rim had creak'd. As peeps the frog 30
[illegible] the wave, what time in dreams
[illegible] oft pursues her toil,
[illegible] modest shame appears†, thus low
[illegible] and shrin'd in ice the spirits stood,
[illegible] their teeth in shrill note like the stork.
His face each downward held; their mouth the cold,
Their eyes express'd the dolour of their heart.
A space I look'd around, then at my feet
Saw two so strictly join'd, that of their head
The very hairs were mingled. "Tell me ye, 40
Whose bosoms thus together press," said I,
"Who are ye?" At that sound their necks they bent;
And when their looks were lifted up to me,
Straightway their eyes, before all moist within,
Distill'd upon their lips, and the frost bound
The tears betwixt those orbs, and held them there.

* *Tabernich and Pietrapana.*] The one a mountain in Schavonia, the other in that tract of country called the Garfagnana, not far from Lucca.

† *Pensiero modest shame appears.*] "As high as to the face."

Plank unto plank hath never cramp clos'd up
So stoutly. Whence, like two enraged goats,
They clash'd together; them such fury seiz'd. 49
And one, from whom the cold both ears had reft,
Exclaim'd, still looking downward: "Why on us
Dost speculate so long? If thou wouldst know
Who are these two*, the valley, whence his wave
Bisenzio slopes, did for its master own
Their sire Alberto, and next him themselves.
They from one body issued: and throughout
Caina thou mayst search, nor find a shade
More worthy in congealment to be fix'd;
Not him†, whose breast and shadow Arthur's hand
At that one blow dissever'd; not Focaccia‡; 60
No, not this spirit, whose o'erjutting head
Obstructs my onward view: he bore the name
Of Mascheroni§: Tuscan if thou be,
Well knowest who he was. And to cut short
All further question, in my form behold

* *Who are these two.*] Alessandro and Napoleone, sons of Alberto Alberti, who murdered each other. They were proprietors of the valley of Falterona, where the Bisenzio has its source, a river that falls into the Arno about six miles from Florence.

† *Not him.*] Mordree, son of King Arthur. In the romance of Lancelot of the Lake, Arthur, having discovered the traitorous intentions of his son, pierces him through with the stroke of his lance, so that the sunbeam passes through the body of Mordree; and this disruption of the shadow is no doubt what our poet alludes to in the text.

‡ *Focaccia.*] Focaccia of Cancellieri (the Pistoian family,) whose atrocious act of revenge against his uncle is said to have given rise the parties of the Bianchi and Neri, in the year 1300. See G. Villani, Hist. lib. viii. c. 37. and Macchiavelli, Hist. lib. ii. The account of the latter writer differs much from that given by Landino in his Commentary.

§ *Mascheroni.*] Sassol Mascheroni, a Florentine, who also murdered his uncle.

What once was Camiccione*. I await
Carlino† here my kinsman, whose deep guilt
Shall wash out mine." A thousand visages
Then mark'd I, which the keen and eager cold
Had shap'd into a doggish grin; whence creeps 70
A shriv'ring horror o'er me, at the thought
Of those frore shallows. While we journey'd on
Toward the middle, at whose point unites
All heavy substance, and I trembling went
Through that eternal chilness, I know not
If will‡ it were, or destiny, or chance,
But, passing 'midst the heads, my foot did strike
With violent blow against the face of one.
"Wherefore dost bruise me?" weeping he exclaim'd.
"Unless thy errand be some fresh revenge 80
For Montaperto§, wherefore troublest me?"
I thus: "Instructor, now await me here,
That I through him may rid me of my doubt:
Thenceforth what haste thou wilt." The teacher paus'd;
And to that shade I spake, who bitterly

* *Camiccione.*] Camiccione de' Pazzi of Valdarno, by whom his kinsman Ubertino was treacherously put to death.

† *Carlino.* One of the same family. He betrayed the Castle Piano Travigne, in Valdarno, to the Florentines, after the refugees of the Bianca and Ghibelline party had defended it against a siege for twenty-nine days, in the summer of 1302. See G. Villani lib. viii. c. lii. and Dino Compagni, lib. ii.

‡ *If will.*]
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate.
*Milton, P. L.* b. i

§ *Montaperto.*] The defeat of the Guelfi at Montaperto, occasioned by the treachery of Bocca degli Abbati, who, during the engagement, cut off the hand of Giacopo del Vacca de' Pazzi of the Florentine standard. G. Villani, lib. vi. c. lxxx. and to Canto x. This event happened in 1260.

Still curs'd me in his wrath. "What art thou, speak,
That railest thus on others?" He replied:
"Now who art thou, that smiting others' cheeks,
Through Antenora* roamest, with such force
As were past suff'rance, wert thou living still?" 90
"And I am living, to thy joy perchance,"
Was my reply, "if fame be dear to thee,
That with the rest I may thy name enrol."
"The contrary of what I covet most,"
Said he, "thou tender'st: hence! nor vex me more.
Ill knowest thou to flatter in this vale."
Then seizing on his hinder scalp I cried:
"Name thee, or not a hair shall tarry here."
"Rend all away," he answer'd, "yet for that
I will not tell, nor show thee, who I am, 100
Though at my head thou pluck a thousand times."
Now I had grasp'd his tresses, and stript off
More than one tuft, he barking, with his eyes
Drawn in and downward, when another cried,
"What ails thee, Bocca? Sound not loud enough
Thy chatt'ring teeth, but thou must bark outright?
What devil wrings thee?"—"Now," said I, "be dumb,
Accursed traitor! To thy shame, of thee
True tidings will I bear."—"Off!" he replied; 109
"Tell what thou list: but, as thou scape from hence,
To speak of him whose tongue hath been so glib,
Forget not: here he wails the Frenchman's gold.

* *Antenora.*] "So called from Antenor, who, according to Dictys Cretensis (De Bello Troj. lib. v.), and Dares Phrygius (De Excidio Trojæ), betrayed Troy his country." *Lombardi.* See note on Purg. Canto v. 76. Antenor acts this part in Boccaccio's Filostrato, and in Chaucer's Troilus and Creseide.

'Him of Duera*,' thou canst say, 'I mark'd,
'Where the starv'd sinners pine.' If thou be asl
What other shade was with them, at thy side
Is Beccaria†, whose red gorge distain'd
The biting axe of Florence. Farther on,
If I misdeem not, Soldanieri‡ bides,
With Ganellon§, and Tribaldello‖, him
Who op'd Faenza when the people slept."
We now had left him, passing on our way,
When I beheld two spirits by the ice
Pent in one hollow, that the head of one
Was cowl unto the other; and as bread
Is raven'd up through hunger, the' uppermost
Did so apply his fangs, to the' other's brain,
Where the spine joins it. Not more furiously
On Menalippus' temples Tydeus¶ gnaw'd,
Than on that skull and on its garbage he.

* *Him of Duera.*] Buoso of Cremona, of the family of Du who was bribed by Guy de Montfort, to leave a pass between mont and Parma, with the defence of which he had been entru by the Ghibellines, open to the army of Charles of Anjou, A 1265, at which the people of Cremona were so enraged, that extirpated the whole family. G. Villani, lib. vii. c. iv.

† *Beccaria.*] Abbot of Vallambrosa, who was the Pope's Lega Florence, where his intrigues in favour of the Ghibellines b discovered, he was beheaded.

‡ *Soldanieri.*] "Gianni Soldanieri," says Villani, Hist. lib. v xiv. "put himself at the head of the people, in the hopes of r into power, not aware that the result would be mischief to Ghibelline party, and his own ruin; an event which seems ev have befallen him who has headed the populace in Florence A. D. 1266.

§ *Ganellon.*] The betrayer of Charlemain, mentioned by A bishop Turpin. He is a common instance of treachery wit poets of the middle ages.

‖ *Tribaldello.*] Tribaldello de' Manfredi, who was bribed to be the city of Faenza, A. D. 1282. G. Villani, lib. vii. c. lxxx.

¶ *Tydeus*] See Statius, Theb. lib. viii. ad finem.

"O thou! who show'st so beastly sign of hate 130
'Gainst him thou prey'st on, let me hear," said I,
"The cause, on such condition, that if right
Warrant thy grievance, knowing who ye are,
And what the colour of his sinning was,
I may repay thee in the world above,
If that, wherewith I speak, be moist so long."

## CANTO XXXIII.

### ARGUMENT.

The Poet is told by Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi of the cruel manner in which he and his children were famished in the tower at Pisa, by command of the Archbishop Ruggieri. He next discourses of the third round, called Ptolemea, wherein those are punished, who have betrayed others under the semblance of kindness, and among these he finds the Friar Alberigo de' Manfredi, who tells him of one whose soul was already tormented in that place, though his body appeared still to be alive upon the earth, being yielded up to the governance of a fiend.

His jaws uplif'ting from their fell repast,
That sinner wip'd them on the hairs o' the' head,
Which he behind had mangled, then began:
"Thy will obeying, I call up afresh
Sorrow past cure; which, but to think of, wrings
My heart, or ere I tell on't. But if words,
That I may utter, shall prove seed to bear
Fruit of eternal infamy to him,
The traitor whom I gnaw at, thou at once
Shalt see me speak and weep. Who thou mayst be 10
I know not, nor how here below art come:
But Florentine thou seemest of a truth,
When I do hear thee. Know, I was on earth

Count Ugolino,* and the' Archbishop he
Ruggieri. Why I neighbour him so close,
Now list. That through effect of his ill thoughts
In him my trust reposing, I was ta'en

* *Count Ugolino.*] "In the year 1288, in the month of July, Pisa was much divided by competitors for the sovereignty; one party composed of certain of the Guelphi, being headed by the Judge Nino di Gallura de' Visconti; another, consisting of others of the same faction, by the Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi; and a third by the Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini, with the Lanfranchi, Sismondi, Gualandi, and other Ghibelline houses. The Count Ugolino, to effect his purpose, united with the Archbishop and his party, and having betrayed Nino, his sister's son, they contrived that he and his followers should either be driven out of Pisa, or their persons seized. Nino hearing this, and not seeing any means of defending himself, retired to Calci, his castle, and formed an alliance with the Florentines and people of Lucca, against the Pisans. The Count, before Nino was gone, in order to cover his treachery, when every thing was settled for his expulsion, quitted Pisa, and repaired to a manor of his called Settimo; whence, as soon as he was informed of Nino's departure, he returned to Pisa with great rejoicing and festivity, and was elevated to the supreme power with every demonstration of triumph and honour. But his greatness was not of long continuance. It pleased the Almighty that a total reverse of fortune should ensue, as a punishment for his acts of treachery and guilt; for he was said to have poisoned the Count Anselmo da Capraia, his sister's son, on account of the envy and fear excited in his mind by the high esteem in which the gracious manners of Anselmo were held by the Pisans.—The power of the Guelphi being so much diminished, the Archbishop devised means to betray the Count Ugolino, and caused him to be suddenly attacked in his palace by the fury of the people, whom he had exasperated, by telling them that Ugolino had betrayed Pisa, and given up their castles to the citizens of Florence and of Lucca. He was immediately compelled to surrender; his bastard son and his grand son fell in the assault; and two of his sons, with their two sons also, were conveyed to prison." *G. Villani*, lib. vii. c. cxx.

"In the following March, the Pisans, who had imprisoned the Count Ugolino, with two of his sons and two of his grandchildren, the offspring of his son the Count Guelfo, in a tower on the Piazza of the Anziani, caused the tower to be locked, the key thrown into

And after murder'd, need is not I tell.
What therefore thou canst not have heard, that is,
How cruel was the murder, shalt thou hear, 20
And know if he have wrong'd me. A small grate
Within that mew, which for my sake the name
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,
Already through its opening sev'ral moons
Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep
That from the future tore the curtain off.
This one, methought, as master of the sport,
Rode forth to chase the gaunt woolf, and his whelps,
Unto the mountain* which forbids the sight
Of Lucca to the Pisan. With lean brachs 30
Inquisitive and keen, before him rang'd
Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.
After short course the father and the sons
Seem'd tir'd and lagging, and methought I saw
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke,
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask
For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold;
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow? 40
Now had they waken'd; and the hour drew near
When they were wont to bring us food; the mind
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
Heard, at its outlet underneath lock'd up

the Arno, and all food to be withheld from them. In a few days they died of hunger; but the Count first with loud cries declared his penitence, and yet neither priest nor friar was allowed to shrive him. All the five, when dead, were dragged out of the prison, and meanly interred; and from thenceforward the tower was called the tower of famine, and so shall ever be." *Ibid.* c. cxxvii.

**Unto the mountain.*] The mountain S. Giuliano between Pisa and Lucca.

The horrible tower: whence, utt'ring not a word,
I look'd upon the visage of my sons.
I wept not: so all stone I felt within.
They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried,
'Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?' Yet
I shed no tear, nor answer'd all that day
Nor the next night, until another sun
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
Had to our doleful prison made its way,
And in four countenances I descry'd
The image of my own, on either hand
Through agony I bit; and they, who thought
I did it through desire of feeding, rose
O' the' sudden, and cried, 'Father, we should grie
'Far less, if thou wouldst eat of us: thou gav'st
'These weeds of miserable flesh we wear;
'And do thou strip them off from us again.'
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth!
Why open'dst not upon us? When we came
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
Outstretch'd did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help
'For me, my father!' There he died; and e'en
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth:
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
Over them all, and for three days aloud
Call'd on them who were dead. Then, fasting got
The mastery of grief." Thus having spoke,
Once more upon the wretched skull his teeth
He fasten'd, like a mastiff's 'gainst the bone,
Firm and unyielding. Oh, thou Pisa! shame
Of all the people, who their dwelling make

n that fair region*, where the' Italian voice
s heard; since that thy neighbours are so slack 80
To punish, from their deep foundations rise
Capraia and Gorgona†, and dam up
The mouth of Arno; that each soul in thee
May perish in the waters. What if fame
Reported that thy castles were betray'd
By Ugolino, yet no right hadst thou
To stretch his children on the rack. For them,
Brigata, Uguccione, and the pair
Of gentle ones, of whom my song hath told, 89
Their tender years, thou modern Thebes, did make
Incapable of guilt. Onward we pass'd,
Where others, skarf'd in rugged folds of ice,
Not on their feet were turn'd, but each revers'd.
There, very weeping suffers not to weep;
For, at their eyes, grief, seeking passage, finds
Impediment, and rolling inward turns
For increase of sharp anguish: the first tears
Hang cluster'd, and like crystal vizors show,
Under the socket brimming all the cup.
Now though the cold had from my face dislodg'd
Each feeling, as't were callous, yet me seem'd 101
Some breath of wind I felt. "Whence cometh this,"
Said I, "my Master? Is not here below
All vapour quench'd?"—"Thou shalt be speedily."
He answer'd, "where thine eyes shall tell thee whence,
The cause descrying of this airy shower."
Then cried out one, in the chill crust who mourn'd:
"O souls! so cruel, that the farthest post

* *In that fair region.*]
Del bel paese la, dove 'l si suona.
Italy, as explained by Dante himself, in his treatise De Vulg. Eloq. lib. i. cap. 8.
† *Capraia and Gorgona.*] Small islands near the mouth of the Arno.

Hath been assign'd you, from this face remove
The harden'd veil; that I may vent the grief
Impregnate at my heart, some little space,
Ere it congeal again." I thus replied;
"Say who thou wast, if thou wouldst have mine
And if I extricate thee not, far down
As to the lowest ice may I descend."
"The friar Alberigo*," answer'd he,
"Am I, who from the evil garden pluck'd
Its fruitage, and am here repaid, the date
More luscious for my fig."—"Hah!" I exclaim'd
"Art thou too dead?"—"How in the world aloft
It fareth with my body," answer'd he,
"I am right ignorant. Such privilege
Hath Ptolomea†, that oft-times the soul
Drops hither, ere by Atropos divorc'd.
And that thou mayst wipe out more willingly
The glazed tear-drops that o'erlay mine eyes,
Know that the soul, that moment she betrays,
As I did, yields her body to a fiend
Who after moves and governs it at will,
Till all its time be rounded: headlong she
Falls to this cistern. And perchance above
Doth yet appear the body of a ghost,

* *The friar Alberigo.*] Alberigo de' Manfredi, of Faenza, o the Frati Godenti, Joyous Friars, who having quarrelled with of his brotherhood, under pretence of wishing to be reconcile vited them to a banquet, at the conclusion of which he calle the fruit, a signal for the assassins to rush in and dispatch whom he had marked for destruction. Hence, adds Landino, said proverbially of one who has been stabbed, that he ha some of the friar Alberigo's fruit.

† *Ptolomea.*] This circle is named Ptolomea from Ptolemy son of Abubus, by whom Simon and his sons were murdered great banquet he had made for them. See 1 Maccabees, ch. Or from Ptolemy, king of Egypt, the betrayer of Pompey the g

Who here behind me winters. Him thou know'st,
If thou but newly art arriv'd below.
The years are many that have pass'd away,
Since to this fastness Branca Doria* came."
"Now," answer'd I, "methinks thou mockest me;
For Branca Doria never yet hath died,
But doth all natural functions of a man, 139
Eats, drinks, and sleeps, and putteth raiment on."
He thus: "Not yet unto that upper foss
By th' evil talons guarded, where the pitch
Tenacious boils, had Michel Zanche reach'd,
When this one left a demon in his stead
In his own body, and of one his kin,
Who with him treachery wrought. But now put forth
Thy hand, and ope mine eyes." I op'd them not.
Ill manners were best courtesy to him.
Ah Genoese! men perverse in every way,
With every foulness stain'd, why from the earth 150
Are ye not cancel'd? Such an one of yours
I with Romagna's darkest spirit† found,
As, for his doings, even now in soul
Is in Cocytus plung'd, and yet doth seem
In body still alive upon the earth.

‡ *Branca Doria.*] The family of Doria was possessed of great influence in Genoa. Branca is said to have murdered his father-in law, Michel Zanche, introduced in Canto xxii.

† *Romagna's darkest spirit.*] The friar Alberigo.

## CANTO XXXIV.

### ARGUMENT.

In the fourth and last round of the ninth circle, those who have betrayed their benefactors are wholly covered with ice. And in the midst is Lucifer, at whose back Dante and Virgil ascend, till by a secret path they reach the surface of the other hemisphere of the earth, and once more obtain sight of the stars.

"The banners* of Hell's Monarch do come forth
Toward us; therefore look," so spake my guide,
"If thou discern him." As, when breathes a cloud
Heavy and dense, or when the shades of night
Fall on our hemisphere, seems view'd from far
A windmill, which the blast stirs briskly round;
Such was the fabric then methought I saw.
To shield me from the wind, forthwith I drew
Behind my guide; no covert else was there.
Now came I (and with fear I bid my strain 10
Record the marvel) where the souls were all
Whelm'd underneath, transparent, as through glass
Pellucid the frail stem. Some prone were laid;
Others stood upright, this upon the soles,

* *The banners.*]

Vexilla regis prodeunt inferni.

A parody of the first verse in a hymn that was sung by the church in praise of the cross.

That on his head, a third with face to feet
Arch'd like a bow. When to the point we came,
Whereat my guide was pleas'd that I should see
The creature eminent in beauty once,
He from before me stepp'd and made me pause. 1
" Lo!" he exclaimed, " lo Dis; and lo the plac
Where thou hast need to arm my heart with strength.
How frozen and how faint I then became,
Ask me not, reader! for I write it not;
Since words would fail to tell thee of my state.
I was not dead nor living. Think thyself,
If quick conception work in thee at all,
How I did feel. That emperor, who sways
The realm of sorrow, at mid breast from the' ice
Stood forth; and I in stature am more like
A giant, than the giants are his arms.
Mark now how great that whole must be, which suit
With such a part. If he were beautiful
As he is hideous now, and yet did dare
To scowl upon his Maker, well from him
May all our mis'ry flow. Oh what a sight!
How passing strange it seem'd, when I did spy
Upon his head three faces*: one in front

* *Three fares.*] It can scarcely be doubted, but that Milton d rived his description of Satan, in those lines—

——Each passion dimmed his face
Thrice chang'd with pale ire, envy, and despair.
*P. L.* b. iv. 114.

from this passage, coupled with the remark of Vellutello upon it " The first of these sins is anger, which he signifies by the re face; the second, represented by that between pale and yellow, i envy, and not, as others have said, avarice; and the third, denote by the black, is a melancholy humour that causes a man's thought to be dark and evil, and averse from all joy and tranquillity "

Lombardi would understand the three faces to signify the three parts of the world then known, in all of which Lucifer had hi subjects: the red denoting the Europeans, who were in the mid

Of hugh vermilion, the' other two with this
Midway each shoulder join'd and at the crest;
The right 'twixt wan and yellow seem'd; the left 40
To look on, such as come from whence old Nile
Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth
Two mighty wings, enormous as became
A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw
Outstretch'd on the wide sea. No plumes had they,
But were in texture like a bat; and these
He flapp'd i' th' air, that from him issued still
Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth
Was frozen. At six eyes he wept: the tears
Adown three chins distill'd with bloody foam. 50
At every mouth his teeth a sinner champ'd
Bruis'd as with pond'rous engine; so that three
Were in this guise tormented. But far more
Than from that gnawing, was the foremost pang'd
By the fierce rending, whence oft-times the back
Was stript of all its skin. "That upper spirit,
Who hath worst punishment," so spake my guide,
"Is Judas, he that hath his head within
And plies the feet without. Of th' other two,
Whose heads are under, from the murkey jaw
Who hangs, is Brutus: lo! how he doth writhe
And speaks not. The' other, Cassius, that appears
So large of limb. But night now re-ascends;
And it is time for parting. All is seen."
I clipp'd him round the neck; for so he bade:
And noting time and place, he, when the wings
Enough were op'd, caught fast the shaggy sides,
And down from pile to pile descending stepp'd

die; the yellow, the Asiatics, on the right; and the black, the Africans, who were on the left, according to the position of the faces themselves.

Between the thick fell and the jagged ice.
Soon as he reach'd the point, whereat the thigh 70
Upon the swelling of the haunches turns,
My leader there, with pain and struggling hard,
Turn'd round his head where his feet stood before,
And grappled at the fell as one who mounts;
That into hell methought we turn'd again.
"Expect that by such stairs as these," thus spake
The teacher, panting like a man forespent,
"We must depart from evil so extreme."
Then at a rocky opening issued forth,
And plac'd me on the brink to sit, next join'd 80
With wary step my side. I rais'd mine eyes,
Believing that I Lucifer should see
Where he was lately left, but saw him now
With legs held upward. Let the grosser sort,
Who see not what the point was I had pass'd,
Bethink them if sore toil oppress'd me then.
"Arise," my master cried, "upon thy feet.
The way is long, and much uncouth the road;
And now within one hour and half of noon*
The sun returns." It was no palace-hall 90
Lofty and luminous wherein we stood,
But natural dungeon where ill footing was
And scant supply of light. "Ere from the' abyss
I sep'rate," thus when risen I began,
"My Guide! vouchsafe few words to set me free
From error's thraldom. Where is now the ice?
How standeth he in posture thus revers'd?
And how from eve to morn in space so brief
Hath the sun made his transit?" He in few

* *Within one hour and half of noon.*] The Poet uses the Hebrew manner of computing the day, according to which the third hour answers to our twelve o'clock at noon.

Thus answering spake; "Thou deemest thou art still
On the' other side the centre, where I grasp'd 101
The' abhorred worm, that boreth through the world.
Thou wast on the' other side, so long as I
Descended; when I turn'd, thou didst o'erpass
That point, to which from every part is dragg'd
All heavy substance. Thou art now arriv'd
Under the hemisphere oppos'd to that,
Which the great continent doth overspread,
And underneath whose canopy expir'd
The man, that was born sinless and so liv'd. 110
Thy feet are planted on the smallest sphere,
Whose other aspect is Judecca. Morn
Here rises, when there evening sets: and he,
Whose shaggy pile we scal'd, yet standeth fix'd,
As at the first. On this part he fell down
From heav'n; and th' earth, here prominent before,
Through fear of him did veil her with the sea,
And to our hemisphere retir'd. Perchance,
To shun him, was the vacant space left here,
By what of firm land on this side appears*, 120
That sprang aloof." There is a place beneath,
From Belzebub as distant, as extends
The vaulted tomb†; discover'd not by sight,
But by the sound of brooklet, that descends
This way along the hollow of a rock,
Which, as it winds with no precipitous course,
The wave hath eaten. By that hidden way
My guide and I did enter, to return
To the fair world: and heedless of repose

* *By what of firm land on this side appears.* The mountain of Purgatory.

† *The vaulted tomb.*] "La tomba." This word is used to express whole depth of the infernal region.

We climb'd, he first, I following his steps, 130
Till on our view the beautiful lights of heav'n
Dawn'd through a circular opening in the cave:
Thence issuing we again beheld the stars.

A

# CHRONOLOGICAL VIEW

OF

# THE AGE OF DANTE.

A

# CHRONOLOGICAL VIEW

OF

# THE AGE OF DANTE.

A.D.

265 May.—DANTE, son of Alighieri degli Alighieri and Bella, is born at Florence. Of his own ancestry he speaks in the Paradise, Canto, xv. and xvi.

In the same year, Manfredi, king of Naples and Sicily, is defeated and slain by Charles of Anjou. H. xxviii. 13. and Purg. iii. 110.

Guido Novello of Polenta obtains the sovereignty of Ravenna. H. xxvii. 38.

Battle of Evesham. Simon de Montfort, leader of the barons, defeated and slain.

266 Two of the Frati Godenti chosen arbitrators of the differences of Florence. H. xxiii. 104.

Gianni de' Soldanieri heads the populace in that city. H. xxxii. 118.

Roger Bacon sends a copy of his Opus Majus to Pope Clement IV.

268 Charles of Anjou puts Conradine to death, and becomes king of Naples. H. xxviii. 16. and Purg. xx. 68.

270 Louis IX. of France dies before Tunis. His widow, Beatrice, daughter of Raymond Berenger, lived till 1295. Purg. vii. 126. Par. vi. 135.

272 Henry III. of England is succeeded by Edward I. Purg. vii 129.

1272 Guy de Montfort murders Prince Henry, son of Ric
king of the Romans, and nephew of Henry III. of Eng
at Viterbo. H. xii. 119. Richard dies, as is suppos
grief for this event.
Abulfeda, the Arabic writer, is born.
1274 Our Poet first sees Beatrice, daughter of Folco Portinari
Rodolph acknowledged emperor.
Philip III. of France marries Mary of Brabant, who live
1321. Purg. vi. 24.
Thomas Aquinas dies. Purg. xx. 67. and Par. x. 96.
Buonaventura dies. Par. xii. 28.
1275 Pierre de la Brosse, secretary to Philip III. of France,
cuted. Purg. vi. 23.
1276 Giotto, the painter, is born. Purg. xi. 95.
Pope Adrian V. dies. Purg. xix. 97.
Guido Guinicelli, the poet, dies. Purg. xi. 96. and xxvi.
1277 Pope John XXI. dies. Par. xii. 126.
1278 Ottocar, king of Bohemia, dies. Purg. vii. 97.
Robert of Gloucester is living at this time.
1279 Dionysius succeeds to the throne of Portugal. Par. xix.
1280 Albertus Magnus dies. Par. x. 95.
Our Poet's friend, Bosone da Gubbio, is born about this ti
See the Life of Dante prefixed.
William of Ockham is born about this time.
1281 Pope Nicholas III. dies. H. xix. 71.
Dante studies at the universities of Bologna and Padua.
About this time Ricordano Malaspina the Florentine
nalist, dies.
1282 The Sicilian vespers. Par. viii. 80.
The French defeated by the people of Forlì. H. xxvii. 41.
Tribaldello de' Manfredi betrays the city of Faenza.
xxxii. 119.
1284 Prince Charles of Anjou is defeated and made prisoner
Rugier de Lauria, admiral to Peter III. of Arragon. Pu
xx. 78.
Charles I. king of Naples, dies. Purg. vii. 111.
Alonzo X. of Castile, dies. He caused the Bible to be tra
lated into Castilian, and all legal instruments to be dra
up in that language. Sancho IV. succeeds him.
Philip (next year IV. of France) marries Jane, daughter
Henry of Navarre. Purg. vii. 102.
1285 Pope Martin IV. dies. Purg. xxiv. 23.
Philip III. of France, and Peter III. of Arragon die. Pu
vii. 101 and 110.

85 Henry II. king of Cyprus, comes to the throne. Par. xix. 144.
Simon Memmi, the painter, celebrated by Petrarch, is born.
87 Guido dalle Colonne (mentioned by Dante in his De Vulgari Eloquio) writes "The War of Troy."
Pope Honorius IV. dies.
88 Haquin, king of Norway, makes war on Denmark. Par. xix. 135.
Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi dies of famine. H. xxxiii. 14.
The Scottish poet, Thomas Learmouth, commonly called Thomas the Rhymer, is living at this time.
89 Dante is in the battle of Campaldino, where the Florentines defeat the people of Arezzo, June 11. Purg. v. 90.
90 Beatrice dies. Purg. xxxii. 2.
He serves in the war waged by the Florentines upon the Pisans, and is present at the surrender of Cappona in the autumn. H. xxi. 92.
Guido dalle Colonne dies.
William, marquis of Monferrat, is made prisoner by his traitorous subjects, at Alessandria in Lombardy. Purg. viii. 133.
Michael Scot dies. H. xx. 115.
91 Dante marries Gemma de' Donati, with whom he lives unhappily. By this marriage he had five sons and a daughter.
Can Grande della Scala is born, March 9. H. i. 98. Purg. xx. 16. Par. xvii. 75. and xxvii. 135.
The renegade Christians assist the Saracens to recover St. John D'Acre. H. xxvii. 84.
The Emperor Rodolph dies. Purg. vi. 104. and vii. 91.
Alonzo III. of Arragon dies, and is succeeded by James II. Purg. vii. 113. and Par. xix. 133.
Eleanor, widow of Henry III. dies. Par. vi. 135.
92 Pope Nicholas IV. dies.
Roger Bacon dies.
John Baliol, king of Scotland, crowned.
94 Clement V. abdicates the papal chair. H. iii. 56.
Dante writes his Vita Nuova.
Fra Guittone d'Arezzo, the poet, dies. Purg. xxiv. 56.
Andrea Taffi, of Florence, the worker in Mosaic, dies.
95 Dante's preceptor, Brunetto Latini, dies. H. xv. 28.
Charles Martel, king of Hungary, visits Florence. Par. viii. 57. and dies in the same year.

1295 Frederick, son of Peter III. of Arragon, becomes king of Sicily. Purg. vii. 117. and Par. xix. 137.
Taddeo, the physician of Florence, called the Hippocratean, dies. Par. xii. 77.
Marco Polo, the traveller, returns from the East to Venice.
Ferdinand IV. of Castile comes to the throne. Par. xix. 122.
1296 Forese, the companion of Dante, dies. Purg. xxxiii. 44.
Sadi, the most celebrated of the Persian writers, dies.
War between England and Scotland, which terminates in the Submission of the Scots to Edward I; but in the following year Sir William Wallace attempts the deliverance of Scotland. Par. xix. 121.
1298 The Emperor Adolphus falls in a battle with his rival, Albert I. who succeeds him in the Empire. Purg. vi. 98.
Jacopo da Varagine, archbishop of Genoa, author of the Legenda Aurea, dies.
1300 The Bianchi and Nera parties take their rise in Pistoia. H. xxxii. 60.
This is the year in which he supposes himself to see his Vision. H. i. 1. and xxi. 109.
He is chosen chief magistrate, or first of the Priors of Florence: and continues in office from June 15, to August 15.
Cimabue, the painter, dies. Purg. xi. 93.
Guido Cavalcanti, the most beloved of our Poet's friends dies. H. x. 59. and Purg. xi. 96.
1301 The Bianchi party expels the Nera from Pistoia. H. xxi 142.
1302 January 27. During his absence at Rome, Dante is mulct by his fellow-citizens in the sum of 8000 lire, and co demned to two years banishment.
March 10. He is sentenced, if taken, to be burned.
Fulcieri de' Calboli commits great attrocities on certain the Ghibelline party. Purg. xiv. 61.
Carlino de' Pazzi betrays the castle di Piano Travigne Valdarno, to the Florentines. H. xxxii. 67.
The French vanquished in the battle of Courtrai. P xx. 47.
James, king of Majorca and Minorca, dies. Par. xix. 1
1303 Pope Boniface VIII. dies. H. xix. 55. Purg. xx. 86; 146. and Par. xxvii. 20.
The other exiles appoint Dante one of a council of tw under Alessandro da Romena. He appears to have much dissatisfied with his colleagues. Par. xvii. 61.

93 Robert of Brunne translates into English verse the Manuel de Peches, a treatise written in French by Robert Grosseteste, bishop of Lincoln.

94 Dante joins with the exiles in an unsuccessful attack on the city of Florence.

May. The bridge over the Arno breaks down during a representation of the infernal torments exhibited on that river. H. xxvi. 9.

July 20. Petrarch, whose father had been banished two years before from Florence, is born at Arezzo.

95 Wenceslaus II. king of Bohemia, dies. Purg. vii. 99. and Par. xix. 123.

A conflagration happens at Florence. H. xxvi. 9.

Sir William Wallace is executed at London.

96 Dante visits Padua.

97 He is in Lunigiana with the Marchese Marcello Malaspina. Purg. viii. 133; xix. 140.

Dolcino, the fanatic, is burned. H. xxviii. 53.

Edward II. of England comes to the throne.

98 The Emperor Albert I. murdered. Purg. vi. 98, and Par. xix. 114.

Corso Donati, Dante's political enemy, slain. Purg. xxiv. 81.

He seeks an asylum at Verona, under the roof the Signori della Scala. Par. xvii. 69.

He wanders, about this time, over various parts of Italy. See his Convito. He is at Paris twice, and, as one of the early commentators reports, at Oxford.

Robert, the patron of Petrarch, is crowned king of Sicily. Par. ix. 2.

Duns Scotus dies. He was born about the same time as Dante.

99 Charles II. king of Naples, dies. Par. xix. 125.

100 The Order of the Templars abolished. Purg. xx. 94.

Jean de Meun, the continuer of the Roman de la Rose, dies about this time.

Pier Crescenzi of Bologna, writes his book on agriculture in Latin.

101 Fra Giordano da Rivalta, of Pisa, a Dominican, the author of sermons esteemed for the purity of the Tuscan language, dies.

102 Robert, king of Sicily, opposes the coronation of the Emperor Henry VII. Par. viii. 59.

Ferdinand IV. of Castile, dies, and is succeeded by Alonzo XI.

1312 Dino Compagni, a distinguished Florentine, concludes h
history of his own time, written in elegant Italian.
Gaddo Gaddi, the Florentine artist, dies.

1313 The Emperor Henry of Luxemburgh, by whom he ha
hoped to be restored to Florence, dies. Par. xvii. 80. an
xxx. 135. He is succeeded by Lewis of Bavaria.
Dante takes refuge at Ravenna with Guido Novello da P
lenta.
Giovanni Boccaccio is born.
Pope Clement V. dies. H. xix. 86. and Par. xxvii. 55. an
xxx. 141.

1314 Philip IV. of France dies. Purg. vii. 108. and Par. xix. 117
Louis X. succeeds.
Ferdinand IV. of Spain, dies. Par. xix. 122.
Giacopo da Carrara defeated by Can Grande. Par. ix. 45.

1315 Louis X. of France marries Clemenza, sister to our Poet'
friend, Charles Martel, king of Hungary. Par. ix. 2.

1316 Louis X. of France dies, and succeeded by Philip V.
John XXII. elected Pope. Par. xxvii. 53.
Joinville, the French historian, dies about this time.

1320 About this time John Gower is born, eight years before his
friend Chaucer.

1321 July. Dante dies at Ravenna, of a complaint brought on by
disappointment at his failure in a negociation which he
had been conducting with the Venetians, for his patron
Guido Novello da Polenta.
His obsequies are sumptuously performed at Ravenna by
Guido, who himself died in the ensuing year.

THE

# VISION OF DANTE.

## PURGATORY.

# PURGATORY.

## CANTO I.

### ARGUMENT.

The Poet describes the delight he experienced at issuing a little before dawn from the infernal regions, into the pure air that surrounds the isle of Purgatory; and then relates how, turning to the right, he beheld four stars never seen before but by our first parents, and met on his left the shade of Cato of Utica, who, having warned him and Virgil what is needful to be done before they proceed on their way through Purgatory, disappears; and the two poets go towards the shore, where Virgil cleanses Dante's face with the dew, and girds him with a reed, as Cato had commanded.

O'ER better waves to speed her rapid course
The light bark of my genius lifts the sail,
Well pleas'd to leave so cruel sea behind;
And of that second region will I sing,
In which the human spirit from sinful blot
Is purg'd, and for ascent to Heaven prepares.
  Here, O ye hallow'd Nine! for in your train
I follow, here the deaden'd strain revive;
Nor let Calliope refuse to sound

A somewhat higher song, of that loud tone,
Which when the wretched birds of chattering no
Had heard, they of forgiveness lost all hope.
Sweet hue of eastern sapphire, that was sprea
O'er the serene aspect of the pure air,
High up as the first circle†, to mine eyes
Unwonted joy renew'd, soon as I scap'd
Forth from the atmosphere of deadly gloom,
That had mine eyes and bosom fill'd with grief.
The radiant planet‡, that to love invites,
Made all the orient laugh, and veil'd beneath
The Pisces' light§, that in his escort came.
To the right hand I turn'd, and fix'd my mind
On the' other pole attentive, where I saw
Four stars¶ ne'er seen before save by the ken
Of our first parents‖. Heaven of their rays

* *Birds of chattering note.*] For the fable of the daughters of rus, who challenged the muses to sing, and were by them cha into magpies, see Ovid. Met. lib. v. fab. 5.

† *The first circle.*] Either, as some suppose, the moon; o Lombardi (who likes to be as far off the rest of the comment as possible) will have it, the highest circle of the stars.

‡ *Planet.*] Venus.

§ *The Pisces' light.*] The constellation of the Fish veiled by more luminous body of Venus, then a morning star.

¶ *Four stars.*] Venturi observes that "Dante here speaks poet, and almost in the spirit of prophecy; or, what is more li describes the heaven about that pole according to his own inven In our days," he adds, "the cross, composed of four stars, thr the second and one of the third magnitude, serves as a gu those who sail from Europe to the south; but in the age of D these discoveries had not been made:" yet it appears probable, either from long tradition, or from the relation of later voya the real truth might not have been unknown to our Poet. Sen prediction of the discovery of America may be accounted for similar manner. But whatever may be thought of this, it is ce that the four stars are here symbolical of the four cardinal vir Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance. See Canto xxxi.

‖ *Our first parents.*] In the terrestrial paradise, placed, a shall see, by our Poet, on the summit of Purgatory.

Seem'd joyous. O thou northern site! bereft
Indeed, and widow'd, since of these depriv'd.
As from this view I had desisted, straight
Turning a little tow'rds the other pole,
There from whence now the wain* had disappear'd
I saw an old man† standing by my side
Alone, so worthy of rev'rence in his look, 31
That ne'er from son to father more was ow'd.
Low down his beard, and mix'd with hoary white
Descended, like his locks, which, parting, fell
Upon his breast in double fold. The beams
Of those four luminaries on his face
So brightly shone, and with such radiance clear
Deck'd it, that I beheld him as the sun.
"Say who are ye, that stemming the blind stream,
Forth from the' eternal prison-house have fled?" 41
He spoke and mov'd those venerable plumes‡.
"Who hath conducted, or with lantern sure
Lights you emerging from the depth of night,
That makes the' infernal valley ever black?
Are the firm statutes of the dread abyss
Broken, or in high heaven new laws ordain'd,
That thus, condemn'd, ye to my caves approach?"
My guide, then laying hold on me, by words
and intimations given with hand and head,
ade my bent knees and eye submissive pay 50

*The wain.*] Charles's wain, or Bootes.
*An old man.*] Cato.
Secretosque pios; his dantem jura Catonem.
*Virg. Æn.* viii. 670.
*Venerable plumes.*]
Imperata tua quum veniet pluma superbia.
*Hor. Carm.* lib. iv. ode 10
The same metaphor has occurred in Hell, Canto xx. v. 41.
The plumes,
That mark'd the better sex.

Due reverence; then thus to him replied.
"Not of myself I come; a Dame from heaven*
Descending, him besought me in my charge
To bring. But since thy will implies, that more
Our true condition I unfold at large,
Mine is not to deny thee thy request.
This mortal ne'er hath seen the farthest gloom;
But erring by his folly had approach'd
So near, that little space was left to turn. 60
Then, as before I told, I was dispatch'd
To work his rescue; and no way remain'd
Save this which I have ta'en. I have display'd
Before him all the regions of the bad;
And purpose now those spirits to display,
That under thy command are purg'd from sin.
How I have brought him would be long to say.
From high descends the virtue, by whose aid
I to thy sight and hearing him have led.
Now may our coming please thee. In the search 70
Of liberty he journeys: that how dear,
They know, who for her sake have life refus'd.
Thou knowest, to whom death for her was sweet
In Utica, where thou didst leave those weeds,
That in the last great day will shine so bright.
For us the' eternal edicts are unmov'd:
He breathes, and I of Minos am not bound†,
Abiding in that circle, where the eyes
Of thy chaste Marcia beam, who still in look
Prays thee, O hallow'd spirit! to own her thine. 80
Then by her love we' implore thee, let us pass
Through thy sev'n regions‡; for which, best thanks

* *A Dame from heaven.*] Beatrice. See Hell, ii. 54.

† *Of Minos am not bound.*] See Hell, v. 4.

‡ *Through thy sev'n regions.*] The seven rounds of Purgatory, in which the seven capital sins are punished.

y favour will to her return,
ion there below thou not disdain."
rcia so pleasing in my sight was found,"
n to him rejoin'd, "while I was there,
l she ask'd me I was fain to grant.
at beyond the' accursed stream she dwells,
y no longer move me, by that law*,
was ordain'd me, when I issued thence. 90
if Dame from heaven, as thou sayst,
and directs thee; then no flatt'ry needs.
h for me that in her name thou ask.
refore now: and with a slender reed†
t thou duly gird him, and his face
till all sordid stain thou wipe from thence.
t with eye, by any cloud obscur'd,
it be seemly before him to come,
tands the foremost minister in heaven.
let all around, there far beneath, 100
the wave beats it, on the oozy bed
es store of reeds. No other plant,
d with leaves, or harden'd in its stalk,
lives, not bending to the water's sway.
this way return not; but the sun
ow you, that now rises, where to take
ountain in its easiest ascent."
lisappear'd; and I myself uprais'd
less, and to my guide retiring close,
d him turn'd mine eyes. He thus began: 110
on! observant thou my steps pursue.
ast retreat to rereward; for that way

*hat law.*] When he was delivered by Christ from limbo, a of affections accompanied his change of place.
*ender reed.*] The reed is here supposed, with sufficient ity, to be meant for a type of simplicity and patience.

The champaign to its low extreme declines."
  The dawn had chac'd the matin hour of prime,
Which fled before it, so that from afar
I spy'd the trembling of the ocean stream.
  We travers'd the deserted plain, as one
Who, wander'd from his track, thinks every step
Trodden in vain till he regain the path.
  When we had come, where yet the tender dew 120
Strove with the sun, and in a place, where fresh
The wind breath'd o'er it, while it slowly dried;
Both hands extended on the watery grass
My master plac'd, in graceful act and kind,
Whence I of his intent before appriz'd,
Stretch'd out to him my cheeks suffus'd with tears.
There to my visage he anew restor'd
That hue, which the dun shades of hell conceal'd.
  Then on the solitary shore arriv'd,
That never sailing on its waters saw 130
Man that could after measure back his course,
He girt me in such manner as had pleas'd
Him who instructed; and O, strange to tell!
As he selected every humble plant,
Wherever one was pluck'd, another there
Resembling, straightway in its place arose.

## CANTO II.

### ARGUMENT.

They behold a vessel under conduct of an angel, coming over the waves with spirits to Purgatory, among whom, when the passengers have landed, Dante recognizes his friend Casella; but, while they are entertained by him with a song, they hear Cato exclaiming against their negligent loitering, and at that rebuke hasten forwards to the mountain.

Now had the sun* to that horizon reach'd,
That covers, with the most exalted point
Of it's meridian circle, Salem's walls;
And night, that opposite to him her orb
Rounds, from the stream of Ganges issued forth,
Holding the scales†, that from her hands are dropp'd
When she reigns highest‡: so that where I was,
Aurora's white and vermeil-tinctur'd cheek
To orang turn'd as she in age increas'd.

* *Now had the sun.*] Dante was now antipodal to Jerusalem; so that while the sun was setting with respect to that place, which he supposes to be the middle of the inhabited earth, to him it was rising.

† *The scales*] The constellation Libra.

‡ *When she reigns highest.*] "Quando soverchia" is (according to Venturi, whom I have followed) "when the autumnal equinox is passed." Lombardi supposes it to mean "when the nights begin to increase, that is, after the summer solstice."

Meanwhile we linger'd by the water's brink, 10
Like men, who, musing on their road, in thought
Journey, while motionless the body rests.
When lo! as, near upon the hour of dawn,
Through the thick vapours Mars with fiery beam
Glares down in west, over the ocean floor;
So seem'd, what once again I hope to view,
A light, so swiftly coming through the sea,
No winged course might equal it's career.
From which when for a space I had withdrawn
Mine eyes, to make enquiry of my guide, 20
Again I look'd, and saw it grown in size
And brightness: then on either side appear'd
Something, but what I knew not, of bright hue,
And by degrees from underneath it came
Another. My preceptor silent yet
Stood, while the brightness, that we first discern'd,
Open'd the form of wings: then when he knew
The pilot, cried aloud, "down, down; bend low
Thy knees; behold God's angel: fold thy hands:
Now shalt thou see true Ministers indeed. 30
Lo! how all human means he sets at nought;
So that nor oar he needs, nor other sail
Except his wings, between such distant shores.
Lo! how straight up to heav'n he holds them rear'
Winnowing the air with those eternal plumes,
That not like mortal hairs fall off or change."
As more and more toward us came, more brig
Appear'd the bird of God, nor could the eye
Endure his splendour near: I mine bent down.
He drove ashore in a small bark so swift
And light, that in it's course no wave it drank.
The heav'nly steersman at the prow was seen,
Visibly written Blessed in his looks.

ı, a hundred spirits and more there sat.
:xitu Israel de Egypto,"
th one voice together sang, with what
remainder of that hymn is writ.
ɜoon as with the sign of holy cross
:ss'd them, they at once leap'd out on land:
viftly as he came, return'd. The crew, 50
left, appear'd astounded with the place,
ɾ around, as one who sees new sights.
n every side the sun darted his beams,
ith his arrowy radiance from mid heav'n
ıas'd the Capricorn, when that strange tribe,
; their eyes toward us: "If ye know,
e what path will lead us to the mount?"
Virgil answer'd. "Ye suppose, perchance,
l acquainted with this place: but here,
s yourselves, are strangers. Not long erst 60
me, before you but a little space,
er road so rough and hard, that now
scent will seem to us as play." The spirits,
:om my breathing had perceiv'd I liv'd,
ɔale with wonder. As the multitnde
:ound a herald sent with olive branch,
.r what news he brings, and in their haste
one another down; e'en so at sight
those happy spirits were fix'd, each one
ful of its errand to depart
, cleans'd from sin, it might be made all fair.
ı one I saw darting before the rest
ıch fond ardour to embrace me, I
he like was mov'd. O shadows vain!
in outward semblance: thrice my hands
d behind it, they as oft return'd
into my breast again. Surprise
must think was painted in my looks,

For that the shadow smil'd and backward drew.
To follow it I hasten'd, but with voice 80
Of sweetness it enjoin'd me to desist.
Then who it was I knew, and pray'd of it,
To talk with me it would a little pause.
It answer'd: "Thee as in my mortal frame
I lov'd, so loos'd from it I love thee still,
And therefore pause: but why walkest thou here?"
"Not without purpose once more to return,
Thou find'st me, my Casella*, where I am,
Journeying this way;" I said: "but how of thee
Hath so much time been lost?" He answer'd straight: 90
No outrage hath been done to me, if he†,
Who when and whom he chooses takes, hath oft
Denied me passage here; since of just will
His will he makes. These three months past‡ indeed,
He, whoso choose to enter, with free leave
Hath taken; whence I wand'ring by the shore §
Where Tyber's wave grows salt, of him gain'd kind
Admittance, at that river's mouth, tow'rd which
His wings are pointed; for there always throng
All such as not to Acheron descend." 100

* *My Casella.*] A Florentine, celebrated for his skill in music, "in whose company," says Landino, "Dante often recreated his spirits, wearied by severer studies." See Dr. Burney's History of Music, vol. ii. cap. iv. p. 322. Milton has a fine allusion to this meeting in his sonnet to Henry Lawes.

Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

† *He.*] The conducting angel.

‡ *These three months past.*] Since the time of the Jubilee, during which all spirits not condemned to eternal punishment, were supposed to pass over to Purgatory as soon as they pleased.

§ *The shore.*] Ostia.

Then I: "If new law taketh not from thee
Memory or custom of lov-tuned song,
That whilom all my cares had pow'r to swage;
Please thee therewith a little to console
My spirit, that incumber'd with its frame,
Traveling so far, of pain is overcome."
"Love, that discourses in my thoughts," he then
Began in such soft accents, that within
The sweetness thrills me yet. My gentle guide,
And all who came with him, so well were pleas'd, 110
That seem'd nought else might in their thoughts have room.
Fast fix'd in mute attention to his notes
We stood, when lo! that old man venerable
Exclaiming, "How is this, ye tardy spirits?
What negligence detains you loit'ring here?
Run to the mountain to cast off those scales,
That from your eyes the sight of God conceal."
As a wild flock of pigeons, to their food
Collected, blade or tares, without their pride
Accustom'd, and in still and quiet sort, 120
If aught alarm them, suddenly desert
Their meal, assail'd by more important care;
So I that new-come troop beheld, the song
Deserting, hasten to the mountain's side,
As one who goes, yet, where he tends, knows not.
Nor with less hurried step did we depart.

## CANTO III.

### ARGUMENT.

Our Poet, perceiving no shadow except that cast by his own body is fearful that Virgil has deserted him; but he is freed from that error, and both arrive together at the foot of the mountain; on finding it too steep to climb, they enquire the way from a troop of spirits that are coming towards them, and are by them shown which is the easiest ascent. Manfredi, king of Naples, who is one of these spirits, bids Dante inform his daughter Costanza, queen of Arragon, of the manner in which he had died.

THEM sudden flight had scatter'd o'er the plain,
Turn'd tow'rds the mountain, whither reason's voice
Drives us: I, to my faithful company
Adhering, left it not. For how, of him
Depriv'd, might I have sped? or who, beside,
Would o'er the mountainous tract have led my steps?
He, with the bitter pang of se!f-remorse,
Seem'd smitten. O clear conscience, and upright!
How doth a little failing wound the sore.
Soon as his feet desisted (slack'ning pace) 10
From haste, that mars all decency of act*,

* *Haste, that mars all decency of act.*] Aristotle in his Physiog. c. iii. reckons it among the φαυλους σημεια "the signs of an im-

My mind, that in itself before was wrapt,
It's thought expanded, as with joy restor'd;
And full against the steep ascent I set
My face, where highest to heav'n it's top o'erfl
The sun, that flar'd behind, with ruddy bea
Before my form was broken; for in me
His rays resistance met. I turn'd aside
With fear of being left, when I beheld
Only before myself the ground obscur'd.
When thus my solace, turning him around,
Bespake me kindly: "Why distrustest thou
Believ'st not I am with the, thy sure guide?
It now is evening there, where buried lies
The body' in which I cast a shade, remov'd
To Naples* from Brundusium's wall. Nor tho
Marvel, if before me no shadow fall,
More than that in the skyey element
One ray obstructs not other. To endure
Torments of heat and cold extreme, like frame
That virtue hath dispos'd, which, how it work
Wills not to us should be reveal'd. Insane,
Who hopes our reason may that space explor
Which holds three persons in one substance k
Seek not the wherefore, race of human kind
Could ye have seen the whole, no need had b
For Mary to bring forth. Moreover, ye

pudent man;" that he is ἐντάσι κινήσεσιν ὀξύς, "q
his motions." Compare Sophocles, Electra, 878.

Τὸ κόσμιον μεθίεσα.

Joy, my dear sister, wings my quick return,
And with more speed than decency allows.

* *To Naples*] Virgil died at Brundusium, from whence
is said to have been removed to Naples.

Have seen such men desiring fruitlessly*;
To whose desires, repose would have been giv'n,
That now but serve them for eternal grief. 40
I speak of Plato, and the Stagyrite,
And others many more." And then he bent
Downwards his forehead, and in troubled mood†
Broke off his speech. Meanwhile we had arriv'd
Far as the mountain's foot, and there the rock
Found of so steep ascent, that nimblest steps
To climb it had been vain. The most remote,
Most wild, untrodden path, in all the tract
'Twixt Lerice and Turbia‡, were to this
A ladder easy' and open of access.
"Who knows on which hand the steep declines?"
My master said, and paus'd; "so that he may
Ascend, who journeys without aid of wing?"
And while, with looks directed to the ground,
The meaning of the pathway he explor'd,
And I gaz'd upward round the stony height;
On the left hand appear'd to us a troop
Of spirits, that toward us mov'd their steps;
Yet moving seem'd not, they so slow approach'd.
I thus my guide address'd: "Upraise thine eyes: 60
Lo! that way some, of whom thou may'st obtain
Council, if of thyself thou find'st it not."
Straightway he look'd, and with free speech replied:
"Let us tend thither: they but softly come.
And thou be firm in hope, my son belov'd."

* *Desiring fruitlessly.*] See Hell Canto iv. 39.

† *In troubled mood.*] Because he himself (Virgil) was amongst the number of spirits, who thus desired without hope.

‡ *'Twixt Lerice and Turbia.*] At that time the two extremities of the Genoese republic; the former on the east, the latter on the west.

Now was that people distant far, in space
A thousand paces behind our's, as much
As at a throw the nervous arm could fling;
When all drew backward on the massy crags
Of the steep bank, and firmly stood unmov'd,
As one, who walks in doubt, might stand to look.
"O spirits perfect! O already chosen!
Virgil to them began: "by that blest peace,
Which, as I deem, is for you all prepar'd,
Instruct us where the mountain low declines,
So that attempt to mount it be not vain.
For who knows most, him loss of time most grieves
As sheep, that step from forth their fold, by one
Or pairs, or three at once; meanwhile the rest
Stand fearfully, bending the eye and nose
To ground, and what the foremost does, that do
The others, gath'ring round her if she stops,
Simple and quiet, nor the cause discern;
So saw I moving to advance the first,
Who of that fortunate crew were at the head,
Of modest mien, and graceful in their gait.
When they before me had beheld the light
From my right side fall broken on the ground,
So that the shadow reach'd the cave; they stop'
And somewhat back retir'd: the same did all
Who follow'd, though unweeting of the cause.
"Unask'd of you, yet freely I confess,
This is a human body which ye see.
That the sun's light is broken on the ground,
Marvel not: but believe, that not without
Virtue deriv'd from Heaven, we to climb
Over this wall aspire." So them bespake
My master; and that virtuous tribe rejoin'd
"Turn, and before you there the entrance
Making a signal to us with bent hands.

Then of them one began. "Whoe'er thou art,
Who journey'st thus this way, thy visage turn;
Think if me elsewhere thou hast ever seen."
I tow'rds him turn'd, and with fix'd eye beheld.
Comely, and fair, and gentle of aspect
He seem'd, but on one brow a gash was mark'd.
When humbly I disclaim'd to have beheld
Him ever: "Now behold!" he said, and show'd
High on his breast a wound: then smiling spake.
"I am Manfredi,* grandson to the Queen 110

* *Manfredi.*] King of Naples and Sicily, and the natural son of Frederick II. He was lively and agreeable in his manners, and delighted in poetry, music, and dancing. But he was luxurious and ambitious, void of religion, and in his philosophy an Epicurean. See G. Villani, lib. vi. cap. xlvii. and Mr. Matthias's Tiraboschi, vol. i. p. 99. He fell in the battle with Charles of Anjou in 1265, alluded to in Canto xxviii. of Hell, ver. 13, or rather in that which ensued in the course of a few days at Benevento. But the successes of Charles were so rapidly followed up, that our author, exact as he generally is, might not have thought it necessary to distinguish them in point of time; for this seems the best method of reconciling some little apparent inconsistency between him and the annalist. "Dying excommunicated. King Charles did not allow of his being buried in sacred ground, but he was interred near the bridge of Benevento; and on his grave there was cast a stone by every one of the army, whence there was formed a great mound of stones. But some have said, that afterwards, by command of the Pope, the Bishop of Cozenza took up his body and sent it out of the kingdom, because it was the land of the church; and that it was buried by the river Verde, on the borders of the kingdom and of Campagna. This, however, we do not affirm." G. Villani, Hist. lib. vii. cap. 9. Manfredi and his father are spoken of by our Poet in his De Vulg. Eloq. lib. i. cap. 12. with singular commendation. "Siquidem illustres," &c. "Those illustrious worthies, Frederick the Emperor, and his well-born son Manfredi, manifested their nobility and uprightness of form, as long as fortune remained, by following pursuits worthy of men, and disdained those which are suited only to brutes. Such, therefore, as were of a lofty spirit, and graced with natural endowments, endeavoured to walk in the track which the majesty of such great princes had marked out for

Costanza :* whence I pray thee, when return'd,
To my fair daughter† go, the parent glad
Of Arragonia and Sicilia's pride;
And of the truth inform her, if of me
Aught else be told. When by two mortal blows
My frame was shatter'd, I betook myself
Weeping to him, who of free will forgives.
My sins were horrible: but so wide arms
Hath goodness infinite, that it receives
All who turn to it. Had his text divine 120
Been of Cosenza's shepherd better scann'd,
Who then by Clement‡ on my hunt was set,
Yet at the bridge's head my bones had lain,
Near Benevento, by the heavy mole
Protected; but the rain now drenches them,
And the wind drives, out of the kingdom's bounds,
Far as the stream of Verde,§ where, with lights
Extinguish'd, he remov'd them from their bed.
Yet by their curse we are not so destroy'd,
But that the' eternal love may turn, while hope‖ 130

them: so that whatever was in their time attempted by eminent Italians, first made its appearance in the court of crowned sovereigns; and because Sicily was a royal throne, it came to pass that whatever was produced in the vernacular tongue by our predecessors was called Sicilian; which neither we nor our posterity shall be able to change."

* *Costanza.*] See Paradise, canto iii. 121.

† *My fair daughter.*] Costanza, the daughter of Manfredi, and wife of Peter III. King of Arragon, by whom she was mother to Frederick, King of Sicily, and James King of Arragon. With the latter of these she was at Rome 1296. See. G. Villani, lib. viii. cap. 18. and Notes to Canto vii.

‡ *Clement.*] Pope Clement IV.

§ *The stream of Verde.*] A river near Ascoli, that falls into the Tronto. The "extinguished lights" formed part of the ceremony at the interment of one excommunicated.

‖ *Hope.*]

Mentre che la speranza ha fior del verde.

So Tasso, G. L. canto xix. st. 53.

—— infin che verde e fior di speme.

Retains her verdant blossom. True it is,
That such one as in contumacy dies
Against the holy church, though he repent,
Must wander thirty fold for all the time
In his presumption past; if such decree
Be not by prayers of good men shorter made.
Look therefore if thou canst advance my bliss;
Revealing to my good Costanza, how
Thou hast beheld me, and beside, the terms
Laid on me of that interdict, for here 140
By means of those below much profit comes."

## CANTO IV.

### ARGUMENT.

Dante and Virgil ascend the mountain of Purgatory, by a steep and narrow path pent in on each side by rock, till they reach a part of it that opens into a ledge or cornice. There seating themselves, and turning to the east, Dante wonders at seeing the sun on their left, the cause of which is explained to him by Virgil; and while they continue their discourse, a voice addresses them, at which they turn, and find several spirits behind the rock, and amongst the rest one named Belaqua, who had been known to our Poet on earth, and who tells that he is doomed to linger there on account of his having delayed his repentance to the last.

WHEN* by sensations of delight or pain,
That any of our faculties hath seiz'd,
Entire the soul collects herself, it seems
She is intent upon that power alone;

* *When.*] It must be owned the beginning of this Canto is somewhat obscure. Vellutello refers, for an elucidation of it, to the reasoning of Statius in the twenty-fifth Canto. Perhaps some illustration may be derived from the following passage in the Summa Theologiæ of Thomas Aquinas. "Some say that in addition to the vegetable soul, which was present from the first, there supervenes another soul, which is the sensitive, and, again in addition to that, another, which is the intellective. And so there are in man three souls, one of which exists potentially with regard to another: but this has been already disproved. And accordingly others say that that same soul, which at first was merely vegetative, is, through action of the seminal virtue, carried forward till it reaches

And thus the error is disprov'd, which holds
The soul not singly lighted in the breast.
And therefore when as aught is heard or seen,
That firmly keeps the soul toward it turn'd,
Time passes, and a man perceives it not.
For that, whereby we hearken, is one power; 10
Another that, which the whole spirit hath:
This is as it were bound, while that is free.
This found I true by proof, hearing that spirit,
And wand'ring; for full fifty steps* aloft
The sun had measur'd, unobserv'd of me,
When we arriv'd where all with one accord
The spirits shouted, "Here is what ye ask."
A larger aperture oft-times is stopp'd
With forked stake of thorn by villager,
When the ripe grape imbrowns, than was the path, 20
By which my guide, and I behind him close,
Ascended solitary, when that troop
Departing left us. On Sanleo's† road
Who journey's, or to Noli‡ low descends,
Or mounts Bismantua's§ height, must use his feet;
But here a man had need to fly, I mean
With the swift wing‖ and plumes of high desire,
Conducted by his aid, who gave me hope,
And with light furnish'd to direct my way.

to that point, in which, being still the same, it nevertheless becomes sensitive; and at length the same by an ulterior progression is led on, till it becomes intellective; not, indeed, through the seminal virtue acting in it, but by virtue of a superior agent, that is, God, enlightening it from without."

* *Full fifty steps.*] Three hours and twenty minutes, fifteen degrees being reckoned to an hour.

† *Sanleo.*] A fortress on the summit of Montefeltro.

‡ *Noli.*] In the Genoese territory, between Finale and Savona.

§ *Bismantua.*] A steep mountain in the territory of Reggio.

‖ *With the swift wing.*] Compare Paradise, canto xxxiii, 17.

We through the broken rock ascended, close 30
Pent on each side, while underneath the ground
Ask'd help of hands and feet. When we arriv'd
Near on the highest ridge of the steep bank,
Where the plain level open'd I exclaim'd,
"O Master! say, which way can we proceed."
He answer'd, "Let no step of thine recede.
Behind me gain the mountain, till to us
Some practis'd guide appear." That eminence
Was lofty, that no eye might reach its point;
And the side proudly rising, more than line* 40
From the mid quadrant to the centre drawn.
I, wearied, thus began: "Parent belov'd!
Turn and behold how I remain alone,
If thou stay not."—"My son!" he straight replied,
"Thus far put forth thy strength;" and to a track
Pointed, that, on this side projecting, round
Circles the hill. His words so spurred me on,
That I, behind him, clamb'ring, forc'd myself,
Till my feet press'd the circuit plain beneath.
There both together seated, turn'd we round 50
To eastward, whence was our ascent: and oft
Many beside have with delight look'd back.
First on the nether shores I turn'd my eyes,
Then rais'd them to the sun, and wond'ring mark'd
That from the left it smote us. Soon perceiv'd
That Poet sage, how at the car of light
Amaz'd† I stood, where 'twixt us and the north

* *More than line.*] It was much nearer to being perpendicular than horizontal.

† *Amaz'd.*] He wonders that being turned to the east he should see the sun on his left, since in all the regions on this side of the tropic of Cancer, it is seen on the right of one who turns his face towards the east; not recollecting that he was now antipodal to Europe, from whence he had seen the sun taking an opposite course.

It's course it enter'd. Whence he thus to me :
" Were Leda's offspring* now in company
Of that broad mirror, that high up and low 60
Imparts his light beneath, thou might'st behold
The ruddy Zodiac nearer to the Bears
Wheel, if it's ancient course it not forsook.
How that may be, if thou would'st think ; within
Pond'ring, imagine Sion with this mount
Plac'd on the earth, so that to both be one
Horizon, and two hemispheres apart,
Where lies the path† that Phæton ill knew
To guide his erring chariot : thou wilt see‡
How of necessity by this, on one,
He passes, while by that on the' other side ;
If with clear view thine intellect attend."
" Of truth, kind teacher !" I exclaimed, " so clear
Aught saw I never, as I now discern,
Where seem'd my ken to fail, that the mind orb§
Of the supernal motion (which in terms

* *Were Leda's o spring.*] " As the constellation o the Gemini is nearer the Bears than Aries is, it is certain that if the sun, instead of being in Aries, had been in Gemini, both the sun and that portion of the Zodiac made 'ruddy' by the sun, would have been seen to wheel nearer to the Bears.' By the 'ruddy Zodiac' must necessarily be understood that portion of the Zodiac affected or made red by the sun ; for the whole of the Zodiac never changes, nor appears to change, with respect to the remainder of the heavens." *Lombardi.*

† *The path.*] The ecliptic.

‡ *Thou wilt see.*] " If you consider that this mountain of Purgatory, and that of Sion, are antipodal to each other, you will perceive that the sun must rise on opposite sides of the respective eminences."

§ *That the mid orb.*] " That the Equator (which is always situated between that part where, when the sun is, he causes summer, and the other where his absence produces winter) recedes from this mountain towards the north, at the time when the Jews inhabiting Mount Sion saw it depart towards the south." *Lombardi.*

Of art is call'd the' Equator, and remains
Still 'twixt the sun and winter) for the cause
Thou hast assign'd, from hence toward the north
Departs, when those, who in the Hebrew land 80
Were dwellers, saw it tow'rds the warmer part.
But if it please thee, I would gladly know,
How far we have to journey: for the hill
Mounts higher, than this sight of mine can mount."
He thus to me: "Such is this steep ascent,
That it is ever difficult at first,
But more a man proceeds, less evil grows*.
When pleasant it shall seem to thee, so much
That upward going shall be easy to thee
As in a vessel to go down the tide, 90
Then of this path thou wilt have reach'd the end.
There hope to rest thee from thy toil. No more
I answer, and thus far for certain know."
As he his words had spoken, near to us
A voice there sounded: "Yet ye first perchance
May to repose you by constraint be led."
At sound thereof each turn'd; and on the left
A huge stone we beheld, of which nor I
Nor he before was ware. Thither we drew;
And there were some, who in the shady place 100
Behind the rock were standing, as a man
Through idleness might stand. Among them one,
Who seem'd to me much wearied, sat him down,
And with his arms did fold his knees about,
Holding his face between them downward bent.
"Sweet Sir!" I cry'd, "behold that man, who shows
Himself more idle, than if laziness

* *But more a man proceeds, less evil grows.*] Because in ascending he gets rid of the weight of his sins.

Were sister to him." Straight he turn'd to us,
And, o'er the thigh lifting his face, observ'd, 109
Then in these accents spake: "Up then, proceed,
Thou valiant one." Straight who it was I knew;
Nor could the pain I felt (for want of breath
Still somewhat urg'd me) hinder my approach.
And when I came to him, he scarce his head
Uplifted, saying, "Well hast thou discern'd,
How from the left the sun his chariot leads.
His lazy acts and broken words my lips
To laughter somewhat mov'd; when I began:
"Belacqua*, now for thee I grieve no more.
But tell, why thou art seated upright there. 120
Waitest thou escort to conduct thee hence?
Or blame I only thine accustom'd ways?"
Then he: "My brother! of what use to mount,
When, to my suffering, would not let me pass
The bird of God†, who at the portal sits?
Behoves so long that heav'n first bear me round
Without its limits, as in life it bore;
Because I, to the end, repentant sighs
Delay'd; if prayer do not aid me first,
That riseth up from heart which lives in grace. 130
What other kind avails, not heard in heaven?"
Before me now the Poet up the mount
Ascending, cried: "Haste thee: for see the sun
Has touch'd the point meridian; and the night
Now covers with her foot Marocco's shore."

* *Belacqua.*] Concerning this man, the commentators afford no information, except that in the margin of the Monte Casino MS. there is found this brief notice of him: "Iste Belacqua fuit optimus magister cithararum, et lautorum, et pigrissimus homo in operibus mundi sicut in operibus animæ." "This Belacqua was an excellent master of the harp and lute, but very negligent in his affairs both spiritual and temporal." *Lettera di Eustazio Dicearchea ad Angelio Sidicino.* 4to. Roma. 1801.

† *The bird of God.*] Here are two other readings, "Usciere" and "Angel," "Usher" and "Angel" of God.

## CANTO V.

### ARGUMENT.

They meet with others, who had deferred their repentance till they were overtaken by a violent death, when sufficient space being allowed them, they were then saved; and amongst these, Giacopo del Cassero, Buonconte da Momefeltro, and Pia, a lady of Sienna.

Now had I left those spirits, and pursued
The steps of my conductor; when behind,
Pointing the finger at me, one exclaim'd:
"See, how it seems as if the light not shone
From the left hand* of him beneath†, and he,
As living, seems to be led on." Mine eyes
I at that sound reverting, saw them gaze,
Through wonder, first at me; and then at me
And the light broken underneath, by turns.
"Why are thy thoughts thus riveted," my guide 10

* *It seems as if the light not shone*
*From the left hand.*] The sun was, therefore, on the right of our travellers. For, as before, when seated and looking to the east from whence they had ascended, the sun was on their left; so now that they have risen and are again going forward, it must be on the opposite side of them.

† *Of him beneath.*] Of Dante, who was following Virgil up the mountain, and therefore was the lower of the two.

Exclaim'd, "that thou hast slack'd thy pace? how
Imports it thee, what thing is whisper'd here?
Come after me, and to their babblings leave
The crowd. Be as a tower, that, firmly set,
Shakes not its top for any blast that blows.
He, in whose bosom thought on thought shoots
Still of his aim is wide, in that the one
Sicklies and wastes to nought the other's strengt
What other could I answer, save "I come?"
I said it, somewhat with that colour ting'd,
Which oft-times pardon meriteth for man.
Meanwhile traverse along the hill there came,
A little way before us, some who sang
The "Miserere" in responsive strains.
When they perceiv'd that through my body I
Gave way not for the rays to pass, their song
Straight to a long and hoarse exclaim they chang
And two of them, in guise of messengers,
Ran on to meet us, and inquiring ask'd:
"Of your condition we would gladly learn."
To them my guide. "Ye may return, and be
Tidings to them who sent you, that his frame
Is real flesh If, as I deem, to view
His shade they paus'd enough is answer'd them
Him let them honour; they may prize him well.
Ne'er saw I fiery vapours with such speed
Cut through the serene air at fall of night,
Nor august's clouds athwart the setting sun,
That upward these did not in shorter space
Return; and, there arriving, with the rest
Wheel back on us, as with loose rein a troop.
"Many," exclaim'd the bard, "are these, v throng
Around us: to petition thee, they come.

Go therefore on, and listen as thou go'st."
O spirit! who go'st on to blessedness,
With the same limbs that clad thee at thy birth,"
Shouting they came; "a little rest thy step.
Look if thou any one amongst our tribe
Hast e'er beheld, that tidings of him there*
Thou may'st report. Ah wherefore go'st thou on? 50
Ah wherefore tarriest thou not? We all
By violence died, and to our latest hour
Were sinners, but then warn'd by light from heav'n;
So that, repenting and forgiving, we
Did issue out of life at peace with God,
Who, with desire to see him, fills our heart."
Then I: "The visages of all I scan,
Yet none of ye remember. But if aught
That I can do may please you, gentle spirits!
Speak, and I will perform it; by that peace, 60
Which, on the steps of guide so excellent
Following, from world to world, intent I seek."
In answer he began: "None here distrusts
Thy kindness, though not promis'd with an oath;
So as the will fail not for want of power.
Whence I, who sole before the others speak,
Entreat thee, if thou ever see that land†
Which lies between Romagna and the realm
Of Charles, that of thy courtesy thou pray
Those who inhabit Fano, that for me 70
Their adorations duly be put up,
By which I may purge off my grievous sins.
From thence I came‡. But the deep passages,

* *There.*] Upon the earth.

† *That land.*] The Marca d'Ancona, between Romagna and Apulia the kingdom of Charles of Anjou.

‡ *From thence I came.*] Giacopo del Cassero, a citizen of Fano, who having spoken ill of Azzo da Este, Marquis of Ferrara, was by

Whence issued out the blood * wherein I dwelt,
Upon my bosom in Antenor's land†
Were made, where to be more secure I thought.
The author of the deed was Este's prince,
Who, more than right could warrant, with his wrath
Pursu'd me. Had I towards Mira fled,
When overta'n at Oriaco, still 80
Might I have breath'd. But to the marsh I sped;
And the mire and rushes tangled there
Fell, and beheld my life-blood float the plain."
Then said another: "Ah! so may the wish,
That takes the o'er the mountain, be fulfill'd,
As thou shalt graciously give aid to mine.
Of Montefeltro I‡; Buonconte I:
Giovanna§ nor none else have care for me;
Sorrowing with these I therefore go." I thus:
"From Campaldino's field what force or chance 90
Drew thee, that ne'er thy sepulture was known?"
"Oh!" answer'd he, "at Casentino's foot
A stream there courseth, nam'd Archiano, sprung
In Apennine above the hermit's seat.‖

his orders put to death. Giacopo was overtaken by the assassins at Oriaco, a place near the Brenta, from whence if he had fled towards Mira, higher up on that river, instead of making for the marsh on the sea-shore, he might have escaped.

* *The blood.*] Supposed to be the seat of life.

† *Antenor's land.*] The city of Padua, said to be founded by Antenor. This implies a reflection on the Paduans. See Hell, xxii, 89. Thus G. Villani calls the Venetians "the perfidious descendants from the blood of Antenor, the betrayer of his country Troy." Lib. xi. cap. 89.

‡ *Of Montefeltro I.*] Buonconte (son of Guido da Montefeltro, whom we have had in the twenty-seventh Canto of hell) fell in the battle of Campaldino (1289,) fighting on the side of the Aretini. In this engagement our Poet took a distinguished part, as we have seen related in his life.

§ *Giovanna.*] Either the wife, or a kinswoman of Buonconte.

‖ *The hermit's seat.*] The hermitage of Camaldoli.

E'en where it's name is cancel'd*, there came I,
Pierc'd in the heart, fleeing away on foot,
And bloodying the plain. Here sight and speech
Fail'd me; and, finishing with Mary's name,
I fell, and tenantless my flesh remain'd.
I will report the truth; which thou again 100
Tell to the living. Me God's angel took,
Whilst he of hell exclaim'd: 'O thou from heav'n!
'Say wherefore hast thou robb'd me? Thou of him
'Th' eternal portion bear'st with thee away,
'For one poor tear that he deprives me of.
'But of the other, other rule I make.'
"Thou know'st how in the atmosphere collects
That vapour dank, returning into water
Soon as it mounts where cold condenses it.
That evil will†, which in his intellect 110
Still follows evil, came; and rais'd the wind
And smoky mist, by virtue of the power
Giv'n by his nature. Thence the valley, soon
As day was spent, he cover'd o'er with cloud,
From Pratomagno to the mountain range‡;
And stretch'd the sky above; so that the air
Impregnate chang'd to water. Fell the rain;
And to the fosses came all that the land
Contain'd not; and, as mightiest streams are wont,
To the great river, with such headlong sweep, 120

* *Where it's name is cancel'd.*] That is, between Bibbiena and Poppi, where the Archiano falls into the Arno.

† *That evil will.*] The devil. Lombardi refers us to Albertus Magnus de Potentia Dæmonum. This notion of the Evil Spirit having power over the elements, appears to have risen from his being termed the 'prince of the air,' in the New Testament.

‡ *From Pratomagno to the mountain range.*] From Pratomagno, now called Prato Vecchio (which divides the Valdarno from Casentino) as far as to the Apennine.

Rush'd, that nought stay'd its course. My stiffen'd
frame,
Laid at his mouth, the fell Archiano found,
And dash'd it into Arno; from my breast
Loos'ning the cross, that of myself I made
When overcome with pain. He hurl'd me on,
Along the banks and bottom of his course;
Then in his muddy spoils encircling wrapt.
"Ah! when thou to the world shalt be return'd
And rested after thy long road," so spake
Next the third spirit; "then remember me.
I once was Pia*. Sienna gave me life;
Maremma took it from me That he knows,
Who me with jewel'd ring had first espous'd."

* *Pia.*] She is said to have been a Siennese lady, of the family Tolommei, secretly made away with by her husband Nello de Pietra of the same city, in Maremma, where he had some possessions.

## CANTO VI.

### ARGUMENT.

Many besides, who are in like case with those spoken of in the last Canto, beseech our Poet to obtain for them the prayers of their friends, when he shall be returned to this world. This moves him to express a doubt to his guide, how the dead can be profited by the prayers of the living; for the solution of which doubt he is referred to Beatrice. Afterwards he meets with Sordello the Mantuan, whose affection, shewn to Virgil his countryman, leads Dante to break forth into an invective against the unnatural divisions with which Italy, and more especially Florence, was distracted.

When from their game of dice men separate,
He who hath lost remains in sadness fix'd,
Revolving in his mind what luckless throws
He cast: but, meanwhile, all the company
Go with the other; one before him runs,
And one behind his mantle twitches, one
Fast by his side bids him remember him.
He stops not; and each one, to whom his hand
Is stretch'd, well knows he bids him stand aside;
And thus he from the press defends himself. 10
E'en such was I in that close-crowding throng;
And turning so my face around to all,
And promising, I 'scap'd from it with pains.

Here of Arezzo him* I saw, who fell
By Ghino's cruel arm; and him beside†,
Who in his chase was swallow'd by the stream.
Here Frederick Novello‡, with his hand
Stretch'd forth, entreated; and of Pisa he§,
Who put the good Marzuco to such proof
Of constancy. Count Orso‖ I beheld; 20
And from it's frame a soul dismiss'd for spite
And envy, as it said, but for no crime;
I speak of Peter de la Brosse¶: and here,

* *Of Arezzo him.*] Benincasa of Arezzo, eminent for his skill in jurisprudence, who having condemned to death Turrino da Turrita, brother of Ghino di Tacco, for his robberies in Maremma, was murdered by Ghino, in an apartment of his own house, in the presence of many witnesses. Ghino was not only suffered to escape in safety, but (as the commentators inform us) obtained so high a reputation by the liberality with which he was accustomed to dispense the fruits of his plunder, and treated those who fell into his hands with so much courtesy, that he was afterwards invited to Rome, and knighted by Boniface VIII. A story is told of him by Boccaccio. G. x. N. 2.

† *Him beside.*] Cione, or Ciacco de' Tarlatti of Arezzo. He is said to have been carried by his horse into the Arno, and there drowned, while he was in pursuit of of certain his enemies.

‡ *Frederick Novello.*] Son of the Conte Guido da Battifolle, and slain by one of the family of Bostoli.

§ *Of Pisa he.*] Farinata de' Scornigiani of Pisa. His father Marzuco, who had entered the order of the Frati Minori, so entirely overcame the feelings of resentment, that he even kissed the hands of the slayer of his son, and as he was following the funeral, exhorted his kinsmen to reconciliation.

‖ *Count Orso.*] Son of Napoleone da Cerbaia, slain by Alberto da Mongona his uncle.

¶ *Peter de la Brosse.*] Secretary of Philip III. of France. The courtiers, envying the high place which he held in the king's favour prevailed on Mary of Brabant to charge him falsely with an attempt upon her person; for which supposed crime he suffered death.

So say the Italian commentators. Henault represents the matter very differently: "Pierre de la Brosse, formerly barber to St. Louis, afterwards the favourite of Philip, fearing the two great attach-

While she yet lives, that Lady of Brabant,
Let her beware; lest for so false a deed
She herd with worse than these. When I was freed
From all those spirits, who pray'd for others' prayers
To hasten on their state of blessedness;
Straight I began: "O thou, my luminary!
It seems expressly in thy text* denied, 30
That heaven's supreme decree can ever bend
To supplication; yet with this design
Do these entreat. Can then their hope be vain?
Or is thy saying not to me reveal'd?"
He thus to me: "Both what I write is plain,
And these deceiv'd not in their hope; if well
Thy mind consider, that the sacred height
Of judgment doth not stoop, because love's flame
In a short moment all fulfils, which he,
Who sojourns here, in right should satisfy. 40
Besides, when I this point concluded thus,
By praying no defect could be supplied;
Because the pray'r had none access to God.
Yet in this deep suspicion rest thou not
Contented, unless she assure thee so,
Who betwixt truth and mind infuses light:
I know not if thou take me right; I mean
Beatrice. Her thou shalt behold above†,
Upon this mountain's crown, fair seat of joy."
Then I: "Sir! let us mend our speed; for now 50

ment of the king for his wife Mary, accuses this princess of having poisoned Louis eldest son of Philip, by his first marriage. This calumny, is discovered by a nun of Nivelle in Flanders. La Brosse is hung" *Abrege Chron.* 1275, &c.

* *In thy text.*] He refers to Virgil. Æn. l. vi. 376.

Desine fata deum flecti sperare precando.

† *Above.*] See Purgat. c. xxx. v. 32.

I tire not as before: and lo! the hill*
Stretches it's shadow far." He answer'd thus:
"Our progress with this day shall be as much
As we may now dispatch; but otherwise
Than thou supposest is the truth. For there
Thou canst not be, ere thou once more behold
Him back returning, who behind the steep
Is now so hidden, that, as erst, his beam
Thou dost not break. But lo! a spirit there
Stands solitary, and toward us looks:
It will instruct us in the speediest way."
We soon approach'd it. O thou Lombard spirit
How didst thou stand, in high abstracted mood,
Scarce moving with slow dignity thine eyes.
It spoke not aught, but let us onward pass,
Eying us as a lion on his watch.
But Virgil, with entreaty mild, advanc'd,
Requesting it to show the best ascent.
It answer to his question none return'd;
But of our country and our kind of life
Demanded. When my courteous guide began,
"Mantua," the solitary shadow quick
Rose tow'rds us from the place in which it stood,
And cry'd, "Mantuan! I am thy countryman,
Sordello†." Each the other then embrac'd.

* *The hill.*] It was now past the noon.

† *Sordello.*] The history of Sordello's life is wrapt in the obscur of romance. That he distinguished himself by his skill in Prov eal poetry is certain; and many feats of military prowess have b attributed to him. It is probable that he was born towards the of the twelfth, and died about the middle of the succeeding cent Tiraboschi, who terms him the most illustrious of all the Provens poets of his age, has taken much pains to sift all the notices could collect relating to him, and has particularly exposed the fa lous narrative which Platina has introduced on this subject in history of Mantua. Honorable mention of his name is made by

Ah, slavish Italy! thou inn of grief!
Vessel without a pilot in loud storm!
Lady no longer of fair provinces,
But brothel-house impure! this gentle spirit,
Ev'n from the pleasant sound of his dear land 80
Was prompt to greet a fellow citizen
With such glad cheer: while now thy living ones*
In thee abide not without war; and one
Malicious gnaws another; ay, of those
Whom the same wall and the same moat contains.
Seek, wretched one! around thy sea-coasts wide;
Then homeward to thy bosom turn; and mark,
If any part of thee sweet peace enjoy.
What boots it, that thy reins Justinian's hand†
Refitted, if thy saddle be unpress'd? 90
Nought doth he now but aggravate thy shame.
Ah, people! thou obedient still shouldst live,
And in the saddle let thy Cæsar sit,
If well thou marked'st that which God commands‡.
Look how that beast to felness hath relaps'd,
From having lost correction of the spur,
Since to the bridle thou hast set thine hand,
O German Albert§! who abandon'st her

Poet in the Treatise de Vulg. Eloq. lib. i. cap. 15. where it is said that, remarkable as he was for eloquence, he deserted the vernacular language of his own country, not only in his poems, but in every other kind of writing. Mention of Sordello will recur in the notes to the Paradise, c. ix. v. 32.

* *Thy living ones.*] Compare Milton, P. L. b. ii. 496, &c.

† *Justinian's hand.*] "What avails it that Justinian delivered thee from the Goths and reformed thy laws, if thou art no longer under the control of his successors in the empire?"

‡ *That which God commands.*] He alludes to the precept—"Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

§ *O German Albert!*] The Emperor Albert I. succeeded Adolphus in 1298, and was murdered in 1308. See Par. canto xix. 114.

That is grown savage and unmanageable,
When thou should'st clasp her flanks with forked heels. 100
Just judgment from the stars fall on thy blood;
And be it strange and manifest to all;
Such as may strike thy successor* with dread:
For that thy sire† and thou have suffer'd thus,
Through greediness of yonder realms detain'd,
The garden of the empire to run waste.
Come, see the Capulets and Montagues‡,
The Filippeschi and Monaldi§, man
Who car'st for nought! those sunk in grief, and these
With dire suspicion rack'd. Come, cruel one! 110
Come, and behold the' oppression of the nobles,
And mark their injuries; and thou mayst see
What safety Santafiore can supply‖.
Come and behold thy Rome, who calls on thee,
Desolate widow, day and night with moans,
"My Cæsar, why dost thou desert my side?"
Come, and behold what love among thy people:
And if no pity touches thee for us,
Come, and blush for thine own report. For me,

* *Thy successor.*] The successor of Albert was Henry of Luxemburgh, by whose interposition in the affairs of Italy, our Poet hoped to have been reinstated in his native city.

† *Thy sire.*] The Emperor Rodolph, too intent on increasing his power in Germany to give much of his thoughts to Italy, "the garden of the empire."

‡ *Capulets and Montagues.*] Our ears are so familiarized to the names of these rival houses in the language of Shakspeare, that I have used them instead of the "Montecchi" and "Cappelletti." They were two powerful Ghibelline families of Verona.

§ *Filippeschi and Monaldi.*] Two other rival families in Orvieto.

‖ *What safety Santafiore can supply.*] A place between Pisa and Sienna. What he alludes to is so doubtful, that is not certain whether we should not read "come si cura"—"How Santafiore is governed." Perhaps the event related in the note to v. 58, canto xi. may be pointed at.

If it be lawful: Ò Almighty Power! 120
Who wast in earth for our sakes crucified,
Are thy just eyes turn'd elsewhere? or is this
A preparation, in the wond'rous depth
Of thy sage counsel, made for some good end,
Entirely from our reach of thought cut off?
So are the' Italian cities all o'erthrong'd
With tyrants, and a great Marcellus made
Of every petty factious villager.
My Florence! thou mayst well remain unmov'd
At this digression, which affects not thee: 130
Thanks to thy people, who so wisely speed.
Many have justice in their heart, that long
Waiteth for counsel to direct the bow,
Or ere it dart into it's aim: but thine
Have it on their lip's edge. Many refuse
To bear the common burdens: readier thine
Answer uncall'd, and cry, "Behold I stoop!"
Make thyself glad, for thou hast reason now,
Thou wealthy! thou at peace! thou wisdom-fraught!
Facts best will witness if I speak the truth. 140
Athens and Lacedæmon, who of old
Enacted laws, for civil arts renown'd,
Made little progress in improving life
To thee, who usest such nice subtlety,
That to the middle of November scarce
Reaches the thread thou in October weav'st.
How many times within thy memory,
Customs, and laws, and coins, and offices
Have been by thee renew'd, and people chang'd.
If thou remember'st well and can'st see clear, 150
Thou wilt perceive thyself like a sick wretch,
Who finds no rest upon her down, but oft
Shifting her side, short respite seeks from pain.

## CANTO VII.

### ARGUMENT.

The approach of night hindering further ascent, Sordello conducts our Poet apart to an eminence, from whence they behold a pleasant recess, in form of a flowery valley, scooped out of the mountain; where are many famous spirits, and among them the Emperor Rodolph, Ottocar king of Bohemia, Philip III. of France, Henry of Navarre, Peter III. of Arragon, Charles I. of Naples, Henry III. of England, and William, Marquis of Montferrat.

After their courteous greetings joyfully
Sev'n times exchang'd, Sordello backward drew
Exclaiming, "Who are ye?"—"Before this mount
By spirits worthy of ascent to God
Was sought, my bones had by Octavius' care
Been buried. I am Virgil; for no sin
Depriv'd of heav'n, except for lack of faith."
So answer'd him in few my gentle guide.
As one, who aught before him suddenly
Beholding, whence his wonder riseth, cries, 10
"It is, yet is not," wav'ring in belief;
Such he appear'd; then downward bent his eyes,
And, drawing near with reverential step,
Caught him, where one of mean estate might clasp
His lord. "Glory of Latium!" he exclaim'd,

"In whom our tongue its utmost power display'd
Boast of my honour'd birth-place! what desert
Of mine, what favour rather undeserv'd,
Shows thee to me? If I to hear that voice
Am worthy, say if from below thou com'st,
And from what cloister's pale."—"Through every
orb
Of that sad region," he replied, "thus far
Am I arriv'd, by heav'nly influence led:
And with such aid I come. There is a place*
There underneath, not made by torments sad,
But by dun shades alone; where mourning's voice
Sounds not of anguish sharp, but breathes in sighs
There I with little innocents abide,
Who by death's fangs were bitten, ere exempt
From human taint. There I with those abide,
Who the three holy virtues† put not on,
But understood the rest‡, and without blame
Follow'd them all. But, if thou know'st, and canst
Direct us how we soonest may arrive,
Where Purgatory' it's true beginning takes."
He answer'd thus: "We have no certain place
Assign'd us: upwards I may go, or round.
Far as I can, I join thee for thy guide.
But thou beholdest now how day declines;
And upwards to proceed by night, our power
Excels: therefore it may be well to chuse
A place of pleasant sojourn. To the right
Some spirits sit apart retir'd. If thou
Consentest, I to these will lead thy steps:
And thou wilt know them, not without delight."

* *There is a place.*] Limbo. See Hell, canto iv. 24.
† *The three holy virtues.*] Faith, Hope, and Charity.
‡ *The rest.*] Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance.

"How chances this?" was answer'd: "whoso wish'd
To' ascend by night, would he be thence debarr'd
By other, or through his own weakness fail?"
The good Sordello then, along the ground
Trailing his finger, spoke: "Only this line* 50
Thou shalt not overpass, soon as the sun
Hath disappear'd; not that aught else impedes
Thy going upwards, save the shades of night.
These, with the want of power, perplex the will.
With them thou haply mightst return beneath,
Or to and fro around the mountain's side
Wander, while day is in the' horizon shut."
My master straight, as wond'ring at his speech,
Exclaim'd: "Then lead us quickly, where thou sayst
That, while we stay, we may enjoy delight." 60
A little space we were remov'd from thence,
When I perceiv'd the mountain hollow'd out,
Ev'n as large valleys hollow'd out on earth.
"That way," the' escorting spirit cried, "we go,
Where in a bosom the high bank recedes:
And thou await renewal of the day."
Betwixt the steep and plain, a crooked path
Led us traverse into the ridge's side,
Where more than half the sloping edge expires.
Refulgent gold, and silver thrice refin'd, 70
And scarlet grain and ceruse, Indian wood†

* *Only this line.*] "Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you; for he that walneth in darkness, knoweth not whither he goeth." *John* xii. 35.

† *Indian wood.*]

Indico legno lucido e sereno.

It is a little uncertain what is meant by this. Indigo, although it is extracted from a herb, seems the most likely.

Of lucid dye serene, fresh emeralds
But newly broken, by the herbs and flowers
Plac'd in that fair recess, in colour all
Had been surpass'd, as great surpasses less.
Nor Nature only there lavish'd her hues,
But of the sweetness of a thousand smells
A rare and undistinguish'd fragrance made.
"Salve Regina,"* on the grass and flowers,
Here chanting, I beheld those spirits sit,
Who not beyond the valley could be seen.
"Before the west'ring sun sink to his bed,"
Began the Mantuan, who our steps had turn'd,
"'Mid those, desire not that I lead ye on.
For from this eminence ye shall discern
Better the acts and visages of all,
Than, in the nether vale, among them mix'd.
He, who sits high above the rest, and seems
To have neglected that he should have done,
And to the others' song moves not his lip,
The Emperor Rodolph† call, who might have heal
The wounds whereof fair Italy hath died,
So that by others she revives but slowly.
He, who with kindly visage comforts him,
Sway'd in that country,‡ where the water springs,
That Moldaw's river to the Elbe, and Elbe
Rolls to the ocean: Ottocar§ his name:

* *Salve Regina.*] The beginning of a prayer to the Virgin. It is sufficient here to observe, that in similar instances I sh either preserve the original Latin words or translate them, as may seem best to suit the purpose of the verse.

† *The Emperor Rodolph.*] See the last Canto, v. 104. He die in 1291.

‡ *That country.*] Bohemia.

§ *Ottocar.*] King of Bohemia, who was killed in the battle Marchfield fought with Rodolph, August 26, 1278. Wenceslaus his son, who succeeded him in the kingdom of Bohemia, died 1305. The latter is again taxed with luxury in the Paradise, x 123.

Who in his swaddling clothes was of more worth
Than Wincesaus his son, a bearded man,
Pamper'd with rank luxuriousness and ease. 100
And that one with the nose deprest,* who close
In counsel seems with him of gentle look,†
Flying expir'd, with'ring the lily's flower.
Look there, how he doth knock against his breast.
The other ye behold, who for his cheek
Makes of one hand a couch, with frequent sighs.
They are the father and the father-in-law
Of Gallia's bane:‡ his vicious life they know
And foul; thence comes the grief that rends them thus.

"He, so robust of limb,§ who measure keeps 110

* *That on with the nose deprest.*] Philip III. of France, father of Philip IV. He died in 1285, at Perpignan, in his retreat from Arragon.

† *Him of gentle look.*] Henry of Navarre, father of Jane married to Philip IV. of France, whom Dante calls "mal di Francia"—"Gallia's bane."

‡ *Gallia's bane.*] G. Villani, lib. vii. cap. 146, speaks with equal resentment of Philip IV. "In 1291, on the night of the calends of May, Philip le Bel, King of France, by advice of Biccio and Musciatto Franzesi, ordered all the Italians, who were in his country and realm, to be seized, under pretence of seizing the money-lenders, but thus he caused the good merchants also to be seized and ransomed; for which he was much blamed and held in great abhorrence. And from thenceforth the realm of France fell evermore into degradation and decline. And it is observable, that between the taking of Acre and this seizure in France, the merchants of Florence received great damage and ruin of property."

§ *He so robust of limb.*] Peter III. called the Great, King of Arragon, who died in 1285, leaving four sons, Alonzo, James, Frederick, and Peter. The two former succeeded him in the kingdom of Arragon, and Frederick in that of Sicily. See G. Villani, lib. vii. cap. 102, and Mariana, lib. xiv. cap. 9.

He is enumerated among the Provençal poets by Millot. Hist. Litt. des Troubadours, tom. iii. p. 150.

In song with him of feature prominent,*
With ev'ry virtue bore his girdle brac'd.
And if that stripling,† who behind him sits,
King after him had liv'd, his virtue then
From vessel to like vessel had been pour'd;
Which may not of the other heirs be said.
By James and Frederick‡ his realms are held;
Neither the better heritage obtains.
Rarely into the branches of the tree
Doth human worth mount up: and so ordains 12
He who bestows it, that as his free gift
It may be call'd. To Charles§ my words apply
No less than to his brother in the song;
Which Pouille and Provence now with grief confes
So much that plant degenerates from its seed,
As, more than Beatrix and Margaret,
Costanza‖ still boasts of her valorous spouse.

* *Him of feature prominent.*] "Dal maschio naso"—"with th masculine nose." Charles I. King of Naples, Count of Anjou, an brother of St. Louis. He died in 1284.

The annalist of Florence remarks, that "there had been n sovereign of the house of France, since the time of Charlemagn by whom Charles was surpassed either in military renown an prowess, or in the loftiness of his understanding." G. Villani, lil vii. cap. 94. We shall, however, find many of his actions severel reprobated in the twentieth Canto.

† *That stripling.*] Either (as the old commentators suppos Alonzo III. King of Arragon, the eldest son of Peter III. who die in 1291, at the age of 27; or, according to Venturi, Peter th youngest son. The former was a young prince of virtue sufficie to have justified the eulogium and the hopes of Dante. See Ma riana, lib. xiv. cap. 14.

‡ *By James and Frederick.*] See note to Canto iii. 112.

§ *To Charles.*] "Al Nasuto"—"Charles II. King of Naples, is n less inferior to his father Charles I. than James and Frederick t their's, Peter III." See Canto xx. 78, and Paradise, Canto xix. 12

‖ *Costanza.*] Widow of Peter III. She has been already men tioned in the third Canto v. 112. By Beatrix and Margaret ar probably meant two of the daughters of Raymond Berenger, Coun of Provence; the former married to St. Louis of France, the latte

"Behold the king of simple life and plain,
Harry of England,* sitting there alone:
He through his branches better issue† spreads. 130
"That one, who, on the ground, beneath the rest,
Sits lowest, yet his gaze directs aloft,
Is William, that brave Marquis,‡ for whose cause,
The deed of Alexandria and his war
Makes Montferret and Canavese weep."

to his brother Charles of Anjou. See Paradise, canto vi. 135. Dante therefore considers Peter as the most illustrious of the three monarchs.

* *Harry of England.*] Henry III. The contemporary annalist speaks of this king in similar terms. G. Villani, lib. v. cap. 4. "From Richard was born Henry, who reigned after him, who was a plain man and of good faith, but of little courage." With the exception of the last part of the sentence, which must be changed for its opposite, we might well imagine ourselves to be reading the character of our present venerable monarch. (A. D. 1819.)

† *Better issue.*] Edward I. of whose glory our Poet was perhaps a witness, in his visit to England. "From the said Henry was born the good king Edward, who reigns in our times, who has done great things, whereof we shall make mention in due place." *G. Villani*, ibid.

‡ *William, that brave Marquis.*] William, Marquis of Monferrat, was treacherously seized by his own subjects, at Alessandria in Lombardy, A. D. 1290, and ended his life in prison. See G. Villani, lib. vii. cap. 135. A war ensued between the people of Alessandria and those of Montferret and the Canavese, now a part of Piedmont.

## CANTO VIII.

### ARGUMENT.

Two angels, with flaming swords broken at the points, descend to keep watch over the valley, into which Virgil and Dante entering by desire of Sordello, our poet meets with joy the spirit of Nino, the judge of Gallura, one who was well known to him. Meantime three exceedingly bright stars appear near the pole, and a serpent creeps subtly into the valley, but flees at hearing the approach of those angelic guards. Lastly, Conrad Malaspina predicts to our poet his future banishment.

Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,
And pilgrim newly on his road with love
Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day :
When I, no longer taking heed to hear,
Began, with wonder, from those spirits to mark
One risen from its seat, which with its hand
Audience implor'd. Both palms it join'd and rais'd, 10
Fixing its steadfast gaze toward the east,
As telling God, "I care for nought beside."
"Te Lucis Ante*," so devoutly then

* *Te Lucis Ante.*] 'Te lucis ante terminum,' says Lombardi, is the first verse of the hymn sung by the church in the last part of the sacred office termed compieta, a service which our Chaucer calls "complin."

Came from its lip, and in so soft a strain,
That all my sense in ravishment was lost.
And the rest after, softly and devout,
Follow'd through all the hymn, with upward gaze
Directed to the bright supernal wheels.
Here, reader* ! for the truth make thine eyes keen :
For of so subtle texture is this veil, 20
That thou with ease mayst pass it through unmark'd.
I saw that gentle band silently next
Look up, as if in expectation held,
Pale and in lowly guise ; and, from on high,
I saw, forth issuing descend beneath
Two angels, with two flame-illumin'd swords,

* *Here, reader* ] Lombardi's explanation of this passage, by which the commentators have been much perplexed, though it may be thought rather too subtile and fine-spun, like the veil itself spoken of in the text, cannot be denied the praise of extraordinary ingenuity. "This admonition of the poet to his reader," he observes, "seems to relate to what has been before said, that these spirits sung the whole of the hymn 'Te lucis ante terminum' throughout, even that second strophe of it—

Procul recedant somnia,
Et noctium phantasmata,
Hostemque nostrum comprime,
Ne polluantur corpora ;

and he must imply, that these souls, being incorporeal, did not offer up this petition on their own account, but on ours, who are yet in this world ; as he afterwards makes those other spirits, who repeat the Pater Noster, expressly declare, when after that prayer they add,

This last petition, dearest Lord ! is made
Not for ourselves, &c. Canto xi.

As, therefore, if we look through a very fine veil, the sight easily passes on, without perceiving it, to objects that lie on the other side ; so here the poet fears that our mind's eye may insensibly pass on to contemplate these spirits, as if they were praying for the relief of their own wants ; without discovering the veil of our wants, with which they invest themselves in the act of offering up this prayer."

Broken and mutilated of their points.
Green as the tender leaves but newly born,
Their vesture was, the which, by wings as green
Beaten, they drew behind them, fann'd in air. 30
A little over us one took his stand;
The other lighted on the' opposing hill;
So that the troop were in the midst contain'd.
  Well I descried the whiteness on their heads;
But in their visages the dazzled eye
Was lost, as faculty that by too much
Is overpower'd. "From Mary's bosom both
Are come," exclaim'd Sordello, "as a guard
Over the vale, 'gainst him, who hither tends,
The serpent." Whence, not knowing by which path 40
He came, I turn'd me round; and closely prest,
All frozen, to my leader's trusted side.
  Sordello paus'd not: "To the valley now
(For it is time) let us descend; and hold
Converse with those great shadows: haply much
Their sight may please ye." Only three steps down
Methinks I measur'd, ere I was beneath,
And noted one who look'd as with desire
To know me. Time was now that air grew dim;
Yet not so dim, that, 'twixt his eyes and mine, 50
It clear'd not up what was conceal'd before.
Mutually tow'rds each other we advanc'd.
Nino, thou courteous judge*! what joy I felt,
When I perceiv'd thou wert not with the bad.
  No salutation kind on either part
Was left unsaid. He then inquir'd: "How long,

* *Nino, thou courteous judge.*] Nino di Gallura de' Visconti nephew to Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi, and betrayed by him. See Notes to Hell, canto xxxiii.

Since thou arrived'st at the mountain's foot,
Over the distant waves ?"—" O !" answer'd I,
" Through the sad seats of woe this morn I came ;
And still in my first life, thus journeying on, 60
The other strive to gain." Soon as they heard
My words, he and Sordello backward drew,
As suddenly amaz'd. To Virgil one,
The other to a spirit turn'd, who near
Was seated, crying : " Conrad !* up with speed :
Come, see what of his grace high God hath will'd."
Then turning round to me : " By that rare mark
Of honour, which thou ow'st to him, who hides
So deeply his first cause it hath no ford ;
When thou shalt be beyond the vast of waves, 70
Tell my Giovanna,† that for me she call
There, where reply to innocence is made.
Her mother,‡ I believe, loves me no more ;

* *Conrad.*] Currado, father to Marcello Malaspina.

† *My Giovanna.*] The daughter of Nino, and wife of Ricardo da Camino of Trevigi, concerning whom see Paradise, c. ix. 48.

‡ *Her mother.*] Beatrice, Marchioness of Este wife of Nino, and after his death married to Galeazzo de' Visconti of Milan. It is remarked by Lombardi, that the time which Dante assigns to this journey, and consequently to this colloquy with Nino Visconti, the beginning, that is, of April, is prior to the time which Bernardino Corio, in his history of Milan, part the second, fixes for the nuptials, of Beatrice with Galeazzo ; for he records her having been betrothed to that prince after the May of this year (1300,) and her having been solemnly espoused at Modena on the 29th of June. Besides, however, the greater credit due to Dante, on account of his having lived at the time when these events happened, another circumstance in his favour is the discrepancy remarked by Giovambatista Giraldi (Commentar. delle cose di Ferrara,) in those writers by whom the history of Beatrice's life has been recorded. Nothing can set the general accuracy of our poet, as to historical facts, in a stronger point of view, than the difficulty there is in convicting him of even so slight a deviation from it as is here suspected.

Since she has chang'd the white and whimpled folds,*
Which she is doom'd once more with grief to wish.
By her it easily may be perceiv'd,
How long in woman lasts the flame of love,
If sight and touch do not relume it oft.
For her so fair a burial will not make
The viper,† which calls Milan to the field, 80
As had been made by shrill Gallura's bird."‡
He spoke, and in his visage took the stamp
Of that right zeal, which with due temperature
Glows in the bosom. My insatiate eyes
Meanwhile to heav'n had travell'd, even there
Where the bright stars are slowest, as a wheel
Nearest the axle; when my guide inquir'd:
"What there aloft, my son, has caught thy gaze?"
I answer'd: "The three torches,§ with which here
The pole is all on fire." He then to me: 90
"The four resplendent stars, thou saw'st this morn,
Are there beneath; and these, ris'n in their stead,"
While yet he spoke, Sordello to himself

* *The white and whimpled folds.*] The weeds of widowhood.

† *The viper.*] The arms of Galeazzo and the ensign of the Milanese.

‡ *Shrill Gallura's bird.*] The cock was the ensign of Gallura, Nino's province in Sardinia. Hell, xxii. 80, and notes. It is not known whether Beatrice had any further cause to regret her nuptials with Galeazzo, than a certain shame which appears, however unreasonably, to have attached to a second marriage.

§ *The three torches.*] The three evangelical virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity. These are supposed to rise in the evening, in order to denote their belonging to the contemplative; as the four others, which are made to rise in the morning, were probably intended to signify that the cardinal virtues belong to the active life: or perhaps it may mark the succession, in order of time, of the Gospel to the heathen system of morality.

Drew him, and cry'd: "Lo there our enemy!"
And with his hand pointed that way to look.
Along the side, where barrier none arose
Around the little vale, a serpent lay,
Such haply as gave Eve the bitter food.*
Between the grass and flowers, the evil snake
Came on, reverting oft his lifted head; 100
And, as a beast that smooths its polish'd coat,
Licking his back. I saw not, nor can tell,
How those celestial falcons from their seat
Mov'd, but in motion each one well descried.
Hearing the air cut by their verdant plumes,
The serpent fled; and, to their stations, back
The angels up return'd with equal flight.
The spirit, (who to Nino, when he call'd,
Had come) from viewing me with fixed ken,
Through all that conflict, loosen'd not his sight. 110
"So may the lamp,† which leads thee up on high,
Find, in thy free resolve, of wax so much,
As may suffice thee to the' enamel'd height,"
It thus began: "If any certain news
Of Valdimagra‡ and the neighbour part
Thou know'st, tell me, who once was mighty there.
They call'd me Conrad Malaspina; not
That old one;§ but from him I sprang. The love
I bore my people is now here refin'd."
"In your domains," I answer'd, "ne'er was I. 120

* *Such haply as gave Eve the bitter food.*] Compare Milton's description of that serpent in the ninth book of the Paradise Lost.

† *May the lamp.*] "May the divine grace find so hearty a cooperation on the part of thy own will, as shall enable thee to ascend to the terrestrial paradise, which is on the top of this mountain."

‡ *Valdimagra.*] See Hell, canto xxiv. 144, and notes.

§ *That old one.*] An ancestor of Conrad Malaspina, who was also of that name.

But, through all Europe, where do those men dwell,
To whom their glory is not manifest?
The fame, that honours your illustrious house,
Proclaims the nobles, and proclaims the land;
So that he knows it, who was never there.
I swear to you, so may my upward route
Prosper, your honour'd nation not impairs
The value of her coffer and her sword.
Nature and use give her such privilege,
That while the world is twisted from his course 130
By a bad head, she only walks aright,
And has the evil way in scorn." He then:
"Now pass thee on: sev'n times the tired sun*
Revisits not the couch, which with four feet
The forked Aries covers, ere that kind
Opinion shall be nail'd into thy brain
With stronger nals than other's speech can drive;
If the sure course of judment be not stay'd."

* *Sev'n times the tired sun.*] "The sun shall not enter into the constellation of Aries seven times more, before thou shalt have still better cause for the good opinion thou expressest of Valdimagra, in the kind reception thou shalt there meet with." Dante was hospitably received by the Marchese Marcello, or Morello Malaspina, during his banishment, A. D. 1307.

## CANTO IX.

### ARGUMENT.

Dante is carried up the mouutain, asleep and dreaming, by Lucia; and, on wakening, finds himself, two hours after sunrise, with Virgil, near the gate of Purgatory, through which they are admitted by the angel deputed by Saint Peter to keep it.

Now the fair consort of Tithonus old,*
Arisen from her mate's beloved arms,
Look'd palely o'er the eastern cliff; her brow,
Lucent with jewels, glitter'd, set in sign
Of that chill animal,† who with his train
Smites fearful nations: and where then we were,
Two steps of her ascent the night had past;

* *Now the fair consort of Tithonus old.*]
La concubina di Titone antico.
So Tassoni, Secchia Rapita, c. viii. st. 15.
La puttanella del canuto amante.
Venturi, after some of the old commentators, interprets this to mean an Aurora, or dawn of the moon; but this seems highly improbable. From what follows it may be conjectured, that our poet intends us to understand that it was now near the break of day.

† *Of that chill animal.*] The scorpion.

And now the third was closing up it's wing,*
When I, who had so much of Adam with me,
Sank down upon the grass, o'ercome with sleep,
There where all five† were seated. In that hou
When near the dawn the swallow her sad lay,
Rememb'ring haply ancient grief,‡ renews;
And when our minds, more wand'rers from the fle
And less by thought restrain'd, are, as 't were, fu
Of holy divination in their dreams;
Then, in a vision, did I seem to view
A golden-feather'd eagle in the sky,
With open wings, and hov'ring for descent;
And I was in that place, methought, from whence

* *The third was closing up it's wing.*] The night being div into four watches, I think he may mean that the third was and the fourth and last was begun, so that there might be faint glimmering of morning twilight; and not merely, as L bardi supposes, that the third watch was drawing towards its el which would still leave an insurmountable difficulty in the verse. At the beginning of Canto xv. our Poet makes the even commence three hours before sunset, and he may now consider dawn as beginning at the same distance from sunrise. Those would have the dawn, spoken of in the first verse of the pres Canto, to signify the rising of the moon, construe the "two st of her ascent which the night had past," into as many hours, not watches; so as to make it now about the third hour of night. The old Latin annotator on the Monte Casino MS. alo as far as I know, supposing the division made by St. Isidore (O lib. 5.) of the night into seven parts to be adopted by our Poet, c cludes that it was the third of these; and he too, therefore, is the Lunar dawn. Rosa Morando ingenuously confesses, that him the whole passage is "non esplicabile o almeno difficillim inexplicable, or, at best, extremely difficult.

† *All Five.*] Virgil, Dante, Sordello, Nino, and Currado Ma spina.

‡ *Rememb'ring haply ancient grief.*] Progne having been cha ed into a swallow after the outrage done her by Tereus. See Ov Metam. lib. vi.

Young Ganymede, from his associates 'reft,
Was snatch'd aloft to the high consistory.
" Perhaps," thought I within me, " here alone
He strikes his quarry, and elsewhere disdains
To pounce upon the prey." Therewith, it seem'd,
A little wheeling in his aery tour,
Terrible as the lightning, rush'd he down,
And snatch'd me upward even to the fire.
There both, I thought, the eagle and myself
Did burn; and so intense th' imagin'd flames, 30
That needs my sleep was broken off. As erst
Achilles shook himself, and round him roll'd
His waken'd eyeballs, wond'ring where he was,
When as his mother had from Chiron fled
To Scyros, with him sleeping in her arms;
E'en thus I shook me, soon as from my face
The slumber parted, turning deadly pale,
Like one ice-struck with dread. Sole at my side
My comfort stood: and the bright sun was now
More than two hours aloft: and to the sea 40
My looks were turn'd. " Fear not," my master cried,
" Assur'd we are at happy point. Thy strength
Shrink not, but rise dilated. Thou art come
To Purgatory now. Lo! there the cliff
That circling bounds it. Lo! the entrance there,
Where it doth seem disparted. Ere the dawn
Usher'd the day-light, when thy wearied soul
Slept in thee, o'er the flowery vale beneath
A lady came, and thus bespake me: 'I
Am Lucia*. Suffer me to take this man, 50
Who slumbers. Easier so his way shall speed.'
Sordello and the other gentle shapes

* *Lucia.*] The Enlightening Grace of heaven. Hell, c. ii. 97.

Tarrying, she bare thee up: and, as day shone,
This summit reach'd: and I pursued her steps.
Here did she place thee. First, her lovely eyes
That open entrance show'd me; then at once
She vanish'd with thy sleep." Like one, whose doubts
Are chas'd by certainty, and terror turn'd
To comfort on discovery of the truth,
Such was the change in me: and as my guide 60
Beheld me fearless, up along the cliff
He mov'd, and I behind him, tow'rds the height.

Reader! thou markest how my theme doth rise;
Nor wonder therefore, if more artfully
I prop the structure. Nearer now we drew,
Arriv'd whence, in that part, where first a breach
As of a wall appear'd, I could descry
A portal, and three steps beneath, that led
For inlet there, of different colour each;
And one who watch'd, but spake not yet a word. 70
As more and more mine eye did stretch its view,
I mark'd him seated on the highest step,
In visage such, as past my power to bear.
Grasp'd in his hand, a naked sword glanc'd back
The rays so towards me, that I oft in vain
My sight directed. "Speak, from whence ye stand;"
He cried: "What would ye? Where is your escort?
Take heed your coming upward harm ye not."

"A heavenly dame, not skilless of these things,"
Replied the' instructor, "told us, even now, 80
'Pass that way: here the gate is.'"—"And may she,
Befriending, prosper your ascent," resum'd
The courteous keeper of the gate: "Come then

Before our steps." We straightway thither came.
The lowest stair* was marble white, so smooth
And polish'd, that therein my mirror'd form
Distinct I saw. The next of hue more dark
Than sablest grain, a rough and singed block,
Crack'd lengthwise and across. The third, that lay
Massy above, seem'd porphyry, that flam'd 90
Red as the life-blood spouting from a vein.
On this God's angel either foot sustain'd,
Upon the threshold seated, which appear'd
A rock of diamond. Up the trinal steps
My leader cheerly drew me. "Ask," said he,
"With humble heart, that he unbar the bolt."
Piously at his holy feet devolv'd
I cast me, praying him for pity's sake
That he would open to me; but first fell
Thrice on my bosom prostrate. Seven times† 100
The letter, that denotes the inward stain,
He, on my forehead, with the blunted point
Of his drawn sword, inscrib'd. And "Look," he cried,
"When enter'd, that thou wash these scars away."
Ashes, or earth ta'en dry out of the ground,
Were of one colour with the robe he wore.
From underneath that vestment forth he drew

* *The lowest stair.*] By the white step is meant the distinctness with which the conscience of the penitent reflects his offences; by the burnt and cracked one, his contrition on their account; and by that of porphyry, the fervour with which he resolves on the future pursuit of piety and virtue. Hence, no doubt, Milton describing "the gate to heaven." P. L. b. iii. 516.

Each stair mysteriously was meant.

† *Seven times.*] Seven P's, to denote the seven sins (Peccata) of which he was to be cleansed in his passage through Purgatory.

Two keys*, of metal twain: the one was gold,
Its fellow silver. With the pallied first,
And next the burnish'd, he so ply'd the gate, 110
As to content me well. "Whenever one
Faileth of these, that in the key-hole straight
It turn not, to this alley then expect
Access in vain." Such were the words he spake.
"One is more precious†: but the other needs
Skill and sagacity, large share of each,
Ere its good task to disengage the knot
Be worthily perform'd. From Peter these
I hold, of him instructed that I err
Rather in opening, than in keeping fast; 120
So but the suppliant at my feet implore."
Then of that hallow'd gate he thrust the door,
Exclaiming, "Enter, but this warning hear:
He forth again departs who looks behind."
As in the hinges of that sacred ward
The swivels turn'd, sonorous metal strong,
Harsh was the grating; nor so surlily
Roar'd the Tarpeian, when by force bereft
Of Good Metellus, thenceforth from his loss
To leanness doom'd. Attentively I turn'd, 130
List'ning the thunder that first issued forth;
And "We praise thee, O God," methought I heard
In accents blendid with sweet melody.

* *Two keys.*] Lombardi remarks, that painters have usually drawn Saint Peter with two keys, the one of gold and the other of silver; but that Niccolo Alemanni, in his Dissertation de Parietinis Lateranensibus, produces instances of his being represented with one key, and with three. We have here, however, not Saint Peter, but an angel deputed by him.

† *One is more precious.*] The golden key denotes the divine authority by which the priest absolves the sinners: the silver expresses the learning and judgment requisite for the due discharge of that office.

The strains came o'er mine ear, e'en as the sound
Of choral voices, that in solemn chant
With organ mingle, and, now high and clear
Come swelling, now float indistinct away.

## CANTO X.

### ARGUMENT.

**Being admitted at the gate of Purgatory, our Poets ascend a winding path up the rock, till they reach an open and level space that extends each way round the mountain. On the side that rises, and which is of white marble, are seen artfully engraven many stories of humility, which whilst they are contemplating, there approach the souls of those who expiate the sin of pride, and who are bent down beneath the weight of heavy stones.**

When we had past the threshold of the gate,
(Which the soul's ill affection doth disuse,
Making the crooked seem the straighter path)
I heard its closing sound. Had mine eyes turn'd,
For that offence what plea might have avail'd?
We mounted up the riven rock, that wound
On either side alternate, as the wave
Flies and advances. "Here some little art
Behoves us," said my leader, "that our steps
Observe the varying flexure of the path." 10
Thus we so slowly sped, that with cleft orb
The moon once more o'erhangs her watry couch,
Ere we that strait have threaded. But when free,
We came, and open, where the mount above

One solid mass retires; I spent with toil*,
And both uncertain of the way, we stood,
Upon a plain more lonesome than the roads
That traverse desert wilds. From whence th
Borders upon vacuity, to foot
Of the steep bank that rises still, the space
Had measur'd thrice the stature of a man:
And, distant as mine eye could wing its flight
To leftward now and now to right dispatch'd,
That cornice equal in extent appear'd.
Not yet our feet had on that summit mov'd
When I discover'd that the bank, around,
Whose proud uprising all ascent denied,
Was marble white; and so exactly wrought
With quintest sculpture, that not there alone
Had Polycletus, but e'en nature's self
Been sham'd The angel, (who came down t
With tidings of the peace so many years
Wept for in vain, that op'd the heavenly gate
From their long interdict) before us seem'd,
In a sweet act, so sculptur'd to the life,
He look'd no silent image. One had sworn
He had said "Hail!" for she was imag'd the
By whom the key did open to God's love;
And in her act as sensibly imprest
That word, "Behold the handmaid of the Lor
As figure seal'd on wax. "Fix not thy mind
On one place only," said the guide belov'd,
Who had me near him on that part where lies
The heart of man. My sight forthwith I turn'
Aud mark'd, behind the virgin mother's form,
Upon that side where he that mov'd me stood.

* *I spent with toil.*] Dante only was wearied, because he c
the weight of a bodily frame to encumber him.

Another story graven on the rock.
I past athwart the bard, and drew me near,
That it might stand more aptly for my view.
There, in the self-same marble, where engrav'd 50
The cart and kine, drawing the sacred ark,
That from unbidden office awes mankind*.
Before it came much people; and the whole
Parted in seven quires. One sense cried "Nay,"
Another, "Yes, they sing." Like doubt arose
Betwixt the eye and smell, from the curl'd fume
Of incense breathing up the well-wrought toil.
Preceding† the blest vessel, onward came
With light dance leaping, girt in humble guise,
Sweet's Israel's harper: in that harp he seem'd 60
Less, and yet more, than kingly. Opposite,
At a great palace, from the lattice forth
Look'd Michol, like a lady full of scorn
And sorrow. To behold the tablet next,
Which, at the back of Michol, whitely shone,
I mov'd me. There, was storied on the rock
The' exalted glory of the Roman prince,
Whose mighty worth mov'd Gregory‡ to earn
His mighty conquest, Trajan the' Emperor§.

* *That from unbidden office awes mankind.*] And when they came to Nachon's threshing floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it.

And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah; and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God. 2 *Sam.* c. vi. 6, 7.

† *Preceding.*] And David danced before the lord with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod. 2 *Sam.* vi. 14.

‡ *Gregory.*] St. Gregory's prayers are said to have delivered Trajan from hell. See Paradise, Canto xx. 40.

§ *Trajan the' Emperor.*] For this story Landino refers to two writers, whom he calls "Helinando," of France, by whom he means Elinand, a monk and chronicler, in the reign of Philip Augustus.

A widow at his bridle stood, attir'd 7
In tears and mourning. Round about them troop'
Full throng of knights; and overhead in gold
The eagles floated, struggling with the wind.
The wretch appear'd amid all these to say:
"Grant vengeance, Sire! for, woe beshrew th
heart,
My son is murder'd." He replying seem'd;
"Wait now till I return." And she, as one
Made hasty by her grief: "O Sire! if thou
Dost not return?"—"Where I am, who then is,
May right thee."—"What to thee is other's good, 8
If thou neglect thy own?"—"Now comfort thee;
At length he answers. "It beseemeth well
My duty be perform'd, ere I move hence:
So justice wills; and pity bids me stay."
He, whose ken nothing new surveys, produc'd
That visible speaking, new to us and strange,
The like not found on earth. Fondly I gaz'd
Upon those patterns of meek humbleness,
Shapes yet more precious for their artist's sake;
When "Lo!" the poet whisper'd, "where thi
way, 9
(But slack their pace,) a multitude advance.

and "Polycrato," of England, by whom is meant John of Salisbur
author of the Polycraticus de Curialium Nugis, in the twelfth cen
tury. The passage in the text I find nearly a translation from th
work. lib. v. c. 8. The original appears to be in Dio Cassiu
where it is told of the Emperor Hadrian, lib. lxix. αμιλι
γυναικος, κ. τ. λ. "when a woman appeared to him with a sui
as he was on a journey, at first he answered her, 'I have no le
sure;' but she crying out to him, 'then reign no longer,' he turne
about, and heard her cause" Lombardi refers also to Johann
Diaconus. Vita S. Gregor, lib. ii. cap. 44.; the Euchology of th
Greeks, cap. 96.; and St. Thomas Aquinas Supplem. Quæst. 7
art. 5 ad 5.

These to the lofty steps shall guide us on."
Mine eyes, though bent on view of novel sights,
Their lov'd allurement, were not slow to turn.
Reader! I would not that amaz'd thou miss
Of thy good purpose, hearing how just God
Decrees our debts be cancel'd. Ponder* not
The form of suff'ring. Think on what succeeds;
Think that, at worst, beyond the mighty doom
It cannot pass. "Instructor!" I began; 100
"What I see hither tending, bears no trace
Of human semblance, nor of aught beside
That my foil'd sight can guess." He answering thus:
"So courb'd to earth, beneath their heavy terms
Of torment stoop they, that mine eye at first
Struggled as thine. But look intently thither;
And disentangle with thy lab'ring view,
What, underneath those stones, approacheth: now,
Ee'n now, may'st thou discern the pangs of each."
Christians and proud! O poor and wretched ones!
That, feeble in the mind's eye, lean your trust 111
Upon unstaid perverseness: Know ye not
That we are worms, yet made at last to form
The winged insect,† imp'd with angel plumes,
That to heaven's justice unobstructed soars?
Why buoy ye up aloft your unfledg'd souls?
Abortive then and shapeless ye remain,
Like the untimely embryon of a worm.

* *Ponder.*] This is, in truth, an unanswerable objection to the doctrine of Purgatory. It is difficult to conceive how the best can meet death without horror, if they believe it must be followed by immediate and intense suffering.

† *The winged insect.*] L'angelica farfalla.

The butterfly was an ancient and well-known symbol of the human soul. Venturi cites some lines from the Canzoni Anacreontiche of Magalotti, in which this passage is imitated.

As, to support incumbent floor or roof,
For corbel, is a figure sometimes seen, 120
That crumples up it's knees unto it's breast;
With the feign'd posture, stirring ruth unfeign'd
In the beholder's fancy; so I saw
These fashion'd, when I noted well their guise.
Each, as his back was laden, came indeed
Or more or less contracted; and it seem'd
As he, who show'd most patience in his look,
Wailing exclaim'd: "I can endure no more."

## CANTO XI.

### ARGUMENT.

After a prayer uttered by the spirits, who were spoken of in the last Canto, Virgil enquires the way upwards, and is answered by one, who declares himself to have been Omberto, son of the Count of of Santafiore. Next our Poet distinguishes Oderigi, the illuminator, who discourses on the vanity of worldly fame, and points out to him the soul of Provenzano Salvani.

"O THOU Almighty Father! who dost make
The heavens thy dwelling, not in bounds confin'd.
But that, with love intenser, there thou view'st
Thy primal effluence; hallow'd be thy name:
Join, each created being, to extol
Thy might; for worthy humblest thanks and praise
Is thy blest Spirit. May thy kingdom's peace
Come unto us; for we, unless it come,
With all our striving, thither tend in vain.
As, of their will, the angels unto thee 10
Tender meet sacrifice, circling thy throne
With loud hosannas; so of their's be done
By saintly men on earth. Grant us, this day,
Our daily manna, without which he roams
Through this rough desert retrogade, who most
Toils to advance his steps. As we to each
Pardon the evil done us, pardon thou

Benign, and of our merit take no count.
'Gainst the old adversary, prove thou not
Our virtue, easily subdu'd; but free
From his incitements, and defeat his wiles.
This last petition, dearest Lord! is made
Not for ourselves; since that were needless now;
But for their sakes who after us remain."
Thus for themselves and us good speed implorin
Those spirits went beneath a weight like that
We sometimes feel in dreams; all, sore beset,
But with unequal anguish; wearied all;
Round the first circuit; purging as they go
The world's gross darkness off. In our behoof
If their vows still be offer'd, what can here
For them be vow'd and done by such, whose wills
Have root of goodness in them?* Well beseems
That we should help them wash away the stains
They carried hence; that so, made pure and ligh
They may spring upward to the starry spheres.
"Ah! so may mercy-temper'd justice rid
Your burdens speedily; that ye have power
To stretch your wing, which e'en to your desire
Shall lift you; as ye show us on which hand
Toward the ladder leads the shortest way.
And if there be more passages than one,
Instruct us of that easiest to ascend:
For this man, who comes with me, and bears yet
The charge of fleshly raiment Adam left him,
Despite his better will but slowly mounts."
From whom the answer came unto these words,

* —— *Such, whose wills*
*Have root of goodness in them.*] The Poet has before told us, t there are no others on earth whose prayers avail to shorten pains of those who are in Purgatory.

Which my guide spake, appear'd not; but 'twas said:
"Along the bank to rightward come with us;
And ye shall find a pass that mocks not toil 50
Of living man to climb: and were it not
That I am hinder'd by the rock, wherewith
This arrogant neck is tam'd, whence needs I stoop
My vissage to the ground; him, who yet lives,
Whose name thou speak'st not, him I fain would view;
To make if e'er I knew him, and to crave
His pity for the fardel that I bear.
I was of Latium;* of a Tuscan born,
A mighty one: Aldobrandesco's name,
My sire's, I know not if ye e'er have heard. 60
My old blood and forefather's gallant deeds
Made me so haughty, that I clean forgot
The common mother; and to such excess
Wax'd in my scorn of all men, that I fell,
Fell therefore; by what fate, Sienna's sons,
Each child in Campagnatico, can tell.
I am Omberto: not me, only, pride
Hath injur'd, but my kindred all involv'd
In mischief with her. Here my lot ordains
Under this weight to groan, till I appease 70
God's angry justice, since I did it not
Amongst the living, here amongst the dead."
List'ning I bent my visage down: and one
(Not he who spake) twisted beneath the weight
That urg'd him, saw me, knew me straight, and call'd;

* *I was of Latium.*] Omberto, the son of Guglielmo Aldobrandesco, Count of Santaflore, in the territory of Sienna. His arrogance provoked his countrymen to such a pitch of fury against him, that he was murdered by them at Campagnatico.

Holding his eyes with difficulty fix'd
Intent upon me, stooping as I went
Companion of their way. "O!" I exclaim'd,
"Art thou not Oderigi?* art not thou
Agobbio's glory, glory of that art 80
Which they of Paris call the limner's skill?"
"Brother!" said he, "with tints, that gayer smile,
Bolognian Franco's† pencil lines the leaves.
His all the honour now; my light obscur'd.
In truth, I had not been thus courteous to him
The whilst I liv'd, through eagerness of zeal
For that pre-eminence my heart was bent on.
Here, of such pride, the forfeiture is paid.
Nor were I even here, if, able still
To sin, I had not turn'd me unto God. 90
O powers of man! how vain your glory, nipp'd
E'en in its height of verdure, if an age
Less bright succeed not‡. Cimabue§ thought
To lord it over painting's field; and now
The cry is Giotto's,‖ and his name eclips'd.

* *Oderigi.*] The illuminator, or miniature painter, a friend of Giotto and Dante.

† *Bolognian Franco.*] Franco of Bologno, who is said to have been a pupil of Oderigi's.

‡ ——*If an age*
*Less bright succeed not!*] If a generation of men do not follow, among whom none exceeds or equals those who have immediately preceded them.

§ *Cimabue.*] Giovanni Cimabue, the restorer of painting, was born at Florence, of a noble family, in 1240, and died in 1300. The passage in the text is an allusion to his epitaph.

Credidit ut Cimabos picturæ castra tenere,
Sic tenuit vivens: nunc tenet astra poli.

‖ *The cry of Giotto's.*] In Giotto we have a proof at how early a period the fine arts were encouraged in Italy. His talents were di-

Thus hath one Guido from the other* snatch'd
The letter'd prize : and he, perhaps, is born,†
Who shall drive either from their nest. The noise
Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind, 100
That blows from diverse points, and shifts it's name,
Shifting the point it blows from. Shalt thou more
Live in the mouths of mankind, if thy flesh
Part shrivel'd from thee, than if thou had'st died
Before the coral and the pap were left;
Or e'er some thousand years have past ? and that
Is, to eternity compar'd, a space
Briefer than is the twinkling of an eye
To the heaven's slowest orb. He there, who treads
So leisurely before me, far and wide 110
Through Tuscany resounded once ; and now
Is in Sienna scarce with whispers nam'd :

covered by Cimabue, while he was tending sheep for his father in the neighbourhood of Florence, and he was afterwards patronized by Pope Benedict XI. and Robert King of Naples; and enjoyed the society and friendship of Dante, whose likenes he has transmitted to posterity. He died in 1336, at the age of 60.

* *One Guido from the other.*] Guido Cavalcanti, the friend of our Poet, (see Hell, Canto x. 59.) had eclipsed the litetary fame of Guido Guinicelli, of a noble family in Bologna, whom we shall meet with in the twenty-sixth Canto, and of whom frequent and honourable mention is made by our Poet in his treatise de Vulg. Eloq. Guinicelli died in 1376, as is proved by Fantuzzi, on the Bolognian writers, tom. iv. p. 345. See Mr. Mathias's Tiraboschi, tom. i. p. 110. There are more of Guinicelli's poems to be found in Allacci's Collection, than Tiraboschi, who tells us he had not seen it, supposed. Many of Cavalcanti's writings, hitherto in MS. are said to be publishing at Florence. See Esprit des Journaux, Jan. 1813.

† *He perhaps is born.*] Some imagine, with much probability, that Dante here augurs the greatness of his own poetical reputation. Others have fancied that he prophesies the glory of Petrarch. But Petrarch was not yet born. Lombardi doubts whether it is not spoken generally of human vicissitudes.

There was he sov'reign, when destruction caught
The madd'ning rage of Florence, in that day
Proud as she now is loathsome. Your renown
Is as the herb, whose hue doth come and go;
And his might withers it, by whom it sprang
Crude from the lap of earth." I thus to him:
"True are thy sayings: to my heart they breathe
The kindly spirit of meekness, and allay 120
What tumors rankle there. But who is he,
Of whom thou spak'st but now?"—"This," he repli'd,
"Is Provenzano. He is here, because
He reach'd, with grasp presumptuous, at the sway
Of all Sienna. Thus he still hath gone,
Thus goeth never resting, since he died.
Such is the' acquittance render'd back of him,
Who, in the mortal life, too much hath dar'd."
I then: "If soul, that to life's verge delays
Repentance, linger in that lower space, 130
Nor hither mount, unless good prayers befriend;
How chanc'd admittance was vouchsaf'd to him?"
"When at his glory's topmost heighth," said he,
"Respect of dignity all cast aside,
Freely he fix'd him on Sienna's plain,
A suitor* to redeem his suff'ring friend,
Who languish'd in the prison-house of Charles.
Nor, for his sake, refus'd through every vein
To tremble. More I will not say; and dark,

* *A suitor.*] Provenzano Salvani humbled himself so far for the sake of one of his friends, who was detained in captivity by Charles I. of Sicily, as personally, to supplicate the people of Sienna to contribute the sum required by the king for his ransom: and this act of self-abasement atoned for his general ambition and pride. He fell in the battle of Vald 'Elsa, wherein the Florentines discomfited the Siennese in June, 1269.

, my words are ; but thy neighbours soon* 140
elp thee to a comment on the text.
the work, that from these limits freed him."

*neighbours soon.*] "Thou wilt know in the time of thy nt, which is near at hand, what it is to solicit favours of d 'tremble through every vein,' lest they should be re-e."

## CANTO XII.

### ARGUMENT.

Dante being desired by Virgil to look down on the ground which they are treading, observes that it is wrought over with imagery exhibiting various instances of pride recorded in history and fable. They leave the first cornice, and are ushered to the next by an angel who points out the way.

With equal pace, as oxen in the yoke,
I, with that laden spirit, journey'd on,
Long as the mild instructor suffer'd me;
But, when he bade me quit him, and proceed,
(For "Here," said he, "behoves with sail and oars
Each man, as best he may, push on his bark,")
Upright, as one dispos'd for speed, I rais'd
My body, still in thought submissive bow'd.
I now my leader's track not loth pursued;
And each had shown how light we far'd along, 10
When thus he warn'd me: "Bend thine eyesight down:
For thou, to ease the way, shalt find it good
To ruminate the bed beneath thy feet."
As, in memorial of the buried, drawn
Upon earth-level tombs, the sculptur'd form
Of what was once, appears, (at sight whereof
Tears often stream forth, by remembrance wak'd,

Whose sacred stings the piteous only feel,)
So saw I there, but with more curious skill
Of portraiture o'erwrought, whate'er of space
From forth the mountain stretches. On one part
Him I beheld, above all creatures erst
Created noblest, light'ning fall from herven :
On the' other side, with bolt celestial pierc'd,
Briareus; cumb'ring earth he lay, through dint
Of mortal ice-stroke. The Thymbræan god,*
With Mars, I saw, and Pallas, round their sire,
Arm'd still, and gazing on the giant's limbs
Strewn oe'r the' ethereal field. Nimrod I saw :
At foot of the stupendous work he stood,
As if bewilderd, looking on the crowd
Leagued in his proud attempt on Sennaars plain.
O Niobe! in what a trance of woe
Thee I beheld, upon that highway drawn,
Sev'n sons on either side thee slain. O Saul!
How ghastly didst thou look, on thine own sword
Expiring, in Gilboa, from that hour
Ne'er visited with rain from heav'n, or dew.
O fond Arachne! thee I also saw,
Half spider now, in anguish crawling up
The' unfinish'd web thou weaved'st to thy bane.
O Rehoboam!† here thy shape doth seem
Louring no more defiance; but fear-smote,
With none to chase him, in his chariot whir'd.
Was shown beside upon the solid floor,
How dear Alcmæon‡ forc'd his mother rate
That ornament, in evil hour receiv'd :

* *The Thymbræan god.*] Apollo.
Si modo, quem perhibes, pater est Thymbræus Apollo.
*Virg. Georg.* iv. 323

† *O Rehoboam.*] 1 Kings, xii. 18.

‡ *Alcmæon.*] Virg. Æn. lib. vi. 445, and Homer Od. xi. 325.

How, in the temple, on Sennacherib* fell
His sons, and how a corpse they left him there.
Was shown the scath, and cruel mangling made 50
By Tomyris† on Cyrus, when she cried,
"Blood thou didst thirst for: take thy fill of blood."
Was shown how routed in the battle fled
The Assyrians, Holofernes‡ slain, and e'en
The relics of the carnage. Troy I mark'd,
In ashes and in caverns. Oh! how fall'n,
How abject, Ilion, was thy semblance there.
What master of the pencil or the style
Had trac'd the shades and lines, that might have made
The subtlest workmen wonder? Dead, the dead; 60
The living seem'd alive: with clearer view,
His eye beheld not, who beheld the truth,
Than mine what I did tread on, while I went
Low bending. Now swell out, and with stiff necks
Pass on, ye sons of Eve! vale not your looks,
Lest they descry the evil of your path.
I noted not, (so busied was my thought,)
How much we now had circled of the mount;
And of his course yet more the sun had spent;
When he, who with still wakeful caution went, 70
Admonish'd: "Raise thou up thy head: for know
Time is not now for slow suspense. Behold,
That way, an angel hastening towards us. Lo,
Where duly the sixth handmaid§ doth return

* *Sennacherib.*] 2 Kings, xix. 37.

† *Tomyris.*] Caput Cyri amputatum in utrem humano sanguine repletum conjici Regina jubet eum hac exprobatione crudelitatis, Satia te, inquit, sanguine quem sitisti, cujusque insatiabilis semper fuisti. *Justin.* lib. i. cap. 8.

‡ *Holofernes.*] Judith, cap. xv. 1, 2, 3.

§ *The sixth handmaid.*] Compare Canto xxii. 116.

From service on the day. Wear thou, in look
And gesture, seemly grace of reverent awe;
That gladly he may forward us aloft.
Consider that this day ne'er dawns again."
Time's loss he had so often warn'd me 'gainst,
I could not miss the scope at which he aim'd. 80
The goodly shape approach'd us, snowy white
In vesture, and with visage casting streams
Of tremulous lustre like the matin star.
His arms he open'd, then his wings; and spake:
"Onward! the steps, behold, are near; and now
The' ascent is without difficulty gain'd."
A scanty few are they, who, when they hear
Such tidings, hasten. O, ye race of men!
Though born to soar, why suffer ye a wind
So slight to baffle ye? He led us on 90
Where the rock parted; here, against my front,
Did beat his wings; then promis'd I should fare
In safety on my way. As to ascend
That steep, upon whose brow the chapel stands,*
(O'er Rubaconte, looking lordly down
On the well-guided city,†) up the right
The' impetuous rise is broken by the steps
Carv'd in that old and simple age, when still
The registry‡ and label rested safe;
Thus is the acclivity relev'd, which here, 100

* *The chapel stands.*] The church of San Miniato in Florence, situated on a height that overlooks the Arno, where it is crossed by the bridge Rubaconte, so called from Messer Rubaconte da Mandella, of Milan, chief magistrate of Florence, by whom the bridge was founded in 1237. See G. Villani, lib. vi. cap. 27.

† *The well-guided city.*] This is said ironically of Florence.

‡ *The registry.*] In allusion to certain instances of fraud committed in Dante's time with respect to the public accounts and measures. See Paradise, canto xvi. 103.

Precipitous, from the other circuit falls :
But, on each hand, the tall cliff presses close,
As, ent'ring, there we turn'd, voices, in strain
Ineffable, sang : " Blessed* are the poor
In spirit." Ah ! how far unlike to these
The straits of hell : here songs to usher us,
There shrieks of woe. We climb the holy stairs :
And lighter to myself by far I seem'd
Than on the plain before ; whence thus I spake :
" Say, master, of what heavy thing have I 110
Been lighten'd ; that scarce aught the sense of toil
Affects me journeying ?" He in few replied :
" When sin's broad characters,† that yet remain
Upon thy temples, though well nigh effac'd,
Shall be, as one is, all clean razed out ;
Then shall thy feet by heartiness of will
Be so o'ercome, they not alone shall feel
No sense of labour, but delight much more
Shall wait them, urg'd along their upward way."
Then like to one, upon whose head is plac'd 120
Somewhat he deems not of, but from the becks
Of others, as they pass him by ; his hand
Lends therefore help to assure him, searches, finds,
And well performs such office as the eye
Wants power to execute ; so stretching forth
The fingers of my right hand, did I find
Six only of the letters, which his sword,
Who bare the keys, had trac'd upon my brow.
The leader, as he mark'd mine action, smil'd.

* *Blessed.*] Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. *Matth.* v. 3.

† *Sin's broad characters.*] Of the seven P's, that denoted the same number of sins (Peccata) whereof he was to be cleansed (See Canto ix. 100,) the first had now vanished in consequence of his having past the place where the sin of pride, the chief of them, was expiated.

## CANTO XIII.

### ARGUMENT.

They gain the second cornice, where the sin of envy is purged; and having proceeded a little to the right, they hear voices uttered by invisible spirits recounting famous examples of charity, and next behold the shades, or souls, of the envious clad in sackcloth, and having their eyes sewed up with an iron thread. Amongst these Dante finds Sapia, a Sienese lady, from whom he learns the cause of her being there.

We reach'd the summit of the scale, and stood
Upon the second buttress of that mount
Which healeth him who climbs. A cornice there,
Like to the former, girdles round the hill;
Save that it's arch, with sweepless ample, bends.
Shadow, nor image there, is seen: all smooth
The rampart and the path, reflecting nought
But the rock's sullen hue. "If here we wait,
For some to question," said the bard, "I fear
Our choice may haply meet too long delay." 10
Then fixedly upon the sun his eyes
He fasten'd; made his right the central point
From whence to move; and turn'd the left aside.
"O pleasant light, my confidence and hope!
Conduct us thou," he cried, "on this new way,
Where now I venture; leading to the bourn
We seek. The universal world to thee

Owes warmth and lustre. If* no other cause
Forbid, thy beams should ever be our guide."
Far, as is measur'd for a mile on earth, 20
In brief space had we journey'd; such prompt will
Impell'd; and towards us flying, now were heard
Spirits invisible, who courteously
Unto love's table bade the welcome guest.
The voice, that first flew by, call'd forth aloud,
"They have no wine†;" so on behind us past,
Those sounds reiterating, nor yet lost
In the faint distance, when another came
Crying, "I am Orestes‡," and alike
Wing'd its fleet way. "O father!" I exclaim'd, 30
"What tongues are these?" and as I question'd, lo!
A third exclaiming, "Love ye those have wrong'd you§."
"This circuit," said my teacher, "knots the scourge‖
For envy; and the cords are therefore drawn
By charity's correcting hand. The curb
Is of a harsher sound; as thou shalt hear
(If I deem rightly,) ere thou reach the pass,
Where pardon sets them free. But fix thine eyes
Intently through the air; and thou shalt see

* *If*] "Unless there be some urgent necessity for travelling by night, the day-light should be preferred for that purpose."

† *They have no wine.*] John, ii. 3. These words of the Virgin are referred to as an instance of charity.

‡ *Orestes.*] Alluding to his friendship with Pylades.

§ *Love ye those have wrong'd ye.*] "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate your, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." *Matt.* v. 44.

‖ *The scourge.*] "The chastisement of envy consists in hearing examples of the opposite virtue, charity. As a curb and restraint on this vice, you will presently hear very different sounds, those of threatening and punishment."

A multitude before thee seated, each 40
Along the shelving grot." Then more than erst
I op'd mine eyes; before me view'd; and saw
Shadows with garments dark as was the rock;
And when we pass'd a little forth, I heard
A crying, "Blessed Mary! pray for us,
Michael and Peter! all ye saintly host!"
I do not think there walks on earth this day
Man so remorseless, that he had not yearn'd
With pity at the sight that next I saw.
Mine eyes a load of sorrow teem'd, when now 50
I stood so near them, that their semblances
Came clearly to my view. Of sackcloth vile
Their cov'ring seem'd; and, on his shoulder, one
Did stay another, leaning; and all lean'd
Against the cliff. E'en thus the blind and poor,
Near the confessionals, to crave an alms,
Stand, each his head upon his fellow's sunk;
So most to stir compassion, not by sound
Of words alone, but that which moves not less,
The sight of mis'ry. And as never beam 60
Of noon-day visiteth the eyeless man,
E'en so was heav'n a niggard unto these
Of his fair light: for, through the orbs of all,
A thread of wire, impiercing, knits them up,
As for the taming of a haggard hawk.
It were a wrong, methought, to pass and look
On others, yet myself the while unseen.
To my sage counsel therefore did I turn.
He knew the meaning of the mute appeal,
Nor waited for my questioning, but said: 70
"Speak; and be brief, be subtile in thy words."
On that part of the cornice, whence no rim
Engarlands its steep fall, did Virgil come;
On the' other side me were the spirits, their cheeks

Bathing devout with penitential tears,
That through the dread impalement forc'd a wa
I turn'd me to them, and "O shades!" said I,
"Assur'd that to your eyes unveil'd shall shine
The lofty light, sole object of your wish,
So may heaven's grace* clear whatsoe'er of foa
Floats turbid on the conscience, that thenceforth
The stream of mind roll limpid from it's source
As ye declare (for so shall ye impart
A boon I dearly prize) if any soul
Of Latium dwell among ye: and perchance
That soul may profit, if I learn so much."
"My brother! we are, each one, citizens
Of one true city†. Any, thou wouldst say,
Who liv'd a stranger in Italia's land."
So heard I answering, as appear'd, a voice
That onward came some space from whence I st

A spirit I noted, in whose look was mark'd
Expectance. Ask ye how? The chin was rais
As in one reft of sight. "Spirit," said I,
"Who for thy rise art tutoring, (if thou be
That which didst answer to me,) or by place,
Or name, disclose thyself, that I may know thee.
"I was," it answer'd, "of Sienna: here

* *So may heaven's grace.*]

Si tosto grazia risolva le schiume
Di vostra coscienza, si che chiaro
Per esso scenda della mente il fiume.

This is a fine moral, and finely expressed. Unless the consci be cleared from its impurity, which it can only thoroughly b an influence from above, the mind itself cannot act freely clearly. "If ye will do his will, ye shall know of the doctrine

† ——— *Citizens*

*Of one true city.*] "For here we have no continuing city, b seek one to come." *Heb.* xiii. 14.

I cleanse away with these the evil life,
Soliciting with tears that He, who is, 100
Vouchsafe him to us. Though Sapia* nam'd,
In sapience I excell'd not; gladder far
Of other's hurt, than of the good befel me.
That thou mayst own I now deceive thee not,
Hear, if my folly were not as I speak it.
When now my years slop'd waning down the arch,
It so bechanc'd, my fellow-citizens
Near Colle met their enemies in the field;
And I pray'd God to grant what He had will'd†.
There were they vanquish'd, and betook themselves 110
Unto the bitter passages of flight.
I mark'd the hunt; and waxing out of bounds
In gladness, lifted up my shameless brow,
And, like the merlin‡ cheated by a gleam,
Cried, 'It is over. Heav'n! I fear thee not.'
Upon my verge of life I wish'd for peace
With God; nor yet repentance had supplied
What I did lack of duty, were it not
The hermit Piero§, touch'd with charity,
In his devout oraisons thought on me. 120
But who art thou that question'st of our state,

* *Sapia.*] A lady of Siena, who living in exile at Colle, was so overjoyed at a defeat which her countrymen sustained near that place, that she declared nothing more was wanting to make her die contented. The Latin annotator on the Monte Casino MS. says of this lady: "fuit uxor D. Cinii de Pigezo de Senis."

† *And I pray'd God to grant what He had will'd.*] That her countrymen should be defeated in battle.

‡ *The Merlin.*] The story of the merlin is, that having been induced by a gleam of fine weather in the winter to escape from his master, he was soon oppressed by the rigour of the season.

§ *The hermit Piero.*] Piero Pettinagno, a holy hermit of Florence.

Who go'st, as I believe, with lids unclos'd,
And breathest in thy talk ?"—" Mine eyes," said I,
" May yet be here ta'en from me; but not long:
For they have not offended grievously
With envious glances. But the woe beneath*
Urges my soul with more exceeding dread.
That neither load already weighs me down."
She thus: " Who then, amongst us here aloft,
Hath brought thee, if thou weenest to return ?" 130
" He," answer'd I, " who standeth mute beside me.
I live: of me ask therefore, chosen spirit!
If thou desire I yonder yet should move
For thee my mortal feet."—" Oh!" she replied,
" This is so strange a thing, it is great sign
That God doth love thee. Therefore with thy prayer
Sometime assist me: and, by that I crave,
Which most thou covetest, that if thy feet
E'er tread on Tuscan soil, thou save my fame
Amongst my kindred. Them shalt thou behold 140
With that vain multitude†, who set their hope
On Telamone's haven; there to fail
Confounded, more than when the fancied stream

* *The woe beneath.*] Dante felt that he was much more subject to the sin of pride, than to that of envy; and this is just what we should have concluded of a mind such as his.

† *That vain multitude.*] The Siennese. See Hell, c. xxix. 117. "Their acquisition of Telamone, a seaport on the confines of the Maremma, has led them to conceive hopes of becoming a naval power: but this scheme will prove as chimerical as their former plan for the discovery of a subterraneous stream under their city." Why they gave the appellation of Diana to the imagined stream, Venturi says he leaves it to the antiquaries of Sienna to conjecture.

They sought, of Dian call'd: but they, who lead *
Their navies, more than ruin'd hopes shall mourn."

* *They who lead.*] The Latin note to the Monte Casino MS. informs us, that those who were to command the fleets of the Siennese, in the event of their becoming a naval power, lost their lives during their employment at Telamone, through the pestilent air of the Maremma, which lies near that place.

END OF VOL. XLV.